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BEHIND THE BRASS PLATE

LIFE'S LITTLE STORIES



DR. A. T. SCHOFIELD.

BEHIND THE BRASS PLATE

LIFE'S LITTLE STORIES

BY

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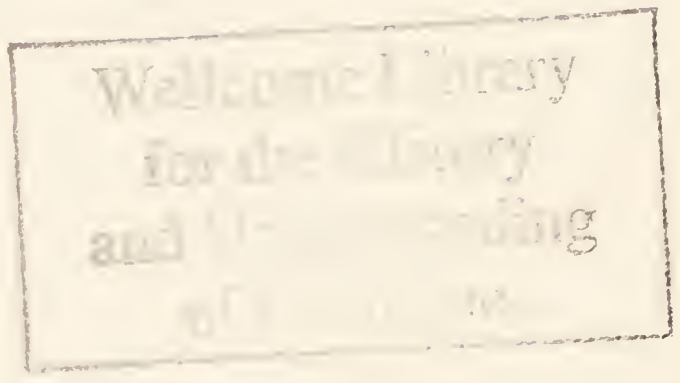
“PALESTINE PICTURED, OR WHERE HE DWELT,” “THE
JOURNEYS OF JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD,” “WITH
CHRIST IN PALESTINE,” “THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD,”
“CHRISTIAN SANITY,” ETC., ETC., ETC.

*“Joy, Contentment, and Repose,
Slam the door on the Doctor's nose.”*

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BZF (Schofield)



PREFACE

(To be read first)

I PUT this heading because a great many prefaces are better read after the book is finished: this should be read before—for two reasons. First, it is by no means certain that those who begin the book in hope, may not give up in despair and never finish the volume at all; while all will be helped if they digest the Author's Apologia first. *Behind the Brass Plate* is good; but it would be better if there were one. Alas! it is gone; for while I still see those sufferers who *will* be seen, I have ceased, however indirectly, to seek or look for them, and Dr. Schofield will be looked for in vain. Moreover, these random recollections are not all brass-bound: for the brass plate first materialised in the middle of my life, whereas these "little stories" begin at the beginning. I doubt if such a book as this was ever written before: certainly I have never come across one. It must not be taken for an Autobiography, nor even extracts from any diary or journal. I have just put down what little Life Stories I could remember; with, however, many discreet omissions. This was indeed compulsory, for, alas! so many of my best stories have such a medical flavour, or concern personages who, on account of their position, cannot easily be camouflaged, that this is no place to tell them; so these Bowdlerized reminiscences are all I can offer. It is said that every man's character can be read *between the lines* of his autobiography. I have no desire to describe what I fondly imagine is my character in print.

I think I may say that except for necessary changes, completely to conceal identity in any professional stories and

Preface

elsewhere, all stories in this book recall as accurately as possible the events they refer to.

The book is so written that it can be opened anywhere and read straight on. It is not divided into chapters but subjects, chapters to my mind being utterly meaningless in such an *olla podrida*—(I don't know exactly what this is, but I am under the impression that it somehow describes this work). Vague chronological order is loosely kept; and it is to be hoped the author will usually be found in his right place, which is the background.

Studios care has been taken to respect professional etiquette, and all private rights; and if through misadventure any of these have been trenched on to the smallest extent, the author offers his apologies.

Anyhow, such as it is and written rather as an amusement to myself, debarred as I am now from any active life, and kept on a very short chain, I send this book forth in the hope that it may perhaps lighten and shorten some long, dull hours for others who are similarly situated.

A. T. SCHOFIELD.

10, Harley Street, W.1.

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BEHIND THE BRASS PLATE

LIFE'S LITTLE STORIES

I

FAMILY REMINISCENCES

THERE can be no doubt that the county of Lancashire is the premier county of England (though Yorkshire may demur). The King is the Duke of Lancaster, and the county itself forms the backbone of England. Its main feature is that it contains the rear of a long line of hills extending from Scotland through Cumberland and terminating in South Lancashire. It is a well-known saying that a drover can bring his flocks and herds from Scotland to Lancashire over the moors and find pasturage all the way.

Rochdale, about ten miles north of Manchester, was once beautifully situated in the basin of the Roach, surrounded by moors, as my father was fond of saying, "Like the mountains around about Jerusalem." All of course is now blackened and blighted by the smoke fiend.

The people who inhabit the county are worthy of it. They are on the whole a pure bred, Anglo-Saxon race; their character is primitive with its accompanying virtues and vices; they are staunch friends and true to the backbone. They have in their dialect an expressive word which characterises them perhaps better than any other, and that is "jannock," which means faithful, loyal, and unflinching. The dialect to which I have alluded bears traces of its ancient origin. A woman, for instance, is never "she" but is "oo." This is believed to be a survival of the old declension of the pronoun masculine

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“he,” feminine “heo” or “oo,” neuter “hit” or “it.” Of these three we chiefly have only preserved the first and last —“he” and “it,” but Lancashire has all three, “he,” “heo,” and “hit.” They are a rough folk, quite ignorant of the Norman graces which more or less adorn the southern counties. The scale in the different towns is said to run as follows:—“Liverpool—gentlemen; Manchester—men; Rochdale—fellows; Bolton—chaps; Oldham—rough-heads; and I think on the whole even to-day the descending grade is fairly well borne out.

The living room in the cottages was always entered directly from the street, there being no such thing as passages. These cottages, unlike others, were always built in rows, and three storeys high. I speak now of fifty to one hundred years ago. The top storey was one unbroken line of casement windows and contained hand looms, which required a great deal of light in weaving. The living room when you entered it had an air of great comfort, for coal was cheap and there was always a good fire, while the cleanliness of the Lancashire housewife kept everything in spotless condition. From the ceiling hung a square wooden frame with strings tightly stretched across, a sort of ceiling horse; and from it suspended very often a week’s wash; at other times oat cake. The staple food was hung up there to become dry and crisp. Since the war Lancashire has become much more conventional, and many of the distinctive features of domestic life have disappeared.

The Lancashire man is very clear still that he is the head of the woman. In this sense there is no equality of sexes in the county, although now both work on equal terms in the factories. Out of doors, however, and especially on Sundays, the man seldom walks by the side of the woman, but nearly always in front of her.

The noise about six o’clock in the morning in the streets of Rochdale was perfectly deafening. All the streets are paved and flagged, and the clattering of thousands of clogs—the women always with shawls over their heads—going to the factory was terrible. In the town there are some ironworks; but the principal factories are either cotton or woollen. The

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work people in the two latter can be clearly distinguished. The woollen hands have a good colour and a healthy, oily aspect, while the cotton hands are more or less pale and emaciated and covered with fluff, the work, at any rate before the recent improvements, being not nearly so healthy. There are, of course, also a large number of colliers working at the numerous mines all over the district. These form a race apart, and correspond to those in George Eliot's books and described in her *Scenes of Clerical Life* as those "who spent their time in swilling ale and smoking like the beasts that perish!" (sic).

Long strings of packhorses clattering through the streets, each with his load over his back, and which had come across the moors great distances laden with merchandise, could still be seen when I was a little child.

Lancashire Wakes are another north country feature. These are the holidays riotously celebrated at different seasons, principally at Whitsuntide. At this season every child, practically without exception, is put into new clothes; and as superintendent of a large Sunday School this occasioned me great difficulty, for I knew the scholars, at any rate the girls, principally by the hats they wore, and never could recognise them after Whitsuntide.

In the centre of the town by the side of the river Roach was a large mansion called "The Butts," a reminiscence of the archery days when the targets were placed there; the Lancashire bowmen being justly celebrated.

About four miles from Rochdale on the edge of the grouse moors stood a very ancient building from which our family originally came. Schofield Hall was built somewhat in the shape of the letter E, and faced a beautiful lake which lay a few hundred feet below it. Behind it the moors rose up until at Blackstone Edge they reached the backbone of hills of which I have spoken.

At the time of my birth this Hall was in Chancery and uninhabited by any of the family. I regret to say it has since been pulled down by vandals, and all that I have to remember it by is a piece of the old wainscoting that I brought from the South Wing, now in my rooms

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in Harley Street. The original Hall was said to be built in 1111, but the one which I knew dated from Jacobean times.

Lancashire is full of such Halls as ours. Not far from Schofield Hall is another called Belfield Hall, which has a great Cromwellian history. It is interesting to note that the names Belfield and Schofield are practically the same, Schofield being originally Schonfield, Schon meaning beautiful like the Norman word Bel. The first of whom we have record, who lived in the Hall, was John de Schofield, born in 1227 in the reign of Edward I. Lord Byron, the poet, was lord of the Manor of Rochdale, which originally belonged to John of Gaunt, and the title, granted in 1643 to his ancestor, was Baron Byron of Rochdale. Members of the Byron family had a romantic attachment to Schofield Hall, owing to an elopement that took place at that time.

That these antiquarian reminiscences are not without their value can be shown by the very practical use to which some years ago I put the records I possess. At that time there lived on Campden Hill in London a very awe-inspiring gentleman, a Colonel Drake. He was very tall and had one equally tall daughter. A little clergyman, small in stature as in position, a humble scion of our family, in a most unwarrantable and daring manner formed an attachment, which was reciprocated, with the lady in question. Between themselves the course of true love ran smoothly enough; not so, however, when the matter came to the parent's ear, for eventually the match was only allowed to take place on the condition that the great name of Drake should be joined by a hyphen to the unworthy name of Schofield. Some time afterwards I met the reverend gentleman walking along the street in a very despondent fashion, and I asked him into the house and inquired as to the cause of his downcast aspect. I learned that although his wife proved everything that he could wish, the family was too much for him, the great name of Drake completely eclipsed his personality, and he presented a very woebegone aspect. Assuring him I would put him on a much better footing, I took him into

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my consulting room and showed him the records of his lineage. I said, "You will observe that in the days of Queen Elizabeth the Schofields, of Schofield Hall, raised a large sum of money which was given to Queen Elizabeth to fit out ships against the Spanish Armada, and I should recommend you to go to the Colonel and tell him the facts of the case, and that but for your family his, possibly, would never have been heard of." *

From giving away money, or other causes, a large number of Schofields were very impecunious, and more or less in a starving condition in the days of my great-grandfather. I am told, with what amount of truth I know not, that he chartered a small vessel which he filled with penniless Schofields and sent them off to America. At any rate they appeared there, and since then have largely flourished. In the Army, General Schofield was Commander-in-Chief until quite recently, while in religious circles "Schofield's Bible," by a clergyman of that name, is known all over the States.

My grandfather was the first to revive the fortunes of the family by entering largely into commercial life at the advent of the steam engine and factory, and he soon became one of the wealthy men of the district. He was blessed with—what was quite common in those undegenerate days—a family of six sons and six daughters, my father being the third, and lived to a good old age, always, as I remember, clutching a thick stick, which was a terror to his unruly grandchildren. My father made what was considered a distinguished marriage with one of the Fenwicks, of Northumberland, who, to my childish mind, were principally distinguished by their motto (which was also their battle cry)—"A Fenwick! A Fenwick!! A Fenwick!!!" Their lineage could be traced without a break through various kings to Charlemagne. My father had two children—a boy and a girl—by this marriage, and then he was left a widower. After some years he married again—Mary Ainsworth Taylor. The family of Ainsworth, on her mother's side, were Lancashire and came from a Hall not far from ours, called Wicken Hall.† Her father, however,

* The Colonel was not Sir Francis Drake.

† "Wicken" is the mountain ash.

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was of a Devonshire naval family. My mother's grandfather was said to be a giant, some 6 feet 4 inches in height, who, at the mutiny of the *Nore*, greatly distinguished himself by seizing two of the ringleaders and roasting them before the galley fire as he held one in each hand until they gave in. Her father was dressed up as a midshipman at the age of eight, and in full uniform with his little dirk used to strut up and down his father's dining-room table on festive occasions on the bare mahogany with his shoes off, and was made a great pet by the gentlemen as they sat over their wine. For some reason or other he eventually became a lawyer, his chambers being in Old Furnivall's Inn in Holborn. One of his favourite stories was about his two friends, the Lord Justices Shee and Lush, who used to be proposed in after-dinner toasts in place of the usual "women and wine."

My father's second marriage took place in London, and Miss Macnaghtan, in one of her well-known books,* gives in a letter, written by one of my aunts, such a characteristic old-time account of my mother's wedding that I think it is of interest to transcribe it. The letter is dated 1845:—

"My dearest Aunt,

"You wished to hear all about our doings on Thursday. Though I dare say you have had many editions of the affairs of that day, I take the earliest opportunity of relating to you, as I promised, my version of it, though how often was it wished that dear aunt and uncle had themselves been present to illuminate the picture.†

"We all assembled at a quarter-past ten o'clock. The married ladies (and gentlemen, whether they were in that happy state or not) remained in the drawing-room till at a given signal the bride descended, followed by her bridesmaids, first Emily and myself, then Anne and Jane Schofield, then Anna and Eliza Schofield. The four first were in pink, the last two in blue. After talking over matters a little, we entered our respective carriages, mamma going in the first

* *A Lame Dog's Diary*.

† The "dear Aunt and Uncle" were those who lived at "The Butts," in Rochdale.

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carriage, and papa and Mary bringing up the rear. We went through the ceremony very well. Mary responded in a clear and audible voice, but once the worthy bridegroom faltered, and as I stood next to him could perceive he was somewhat agitated. The ceremony of kissing being finished, we returned from Church when numerous and costly presents were exhibited to the eyes, and amongst them none more beautiful than my dear uncle's and aunt's. But, by way of parenthesis, mamma wishes me to ask you, as Mary has two silver canisters, whether you would have any objection to change the kind and elegant expression of your feeling for Mary into a silver waiter. Knowing your kindness we sent it by Uncle Kershaw.

“Now to proceed. We descended to breakfast, a most important business, which occupied us a considerable time, in the middle of which Uncle Ainsworth produced a bunch of grapes and signified his intention of drinking Mary Schofield's (my mother) health in the red juice of the grape. He immediately pressed the juice and suited the action to the word.

“Robert Amcliffe made a beautiful speech—quite a gem. We then proceeded to dress the bride in travelling attire. Then came the dreadful moment of parting. Mamma and Papa got over it most wonderfully. Suffice it to say our sisters' tears flowed most copiously on that day. After her departure, we took a drive to restore us to that harmony of spirits so desirable when persons are the entertainers of others. We drove through Hyde Park and Regent's Park in procession, and stopped to walk in the Zoological Gardens, coveting the society of the brute creation as well as the rational. We then returned to dinner, which was at seven, when, to our indescribable horror, on calling over the names of certain young ladies, we discovered their toilet was not complete when dinner was announced. After a small delay, however, the offenders appeared, and the business of dinner was commenced with astonishing vigour. There is no occasion to describe to you the manners and customs of a dinner-table, as a sameness must naturally pervade all such employments. We ladies at length signified our intention of leaving the

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gentlemen masters of the field, and Uncle Jesse came out with us and went to bed.

“We proceeded to enjoy a small quadrille, until I suppose the sound of feet called the other portion of the community from below. After tea and a little display of musical powers, we had another quadrille, but this did not occur till Emily was gone. We finally separated at half-past eleven.

“We have heard twice or thrice from the newly-married people. They are in Bath to-day.

“Will you excuse, my dear aunt, this dreadful scrawl, but I have had so many notes to write, added to which I have sprained my right arm, which is now pleading to be spared any further exertions.

“Hoping that dear uncle and yourself, as well as dear Sarah are well, and again begging to be excused for this unconnected epistle, with united love to all,

“Believe me,

“Your affectionate niece,

“MARGARET M. TAYLOR.

“Mecklenburgh Square,

“August, 1845.”

The happy couple settled down at Roach Bank House, Rochdale, on the southern side of the river, standing in wooded grounds some hundred feet above it.

I am told that the day I was born, June the 4th, 1846, was so exceedingly hot that my father got a fire engine out from the town to play streams of water on the roof during the time. My father and mother were two very different characters, to which I attribute whatever balance of character I possess. My father was of a dreamy, beautiful, poetic disposition, not fit for commercial, or indeed for practical life. He was extremely benevolent, always agreeing with others, and beloved by all who knew him. On the other hand, my mother, the eldest daughter of a most astute lawyer, inherited a great deal of her father's talents. She was of a practical turn of mind, full of commonsense, and supplied indeed that which was lacking in my father's character. The combination, therefore, was a most happy one.

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My first recollection is of a house at Surbiton on the Thames, called Hill House. I can remember a conservatory, and my great idea as a small boy of two or three was of riding on the back of a Newfoundland dog, and also on a large tortoise which was kept in the conservatory.

II

LONDON IN THE FIFTIES

WHEN I WAS about four we migrated to my grandfather's house at No. 1, Gordon Square, now pulled down, and the site of the Cathedral of the Catholic Apostolic Church of the Irvingites.* Even as such a very small boy I seemed to be a victim of inordinate pride, for I was as proud of the house being No. 1, as doubtless Harrods, Whiteley and Selfridge are to-day of their No. 1 telephone numbers.

I had an estimable nurse called Smith, who used to let me loose in Gordon Square, where I invariably played with all the pretty little girls; my own beautiful flaxen curls forming, I doubt not, a great attraction to their susceptible hearts. For some reason or another I was constantly walking through "Lamb's Conduit" Street—a name which sorely puzzled my infant mind, as indeed it does to-day.

I remember that on Sunday we attended Dr. Brock's Church. He was a celebrated Divine in those days, one who was very strong on the Second Advent, but who lost no small amount of his reputation when, after proclaiming the immediate return of our Lord, he not only took in a large store of coals for the next twelve months, but also renewed the lease of his house.

In this Church or Chapel, for I believe it was of the Baptist connection, and is still standing with its two short spires and its huge circular window, we had a very favoured position, for we were allowed to enter our cousin's square pew by a private door. He was indeed the future baronet, Sir Morton Peto, who even then occupied a position of some distinction

* Built after 1850 to commemorate Edward Irving (1794-1834), the founder and "angel" of the Sect.

London in the Fifties

as a contractor of the new railways that were spreading all over the land.

I remember very distinctly the Exhibition of 1851 when I was five years of age. The first thing I noticed was the huge locomotive in the centre of the building; the next, a magnificent Malachite Vase, presented by the Emperor of Russia, Nicholas I, to Queen Victoria, now at Windsor Castle. The other outstanding event was in the next year, the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. We occupied the little room in Temple Bar overlooking the middle of the street where now that hideous griffin stands by the side of our Law Courts. From this eyrie I saw my father walking in the procession, and then I saw the Duke's charger, "Copenhagen," with his two cavalry boots hung one on each side of the saddle with their toes pointing to the rear in token of his death. The procession was of enormous length, and was headed by my future wife's uncle, General Sir James Jackson.

I have also vague reminiscences of seeing Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray.

The London of that day is now largely destroyed. The police had no helmets, but wore top hats. All the buses smelt strongly of the mouldy straw which they contained. The conductor stood on a round platform, strap-hanging in the modern Tube fashion, with his arm, however, completely through the strap to prevent him falling from his precarious perch. I have an impression he was generally rubicund of face and that everywhere about the streets these stout rosy men, now so rare, were quite common, which explains to us why the extraordinary individual pictured as John Bull, rubicund and pimply of face, should ever have passed as typical of the average Englishman. In my days the idea was possible, but it has long since become quite impossible, in the much needed advance of 'dry' principles.

I remember there was a great globe in Leicester Square, and I have a distinct recollection of buying most ingenious toys said to be made by French prisoners. What French prisoners these were I cannot now say.

As I look back through the vista of years, I not only see sights, but I hear sounds. I can hear the cry ringing through

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the streets,—“Buy a broom, buy a broom!”—the brooms being small and useless, whose hairs I believe were composed of wood shavings. The cry of “Sweet Lavender” was still more melodious, and bunches were sold everywhere.

On the 1st of May we stood at the window to see the chimney-sweeps in the “Green.” The “Green” was a bell-shaped structure some four feet high, festooned with laurel and other leaves, in the midst of which was a sweep who collected money for his Union by this strange means.

The milk call survived longer than the others, and many may now remember that strange Swiss yodel which was heard in our areas when the fluid was distributed. Whether it was supposed to represent the lowing of a maniacal cow or to be merely an incoherent expression of joy that the milkman felt in accomplishing his task, is quite unknown to me.

Of course the muffin bell was everywhere. About five or six o'clock in the quiet squares and more retired streets of London you could not fail to hear its little tinkle, and the cry of the muffin man, with his green baize tray all full for the afternoon tea, especially grateful on Sundays.

This reminds me of the story of a very reduced gentleman, who, to sustain his family, was obliged to take up this humble calling. With his baize tray in front of him he walked round the squares where his friends lived saying in a low voice: “Muffins, Muffins!” and adding in great agitation:—“I hope nobody heard me!”

My brother, who died a Missionary in Inland China, was born at this time at No. 1, Gordon Square. As the house was to be pulled down after his birth, we left my grandfather's and moved to Guildford Street. Here a cow was brought every morning to the door to be milked in order that the new baby should have the pure fluid. It was only later on we discovered that the pail had a false bottom, the water being underneath. I was very anxious that at the time a hen should be brought to lay a fresh egg for my breakfast. Later on we lived in a country house at Westow Hill, Upper Norwood. This was a most beautiful district at that time. All its picturesqueness has long since been destroyed by the suburban builder; but when we lived there, there

London in the Fifties

was a large common by the side of our house and nothing but fields behind it in Upper Norwood, while the road to the south-east, leading down to Anerley Station, was a thick forest on the right hand side, and encampments of gipsies were continually to be found there. The whole neighbourhood, now absolutely suburban, was then complete country. Our own house was a white, two-storied house with a large garden behind, descending in terraces and beautifully laid out. We also had one or two fields behind in which cricket was played.

My earliest recollection is one that I find is not at all uncommon, and has given to many an handle for the doctrine of re-incarnation. I remember so well having the absolute conviction that I could fly if I only tried. My sister declares to this day that at this early age she really did glide some distance in the air. I used to dream every night of jumping off some small eminence and finding that instead of falling to the ground I was wafted along indefinitely as long as I pleased a short distance above the ground like a modern glider. In the day time I was so convinced of this power that I used to practise it off the garden doorstep, and also from the stairs, but invariably came to grief and often got badly bruised. It is very curious how common this belief in the power of flight is to the human race.

I was a very devout little boy, and not content with going to Church myself, I felt that all my friends should go there too. At that time these chiefly consisted of rabbits and one stuffed puffin which stood outside my nursery. I, therefore, on Sunday afternoon, with the assistance of my young brother, built several pews of bricks and footstools on the nursery floor. I then went down and collected the rabbits, placing one in each pew. When they were all arranged I put on some sort of a vestment, and kneeling on a chair commenced my sermon. Below me my brother acted as "sing minister," leading the choir, which consisted of his own quavering and by no means melodious voice alone. I regret to say the behaviour of the rabbits left much to be desired. They would jump out of their pews, but the nurse very kindly did her best to keep them in order while I preached and my

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brother sang, sometimes I think simultaneously. During the service one nasty white, lop-eared, pink-eyed rabbit kept lifting its upper lip—whether in scorn of the sermon, or in an attempt to sing, I could not decide. The behaviour of the puffin, who was stuffed, alone gave no trouble.

I happened to mention this circumstance when I wrote the life of my brother who died as a Missionary in China many years ago, and some of the illustrated papers got hold of the story, and I have the most comic cuts of the whole of the scene with the rabbits in their pews in more than one paper.

I was not a very robust child, and, possibly because we were a homeopathic family, was credited with several occult diseases. I remember suffering from continued fever, whatever that may be, and also from a mysterious eruption called “glass-pox.” My illness is imprinted all the more firmly in my memory as the Crimean War was going on at that time, and my principal diversion in bed was a large chart of the Crimea on which I marked, as we have just done in the Great War, the positions of all the troops with small flags of appropriate colours. When I recovered I was still very delicate, and for some abstruse reason, evolved in the tortuous brain of my homeopathic doctor, the only food that I was allowed were eight raisins to half a slice of bread. A certain amount of moisture was of course included.

At this period of my career, most fortunately for myself, I had a Swiss governess from Aigle, near Villeneuve. To my mind’s eye she is always seen with a handkerchief tied tightly round her head as she seemed invariably to suffer from toothache. To her, however, I owe that beautiful pronunciation of the French language, by nature so impossible to an Anglo-Saxon mouth, which I fondly believe I have kept to this day!

At that time everyone used quill pens, hence the original meaning of the pen-knife, which was then put always to its legitimate use. My mother had a very nice pony chaise which she drove herself, and in which I joyfully accompanied her. My principal delight, however, was when I was allowed to ride the aforesaid pony myself as far as Bloomfield, which

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was the residence of a great friend of my father's, Mr. Joseph Tritton, the head, at that time of Barclay & Co., the well-known bankers. I did not, however, arrive there without trouble, for I remember on one occasion my pony fell and I was thrown on my head to the middle of the road, without, however, very serious consequences. When I reached Bloomfield I was indeed in perfect bliss. Not only was there an entrancing maze in front of the house beyond a magnificent cedar tree, which always excited my intense admiration, but we had more exciting amusements than even the pleasure of getting lost in it.

Part of the thickly wooded grounds still preserved much of their ancient beauty in spite of the omnipresent suburban builder. As boys, my late friend, Sir Ernest Tritton, and his elder brother Herbert, with myself formed some most formidable rifle pits. We excavated circular cavities to the depth of some four or five feet, and had deadly weapons formed of lengths of elder wood with the pith taken out, and hard clay balls for ammunition. These were our cannon placed in a circle to defend ourselves to the death. I am told their remains are still to be seen by the curious. Indoors were remarkable collections of coins and other curios in which I was greatly interested. Sometimes the chaise took us up to London, and we visited with much awe on my part that great originator of the grateful and comforting cocoa—the homeopathic Dr. Epps.

Our house at Westow Hill I remember was a great rendezvous for Italian patriots with long names chiefly ending in “o” or “i.” My father took a deep interest in Italian politics and the freedom of that country, which was at length effected in later years by Garibaldi.

I saw at that time the great ship of the world, first called the *Leviathan*, and then the *Great Eastern*. Even when lying in the Thames she had a desolate and unprosperous appearance, and seemed, indeed, from the first doomed to her sad fate. She was of course somewhat of a cock-boat to our modern 50,000 ton liners.

A most amusing personage at that time was Mr. Sothern. As Lord Dundreary he had a way of counting his fingers

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backwards, always discovering that he had eleven. This I used to practise incessantly.

I have already remarked on my piety, which I regret to say was very variable both in quality and quantity. Perhaps I can illustrate it at this time by mentioning that even at this infantile age I was a Sunday School teacher. Opposite to our house was a small Baptist Chapel, to which connection we were supposed to belong, and I was allotted a small scholar whom I taught in a pew by myself. I should not like to say what I taught him, for I don't remember.

My first escape from drowning, of which I have had three, took place at Westow Hill. We had an ornamental fountain in which I used to bathe as the children do now in the fountains in Trafalgar Square. One day, when up to my neck in the water, the centre piece fell over on the top of me, but did not crush me to death as it caught on the rim of the basin. I, however, was pinned underneath and eventually rescued by my nurse more dead than alive. The other two occasions were as follows:

Walking along the canal bank at Rochdale with my nurse, the rope of a barge which was being towed by a horse was suddenly tightened and swept me into the water. Again I was rescued by my nurse. The third was in Guernsey and was more romantic. I was swimming out to Castle Cornet, a distance of under half a mile, and I remember the water was so clear and translucent that I seemed as if I were swimming in air, and could distinctly see all the fish and rocks below me. When halfway across my knees were suddenly drawn up against my body with violent cramp. I was in agonies and shouted out for help, but the nearest boat was far away, and all would soon have been over if I had not struck out one leg, which seemed to tear every sinew in it; and with my hands and that one leg, the other doubled up against my body, I managed to reach the Castle. I went into a workman's hut and put on some very rough clothing, and walked back along the breakwater through a crowd greatly excited by my narrow escape.

When in Upper Norwood I remember well the Post Office, and the large pair of scissors, tied by a string, with which the

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stamps used to be cut off. It was there I saw the first perforated stamps.

I fear I was not a very good boy, for I was constantly either in trouble or mischief. I remember one particularly bad day when my mother, on Sunday evening, was taking me a long distance to some service. I knew it was wicked to buy things on Sunday, but declared I was so hungry, as perhaps I was, that I could not go into the service unless I had something to eat. No reproofs were of any avail, and at last my mother, sorely against her principles, was obliged to go into a small cake shop and buy me a bun before I was pacified. I distinctly remember the tears she shed on that dreadful occasion.

The most notable event that occurred when we were in Upper Norwood was the building of the Crystal Palace. My father, with his usual philanthropy, took a great interest in the workmen employed, and it must be remembered that such philanthropy was quite uncommon at the time. He built a large coffee palace where the thousands of men could obtain refreshment at all hours at nominal prices. I passed it the other day and find it is now used by a coach builder.

Great was my delight when the magnificent grounds were opened in their pristine glory, a spectacle of which modern London can form no conception. The tumbling cataracts of water down the marble terraces into the great lake at the bottom were a joy to me, but my greatest delight, mingled with great fear, was to be taken by my nurse amongst the antediluvian monsters that made the large lake like a nightmare. I was informed that in the interior of one of these animals the whole body of Directors had sat down to dinner. It must be remembered that since the tropical wing was burnt down only some two-thirds of the Crystal Palace now exists. This tropical department was shut off from floor to floor by a complete glass screen from the rest of the building. The temperature in this gigantic conservatory was kept at some 80 or 90 degrees, and birds of gay plumage were allowed to fly all about the tropical vegetation which adorned it so magnificently. All these glories have long since departed, and are quite unknown to the modern Londoner. The great

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event of course was the visit of our Queen and the French Imperial family to the Palace in 1855. My father, having some official connection with the building, put me in the front rank where I had a splendid view of our dignified little great Queen Victoria; Napoleon the Third with the face of an astute cat, and a heavily waxed moustache; the Empress Eugenie by his side looking like a fashion plate; and by her side Lord Palmerston with the traditional straw in his mouth. There were many others, but these are all I can remember.

A little later on I was taken by my father to the now obsolete Eastern Counties Railway Terminus, in Shoreditch, to begin my school life at Enfield. Hitherto I had been educated with some small girls at a Dame School at Norwood. My parents for some reason, medical or sentimental, objected to the cane, and after an arduous search discovered this remarkable school of Dr. Ashby's, at Enfield, where 'manners' were certainly included in the terms. No common wooden desks for us, deeply scored with initials! We had polished mahogany desks on which the making of a scratch was visited with severe penalties. As, however, all use of the cane was strictly tabooed, the punishments had to take the form of bad marks; each mark entailed the writing out of thirteen lines of English history. There was a celebrated thirteen lines in our book which contained fewer words than any other, and these were written and re-written hundreds of times. There was, of course, a professional fag, who, for a small consideration, would write out as many lines as he was paid for.

I started at this school on a money basis of threepence a week, which, my father always pointed out, was very liberal, for he declared, and I am sure he believed it, that when he was at school his allowance was a half-penny a fortnight.

We had some distinguished boys among the scholars. There was Robert Bousfield, the son of a Lord Mayor, and others; but the one I best remember was the son of Cubitt, the great London builder. We always called him "Cupid" on account of his large flapping ears, which stood out at right angles from his head. With a laudable desire to convert these into wings in the shortest possible time, we all had our pull at them; this, however, was soon forbidden, and anyone who pulled Cupid's

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ears got five bad marks. The school resented this, and one boy after another kept tugging at Cubitt's unfortunate ears, and went rushing off to report himself to the master; until an enormous and impossible number of bad marks had been earned by three-fourths of the school. Anyone who had not sent in his lines by the end of the week had to sit in silence at meals the whole of the next week. If, however, they were above a certain number, he had to stand at the table in silence for the week. When they reached a still higher number he had to stand on the form in silence, reaching down to the table for his bread and butter and his tea, his condition being still worse at dinner time.

On this occasion the following Monday saw three-fourths of the school standing on their forms and solemnly reaching down in silence for every mouthful they had or drank. Such a state of things could not continue, and the whole school was called together and pledged to leave Cupid's ears alone for the future, all bad marks being cancelled.

It may be well here, in order to make subsequent proceedings plain, to explain my father's commercial position, for which I may say he was eminently unfitted. He himself was a very devout Christian man and, coming up to London to found a business, took into partnership three men who made a high profession of their lofty principles. The firm occupied a large building next to the celebrated Morleys, at No. 1 Gresham Street, E.C. After a short time, however, my father, who had a most crochety conscience, became very uneasy. He found that business usage at that time permitted many articles not to be what they were described, either in length, or in number, or in quality—in short in various ways commercial morality seemed to him to be on a distinctly different basis from private ethics. Eventually he got so troubled with the divergence between his belief and business practice that on one memorable occasion he called together his three partners, he being the head of the whole firm, and explained matters to them and declared they must be altered. At this, however, they scoffed, and said that if he were dissatisfied with the way in which their business was transacted, he could leave it and they would carry it on. Considering that he had founded the whole concern, which soon

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yielded a profit of some £20,000 a year, I feel certain that in hastily conceding to these unjust terms my father made a grave mistake and sacrificed to a great extent needlessly what was then a considerable fortune. At any rate he gave up the London business on conscientious grounds, and eventually returned to Rochdale. But for this, it is quite certain I should never have become a medical man, but should probably have figured as a commercial potentate in the city of London. Later on it will be seen how remarkably these events reproduced themselves in my own history.

While at Norwood we frequently went over to visit my grandparents, who lived at a beautiful house on a small property near Croydon, called Ravenswood. I believe there was a wood frequented then by real ravens. The whole district is now covered by small cottages. No less a person than Sir Joseph Paxton, the designer of the grounds of the Crystal Palace, laid out my grandfather's gardens, and certainly they were very beautiful, according to the taste of the time. There were beds in the shapes of various animals, and the paths were winding as a serpent. The chief glory, however, was an artificial hill ascended by a spiral path, on the top of which was a summer-house cunningly contrived immediately over a subterranean dairy. There was an ascending table in the summer-house which, when the company were assembled, could be made to rise in their midst, laden with ices and cake from the storehouse below. To such an outrageous extent luxury had already advanced! But this is not all. My grandmother always made her own butter, which she declared never cost her less than 21s. a pound. She had, I remember, at the time a very celebrated gardener, Canfield, who used to pride himself on his dwarf fruit-trees in the conservatories. These, which I have never seen equalled elsewhere, used to be brought on to the dining-room table two at a time; and though only some three feet in height, were laden with full-sized ripe fruit, which the guests could gather off the trees before them. There were peaches, apricots, pears, apples, and plums. I believe the same thing was done elsewhere, but it has never been my fortune to be asked to dinner under such circumstances as were quite common at Ravenswood.

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I had six uncles. Two a little above my own age used to go into London with their father every day, I suppose as solicitor's clerks, and for anything I know gave no great cause for anxiety until, unwisely yielding to their constant entreaties, my grandfather added a billiard room at the top of the house. This I was told eventually proved their downfall and ruin. Another uncle went over to the Southern States of America, where he became the head of the leading Sporting Club, and the owner of a large number of negroes, whom it was reported he knocked down with one blow of his fist at any bad behaviour. He also had the remarkable accomplishment of being able to tie his moustache in a bow round his neck behind his head. My great joy and pride, however, as a boy of nine or ten, was my uncle, Adolphus, who was one year younger than his nephew. I led this unfortunate boy into all sorts of scrapes. When at Ravenswood for any length of time, we were of course carefully educated at a small local school (before I went to Enfield), but if there was a circus in the town, or any other form of amusement, I regret to say that too often our principles could not stand the temptation, the result being that as a punishment I spent many days in an attic at my grandfather's, subsisting dolefully on bread and water.

I certainly had at that time abnormal tastes in natural history. I was very fond of frogs. I fancy the same tendency has been reproduced in my only grandson, for when he was very young his chief joy was his "worm farm." He professed to know (I think by name) and look after his own private worms, and carefully fed them every day. To return to my frogs: one very favoured specimen I kept in the house, of all places in the world, behind the sofa in the great drawing-room, where I fed it with crumbs every morning. The housemaid never got a sight of the frog, but always had to sweep up mysterious crumbs from the carpet behind the sofa. When suspicion at length fell on me I was brought into my grandmother's presence and made to confess my sins, which were of such an extraordinary character.

I remember contrasting the Christmas gifts of my two grandfathers. The plain Anglo-Saxon in Rochdale gave

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one of nearly a hundred grandchildren every Christmas a new sovereign. The astute London lawyer, however, found a better way. A small sealed parcel would be found on each grandchild's plate—he had only a few—and at first great was the interest in opening some thirty or forty wrappers one after another until the treasure in the midst—a new three-penny piece—was disclosed.

My grandmother was not only a homeopath, but a great believer in hydropathy, and was a constant patient of the notorious Dr. Gully, of Malvern.

At that time we were far too respectable to dream of entering a third-class railway carriage, by which I always travel now. Perhaps it was more excusable to avoid them at that time, for I remember, when going down to Croydon, that they were often open cattle trucks with no seats, all the passengers having to stand in a swaying mass..

III

CHILD-LIFE IN LANCASHIRE

BUT enough of these desultory suburban reminiscences: I will now return to my own county of Lancashire, where we all migrated as soon as my father gave up his London business, in the very height of its prosperity, for conscience's sake.

Politically my father was an advanced Liberal and a personal friend of Cobden and Bright. John Bright, indeed, was a great figure in Rochdale at the time, and had already done much service to Lancashire in the Anti-Corn Law League. My father, I remember, as the head of a large committee, joined in presenting him with a bookcase filled with, I doubt not, very instructive, very dull, but very well-bound, books. They are there in his house at One Ash to this day. The reason why he went down in my childish estimation was very curious, and quite unreasonable. I had a great love of what was genuine, and at that time everyone covered their floors with Brussels Carpet. I soon found out that the real Brussels came from Sir Francis Crossley's works at Halifax. In these the wool was dyed and the pattern woven right through so that they gave splendid wear. To my surprise, I found that the carpets made by John Bright, hitherto my hero, were of a variety known as Patent Brussels. In these, the pattern so far from being woven through, is stamped on the surface after the carpet is made and soon wears out. No doubt they serve some useful purpose, and are correspondingly cheaper in price, but even at that early age the principle of the thing seemed to my benighted intelligence to dim the lustre of my Quaker hero.

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John Bright, of course, raised all his family in fame. In fact he was often called Jacob's Ladder, Jacob being the name of his brother who greatly benefited by his brother's position. The son of another brother, Tom Bright, was Frank, who married my cousin, and who is widely remembered as one of the most upright, conscientious, and straight-forward men in the whole of Lancashire.

Another celebrated family were the Leaches, of Harridge, a fine Hall on the edge of the moors. The father's claim to celebrity lay in the possession of ten sons, all of them more or less famous cricketers, who with their father made up the famous eleven of Harridge.

Professor Lobley, the geologist, lived in Rochdale at the time, while Keningale Cook, well-known at the time in the literary world, was the son of one of our Vicars, and married the daughter of Mortimer Collins.

Lord Esher, at the time Sir Baliol Brett, also came on a visit to my uncle, and stood as Conservative candidate against Thomas B. Potter, the friend of Cobden and an advanced Liberal who eventually became our member (1865-1895). Curiously enough at present (1922) perhaps for the first time we have a Conservative Member of Parliament, if indeed true specimens can be said still to exist, for I imagine that their Conservatism is far removed from the good old Tory of the times of which I write.

Rochdale did not greatly patronise the arts, but I remember Frank Holl, who lived in Fitzjohn Avenue at the house of the Three Gables, whose lamented death occurred so early in life, coming to paint my uncle's portrait.

I had great friends in the Grindrods, of Oulder Hill, whose quiet lives were illuminated by the reflected glory of their cousin, Professor Milne, of Shide Seismic Observatory, in the Isle of Wight, where he recorded all the tremblings and spasmodic jerks of our quaking earth. My readers may remember that his Japanese wife has just sold this well known observatory at his death.

I knew somehow that we were going to be rather poor, though I could not of course be aware that, on his return to

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Rochdale, my father on some special grounds refused to enter into partnership with his father and brother, and preferred to be in the position of a paid servant. I found later on that his whole remuneration was some £1,600 a year, which died with him. Although, however, we were poor, I found myself steeped in the luxury of my relations. Some half dozen of the principal Halls in the neighbourhood belonged to them, and their smart carriages were perhaps the chief features in the town on Saturday morning. The most beautiful of the Halls they possessed is now a wreck. It was an interesting survival from Elizabethan days, and was known as Castleton Hall, where my Aunt Bartlemore lived in quiet state. I believe my friend, the well known Sir Henry Howarth, so distinguished by his great work on the Mammoths, lived at this Hall after her death.

I fear that at the time I rather despised my Northern relatives having been so long in the South. Lancashire however could well hold its own. One must remember that in the factory town of Rochdale distinctions common in the south were extremely rare. It can, therefore, be quite understood that on going north one should feel that one's path was illumined by the faint lustre of our one family baronet, Sir Morton Peto; little thinking in those days that we should become in course of time the proud possessors of a real peer. Coming therefore from the south I fear some of us gave ourselves graces that were rare in sturdy Anglo-Saxon circles. We were also very earnest Christian professors, and, therefore, in addition to our worldly status, very conscious of possessing in no ordinary sense the riches that are unseen.

Sir Morton Peto got his baronetcy right worthily. He was, as I have already said, a large railway contractor, and when I had "glass-pox" in Norwood and studied the Crimean War in my bed, I was often greatly distressed at the poor progress made by the Allies. It was Sir Morton Peto who came to the rescue and altered the whole campaign by building a short railway from Balaclava to the front trenches with an enterprise at that time unprecedented. But he was

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not only a baronet—he was a very good and wealthy baronet—although riches then did not count for quite as much as they do now. He was the builder and owner of those great mansions 12 and 12a Palace Gardens. He was the contractor of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. It was through him that the four magnificent Dublin mail boats connected England and Ireland. What eventually brought him to a bankruptcy of five millions of money was the extension of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway from Cannon Street to Charing Cross. The fearful cost of this short branch ruined him, and he died in comparative obscurity, leaving a large and enterprising family, one of whom, Mr. Basil Peto, is the well-known and highly valued Member of Parliament.

I was very fond of going to stay at Heywood with one of my rich northern relatives, and I remember well at his dinner parties when I was allowed into the room at dessert, and when the ladies had retired, hearing his stories about some of the misdeeds of his youth. I noticed with surprise that these were applauded and laughed at by the men present, and it seemed to me that however wrong such deeds might be at the time, and however severely punished, they formed a somewhat valuable stock-in-trade for one's old age, and I felt I must lose no time in trying to accumulate a small store of such stories with as little evil in them as possible in order to retail them at my dinner table in my old age. I set to work at once with my boon companion, a boy of my own age, about thirteen, the son of the story-telling father. My friend was larky enough on his own, but I fear it was due to me that he took to smoking at this tender age, a 'vice' I need hardly say that was strictly forbidden, and visited with the severest penalties, at that time. We commenced in the legitimate way with strong brown paper, but somehow we felt it was not the real thing, and would hardly do for our old-age dinner tables. Nothing less than tobacco would suffice. The difficulty was the odour it gave to the breath, which we felt assured would betray us when we entered the drawing-room. However, in one of the plantations of the place we set to work and had a sickly session, smoking our first home-

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made cigarettes composed of some sort of the weed rolled in brown paper. We felt very ill and got very pale as we smelt each other's breath, which was certainly offensive. Seized with a brilliant idea, however, we went off at once to the kitchen garden, and there ate one or two small onions each, and again smelt our breath. Still we were not satisfied, so slipping quietly round to the kitchen door, we got some old cheese with a deafening smell from the cook who sympathised with us although not a smoker herself. Again we smelt our breath and allowed her to do the same. The combined odour of tobacco, onions, and cheese was, alas! appalling.

The only thing left was not to breathe, so we went into the drawing-room deeply sensible of our guilt and holding our breath. My aunt was then knitting by the fire. After a moment or two we were obliged to inhale and also, alas! exhale. The lady sniffed and spoke of drains. Away we went to the end of the room, but the dreadful smell continued so she now called us to her side. We were undone! I could already feel the cane on my shrinking flesh as we stood before her. "Let me smell your breath," she said. And then followed a terrific scolding, covered, however, by the balm that as it was our first offence (which it was not) she would not tell her husband on this occasion, but if ever she caught us again, we should have a severe thrashing. This cured me of smoking, which I only commenced again under medical advice when I was over fifty years of age.

I found my people, greatly to my surprise, although involved in various manufactures, were great hunters and sportsmen. Probably it was by way of contrast to their daily work. My half-sister married the greatest sportsman of them all from Stubble Hall.

I had a very clever and interesting relative, well known in the affairs of the town, and who took a large part in public matters. The only incident I recall in connection with him was an extraordinary religious conversation we had together. When going to the funeral of one of my uncles, I walked with him past a beautiful church which this deceased uncle had built, and looking up at the cross on the top of the spire he

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said: "I never quite understand the practice of Christians; they seem so heartless." I said, "In what way?" He replied, "Look at that cross! Do you think that if I really loved a man and he was my dearest friend and had the misfortune to die on the gallows that I would put them up publicly everywhere in his memory? To me the idea is perfectly dreadful." One can see his point of view, which, of course, entirely ignores the real glory and power bestowed by Christ upon that which in itself was truly a badge of shame. In my youthful way I did my best to make him see what I judged was his error, but it was entirely in vain, and I have always thought that he took a very remarkable, though a quite intelligible, view of the symbol of our Christian religion.

On Sunday we often used to go by train and attend a service in Manchester. We went to lunch with two elderly cousins of ours in a most beautiful house, with mirrors on every wall, so that all the rooms appeared gigantic, and the replicas of one's illustrious self were innumerable. The multitude of these mirrors greatly puzzled me, until I learned from my father that my cousins were directors of the Plate Glass Company.

At the service we attended a notable figure was a Colonel Hamilton, a scion of the illustrious house of the Irish Marquesses of that name, in the north of the island. His youngest son, a partner in Coutts' Bank, eventually married my sister.

The Colonel always fascinated my father, because of the fact that when the congregation rose to sing he was the only man who stood absolutely still, and my father soon made me see that everyone else was gently swaying about like trees in a high wind. In dull services it had often diverted me since to note the fact which otherwise escapes observation that practically no one can stand still. Everybody sways backwards or forwards or from side to side.* Colonel Hamilton alone was like a rock, owing to his perfect drill. Of course the same phenomenon occurs in standing for prayer, which

* I have since been told by a noted musician that swaying in singing is the correct thing.

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was more common then than now, only it was more difficult to observe, because you were supposed to keep your eyes shut.

On our journeys to Manchester I always noticed the backyards of the houses we passed on the elevated railway, because my father had recently presented me with a tract entitled "Is it Sunday in the Backyard." This little book alluded to the secular employments which were often carried on at the rear of the houses when Sabbatic calm prevailed at the front. I saw, alas! to what an extent week-day work was pursued in these back premises as we passed, and greatly regretted it. With more mature consideration, however, I now consider that the strictures on such work are largely founded on a fallacy, seeing man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man, and there were many secular occupations which harassed housewives, however strict in their principles, have perforce to carry on for the benefit of exacting husbands, who, though they may return from their Church or Chapel in the odour of sanctity, certainly expect to find other odours of an appetising nature awaiting them. It cannot, therefore, be always Sunday in the backyard, though it may be so in the front.

I have pointed out already that at this time my father was really a servant to his own father and brother. He was, indeed, unfitted for business life. The mystic, poetical temperament to which I have alluded, combined with his intense sympathy for everyone in distress or want, together with his lofty ideal of Christianity, produced a character of great beauty and purity, which I am sorry to say I little appreciated at the time, though I now look back on it with great delight. I can see him standing up in the small, bare mission room, the evening before he met with his fatal accident at forty-nine, and giving out, with prophetic foresight, the words of the hymn :

"Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days."

This was the last hymn he ever sang—not that he could sing, for I doubt that he had a musical ear, and he certainly did not possess a very musical voice, but he sang it with his heart,

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the song was heard in heaven, and in less than one week his pilgrim days were closed.

In Père-la-Chaise, Paris, I am told there is a tombstone, stating of the one who reposes beneath: "*Il était né un homme, mais il mourrut un épicier.*" It could never be said of my father that he was born a man and died a merchant, for he never was the merchant, but he always was the man.

About this time the stamp mania was at its height. My brother and I both had collections, and eventually, owing doubtless to the business atmosphere all round, we became small dealers. When we had amassed about £50 profit, we had reached our goal and retired from business, the goal being to give our mother, now a widow, some valuable present from her sons to comfort her. We bought her a beautiful, long sealskin coat and muff (at that time very cheap), and we also had made for her a morocco bag fitted with a number of block tin receptacles that could contain soup or meat, or sweets, for her to take in her daily visitations amongst the poor. This was not our only trade, for, stimulated by our success, we embarked in the perfumery business. We bought the necessary scented lard from Grasse in the Riviera, and macerating it in spirits of wine, made a case of six bottles of lily-of-the-valley perfume, which we succeeded in selling to our grandmother for one guinea. We then retired for the second time.

I had a pony of my own which was kept in a small stable in the yard, and of which I had the entire care. Trusses of hay were piled in one corner, and on removing the remains of one of the lower trusses I found a hen squeezed perfectly flat. Calculation showed she must have lain there under the pile for at least three weeks, but after she had been laid on a blanket before the kitchen fire, and a few drops of brandy inserted into her beak, she gradually revived, and with the aid of appropriate homeopathic medicines, soon returned to the new-laid egg business. We looked on this as a small miracle.

I was always more or less fond of music, and, besides the piano, at this time learned to play the organ in a somewhat elementary fashion.

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I fancy from six to twelve I was more or less continually in love. I must have been a good deal older than six when, being greatly enamoured of a beautiful young housemaid, I purchased for her a pair of brilliant green kid gloves, and with this daring feat I think my love adventures ended for the time

IV

SCHOOL LIFE

AFTER I left the school at Enfield that I spoke of some time ago, I had not been for any length of time to any other school, and now in Rochdale was highly educated by private tutors together with some half dozen carefully selected boys of good character who were friends of ours.

I remember when a Mr. Fraser was our tutor, one of these estimable boys, who was extremely fat, found it impossible to aspirate his h's. I can see him now set for a quarter of an hour at a time to breathe heavily on the window in an audible voice, thereby learning to aspirate that letter so despised of cockneys.

I may mention that my father's death, to which I have already alluded, was due to a sudden fall from the rafters of a house he was building for us when one morning he was giving all the workmen copies of a well-known temperance book called, "Buy your own cherries." He was only saved from instant death by the tall silk hat he wore, but he succumbed in two days from internal injuries. By his death we suddenly lost nearly all our income, and only a very few hundreds were left to support my mother and her family of six hungry children. Every device was adopted perforce to economise in all ways possible, and, I think I may add, impossible ways. I remember distinctly the heelless socks which could be worn any way, and lasted twice as long. I remember also boots cut down to fit me in some inconceivable way by tucks and gathers in the leather. I also may perhaps venture discreetly to allude to home-made trousers in which I could stand, but, being made without seats, could not sit down.

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At the close of my tuition in the north I was sent with my brother to a private tutor, a Mr. Arthur Pridham, in East Budleigh, in Devonshire; at this time, of course, properly equipped with suitable and sitable clothes. He lived in a delightful, rambling house with a large garden in this small village. I remember in the evenings I invariably played chess with him. We played very slowly, and between the moves he used to write out some portion of his monumental work on Jeremiah. Prayers, of course, were held every morning, but on more than one occasion, escaping by what lies I now know not, we were absent, being busily and happily engaged in watching an ox being killed at the other end of the village.

Harold and I learned our lessons in a small glory-hole of our own, and were called in to say them before Mr. Pridham. Being in an agricultural district we felt it only right to have an early lunch at eleven o'clock, for which purpose we roasted potatoes. I remember one occasion, when these had just been taken off the fire, we were suddenly called in to say our Greek. My brother thoughtlessly crammed two "murphies" in his trouser pockets, and I can see him now trying painfully to conjugate his verbs, dancing on alternate feet as the potatoes burned a hole in his leg. He was naturally a very good boy, and it was the writer, alas! who led him into all evil. This included, indeed, the most reckless and daring adventures. We thought nothing of sliding down the thatch on boards from the ridge of the roof to the gutter, our only safety from being dashed to pieces being to catch our feet in the iron trough.

Over the stable was a large barn, which also extended over the wash-house, where the maids did all the laundry. I was very fond of making my brother walk along the rafters in the barn that formed the roof of the wash-house. On one occasion, unfortunately, he missed his footing when about the middle, and, stepping on the lath and plaster between the rafters, his fat legs, perfectly bare, suddenly came through on the maids' heads amidst a shower of plaster. So far so good, and all would have ended with the destruction of the ceiling and the giggling of the maids, if at that identical moment, a

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red silk handkerchief tied over his bald head and with his stick in his hand, Mr. Pridham had not slowly ascended to see how the maids were doing their work. His astonishment may be conceived when he saw two bare legs, more or less scarified, hanging from the ceiling and kicking violently. Without reflecting to whom they might belong, he at once began whacking them with his stick, and the screams from the loft above soon showed their owner.

It was here we used to make our famous sawdust and treacle biscuits, which we ate with great gusto after they had been baked by the kind cook surreptitiously, and without, so far as I remember, any subsequent harm. Of such wonderful construction are the stomachs of boys.

Not content with these minor adventures, nothing would serve us but to study our lessons in trees. By this I mean that we selected two elms of great height, one on either side of a narrow lane, and constructed a comfortable seat in each some sixty or seventy feet above the ground. Here we might be found on summer evenings, sometimes aided by the light of a small lantern, learning our Greek and Latin, while unconscious villagers passed up and down the lane.

Having always kept a pony in Rochdale, I felt I must keep up my equestrian reputation in Devonshire; but being of a sociable turn of mind, thought I would drive instead of riding. We had a number of boon companions whose acquaintance we had made, both boys and girls, and you might have seen us almost any Saturday afternoon packing ourselves into a gig with a very raw-boned steed in the shafts, capable, however, of great swiftness. There were three of us in the front seat, three of us in the back, two stowed away underneath, and one sitting on each shaft with his feet on the step—ten in all. The reins were held from the front seat, while the whip was judiciously administered by one of the shaft passengers. Motors fortunately were not then invented, and, curious to say, we met with no catastrophe, although we flew along the narrow lanes in an alarming manner. When our finances could not run to the cart at 1s. 6d. per hour, there was a brown cob and gig for 1s.; and even a very small slow greenish white pony and chaise for 6d!

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I feel sure I have said enough to disgust any right-minded reader who may have waded thus far through these unprofitable stories, but still I must recall the real peril in which I suddenly found myself one sunny afternoon, when on our way to the neighbouring village, well-known as the watering-place of Budleigh Salterton. I had climbed a little way down the face of the crumbling red clay cliffs when I found to my horror I could not return. Far below me were the shining sands where the other boys were walking. I screamed to them of the peril I was in, and gave myself up for lost. They shouted that the only way was to risk the descent, and they thought I would be all right. Bidding farewell to my life, and thinking it very sad that I should be cut off at such an early age, I let go of my precarious hold, and shooting down with many bumps and more abrasions, I found myself to my amazement eventually sitting on the sand. I was very thankful for the unexpected deliverance.

Mr. Pridham was a great friend of Philip Henry Gosse (the father of Sir Edmund Gosse), who figures in such an amazing light in that well-known classic, *Father and Son*. I knew Mr. Gosse in two ways. His book on Marine Zoology was my sole authority when I kept a large sea-water aquarium in Rochdale; and I also knew him as an amiable and earnest Christian man; and I feel sure he had depths in his character that perhaps his son failed to fathom.

My last reminiscence of Budleigh was a journey I took in the carrier's cart to Exeter. I am there in spirit now, tightly packed in a covered van on a hot summer morning, with a mass of perspiring South Devonshire women. We are jogging along over the common, and we are all singing at the top of our voices, "Oh, haste away my brethren dear, and come to Canaan's shore," and then the chorus "shore-or-ore, come to Canaan's shore-or-ore," *ad lib*. With the sound comes to me now the warm and unmistakable earthy and slightly acrid smell of Devonshire humanity. It is as clearly defined and as indescribable as the sharp pine odour of a Swiss village bedroom, and as well remembered as the jingle of the bells that used there to wake me in the morning as the cows passed through to their mountain pasture. I

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soon dropped asleep, but whenever I woke, it was still going on—"Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful, when we meet to part no more-or-ore." And for anything I know the hymns and choruses were kept up all the way.

Mr. Pridham had two small boys who were wheeled out daily in their perambulators. The other day, in the Town Hall at Hampstead, I was addressing a large public meeting with a well-known solicitor, Mr. Arthur Pridham, in the chair. He was a very dignified man, and I do not think quite appreciated my allusion to the last time I had seen him when I was feeding him with chocolates in his perambulator.

When I had completed my learning and finished my pranks in Devonshire, I passed with *éclat* in all my subjects the higher Cambridge examination at Exeter, although I regret to say I nearly killed the family of my kind host. With an amiable desire to lessen the *ennui* of a wet Saturday afternoon, I bought a stick of phosphorus, and, blissfully ignorant of its properties, rubbed it vigorously on the bare arms and hands of the family of boys and girls, the shutters being closed. The weird luminosity produced would have been more appreciated had we not all been in agonising pain from the severe burns produced, and nearly choked with the fumes, from which the pet canaries died. We all survived!

I was then sent, partly for my health, to Elizabeth College in Guernsey. This ancient institution was then in a high state of perfection. The island seemed to consist chiefly of Careys, and subsequently I found all of them became more or less cousins of mine through my wife.

I still kept up my riding with increased vigour. Nothing would suit me in Guernsey but a horse called "Sam Slick," the winner of the local Derby. I used to take him round and round the racecourse at the other end of the island, and at one time he nearly closed my career by eating his bridle when left in the stable with it on, while we were having tea, and bolting with me on his way home, tearing at full gallop through the streets until he reached his stable.

Two fellow students at the College were the Campbells, one of them becoming the well-known baronet, Sir A. Cockburn Campbell. His aunt was a great favourite of mine.

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She had lived at the Court of Berlin with her uncle, the ambassador, and somehow or other had taken up table-turning. This went on to automatic writing, and I have spent many afternoons with her listening to her stories and examining with the deepest interest the most beautiful drawings of fruits and flowers that she averred suddenly appeared on her paper drawn by her hand quite unconsciously. She felt it was very uncanny, but would not give up the pursuit until constant rappings assailed her day and night. She then felt the spirits were becoming too pressing, and left off all connection with them.

It was here, it will be remembered, that I immortalized myself in the papers by being nearly drowned from cramp.

I am well aware that the experience I am about to relate is in no way uncommon. "Conversion," as it used to be called in the sixties, that is the turning of man to God, when it does occur is generally more or less co-incident in life with the change from the child to the adult. I was in my fifteenth year, in 1860, when I experienced its power.

The principal value in my case of the story I shall relate lies, I suppose, in the fact that while with many the experience is more or less ephemeral, in mine it must have been a genuine influx of the Divine Spirit, known generally as the new birth, for it has lasted with me at any rate for sixty odd years, and has been associated with a dominating power in my life, and a complete recasting of all values owing to a changed mental standpoint. The conduct of any life is more or less shaped by one's point of view, which of course determined one's perspective. When one really becomes influenced by divine power the proportions of life change, and our designs for the future are seen to be quite out of drawing. Near things are no longer necessarily big, nor far things small; the visible shrinks, while the invisible increases in value, and thus the whole meaning of life is changed. I think my experience at this time may be best compared *longo intervallo* with that of St. Paul on the way to Damascus, there being in his case, as in mine, a definite turning point in life, of which the exact date could be given, and which, in spite of every effort to nullify its power, maintained its

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force through life. I will endeavour at any rate with accuracy and brevity to describe what actually occurred in my "heavenly vision."

The setting of the scene was at any rate sufficiently prosaic. At fourteen, one summer's evening, I arrived at Mr. Charles Hanmer's Private Academy, at 23, West Parade, Rhyl. As a new schoolboy I went upstairs to get ready for dinner, and found my bedroom. There were two beds, and the boy who was to occupy one, and who afterwards became the well-known head of one of our most popular missions, was busy dressing. Hearing me enter he turned round, and having asked me if I was the new boy, said, with no further preamble, "Are you a Christian?" I think I should explain, to account for such a greeting from a strange boy, that at this time there was all over England a great wave of religious revival, so that questions which at other times might appear out of place were just then quite natural.

I answered without hesitation. "No, I am not," for I knew well that he did not refer to my social or church position, but to my real state before God, regarding which, being religiously brought up, I was quite clear nothing good could be said, and with whatever envious eyes I might regard those who had truly trusted their Saviour, I knew well I was not amongst the number. For though my father and mother had done their best, so far their religious teaching had fallen on deaf ears and the seed on stony ground.

The boy stared at me. "But would you not like to be one?" he asked timidly. "It's no use liking," I said scornfully; "I know well I never shall be a Christian."

"There's a prayer meeting to-night," he said; "would you not like to be prayed for?" "As to that," I replied in an airy manner, "they can just please themselves, for it will do me no atom of good, I've been prayed for often enough."

As I had a slight cold I went to bed early while they were all at this meeting. When my young mentor returned I shammed sleep, for I wanted no more of his talk, so saying his prayers first, he soon turned in, and off he went to sleep. "That's all very well, my fine fellow," I said, glaring at him,

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“you can go to sleep, and I cannot, for you’re all right and I’m all wrong.”

So I lay and tossed, thinking it a strange thing that God should look down, as I truly believe He did, into that little room and see two boys on two beds, one all right and the other all wrong. I tossed about with uneasy snatches of sleep until nearly 2 a.m., asking myself why I couldn’t quietly rest like that boy?

Suddenly there came to my consciousness rather than to my mind the words, “Because you won’t take it,” and then came my “heavenly vision,” which after all was rather prosaic. “Take what?” I said. And as I lay in my bed, lo, I saw in my mind that I was very sick of a mortal disease, and that by the bedside was a table, and upon it a bottle of medicine which I was perfectly sure would cure me. And there was I asking, “Why am I not cured?” “Why am I not cured?” And the answer was, “Because you won’t take it.” This seemed to me absolutely ridiculous. “My word,” I said, “if that’s all, I’ll soon be well, for take it I will and now.”

And then I saw that my sickness meant my state, and that this alone was the cause of my sleeplessness. The remedy clearly was belief, true, personal belief in Christ my Saviour. “Well, if that’s all,” I said, “I won’t wait another moment.” But how was I to do it? Of course I had known the Gospel story since I could speak, but it had never seemed to do me the least good. I could not “take it” as I could medicine, but I saw that “taking it” meant the act of “believing.”

Then to my horror I saw that to believe in the medicine could do me no good, and could never cure me, I must do more than believe in its value. I must “take it.” So here was I, at fourteen, plunged at 2 a.m. into divine metaphysics. But the Spirit of God was hovering over that young boy, for I thought, “I cannot do better than to settle it now.”

So I knelt up in my bed, and solemnly and from my heart said aloud, “O God! I *take* Thy Son, Jesus Christ, to be my Saviour this night,” and feeling I could do no more, I dropped asleep. The crisis was over.

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When I came down to breakfast I still felt pretty much as usual, although conscious that I had undoubtedly taken an irrevocable step in the night. Still, I was surprised I did not feel as happy as I supposed I ought to feel.

The other boys had left the table, and the master came and sat by my side. "We were praying for you last night," he said; "I'm so sorry you are not a Christian."

Now, then, what on earth was I to do? I didn't feel particularly like a Christian; but then I had told God something in the night that I was determined not to go back on. I was in a terrible dilemma; when in a moment the Holy Spirit flashed into my mind the words, "If thou shalt believe in thy heart and *confess with thy mouth*, thou shalt be saved." I had clearly done the first; it only remained with me to do the second. So without one particle of feeling I said, "But I am one."

"You a Christian!" the master said incredulously, "but you told us you were not!"

"No more I was last night," I said.

"But when did you become one?" he said, completely puzzled.

"About 2 o'clock this morning," I replied.

"But who spoke to you?" he asked.

"No one," I said, and then after a pause, "unless it was God."

"But what happened?" So I told him all, and then demanded if that made me a Christian.

"It does," he said, and immediately I was filled and flooded with a wave of joy perfectly indescribable. I rushed out of the house, threw my cap into the air, and ran round and round the playground to let off, as it were, some of the steam. I then stood still, and looked at myself critically. "What, *you*," I said, "a Christian! It can't be you!" Yes, indeed, it was myself, incredible as it appeared, but now the *ego* was a new self. I don't know that I felt either pious or good. But one thing was certain, whereas I was blind, now I could see; I was lost, now I was saved. And now I must hurry up and get others saved, too. Such were my first thoughts.

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No doubt all this seems very childish to the superior person, but it really was not. It was supernatural and divine, and its after effects on two lives—my brother's and my own—through long years of stress and trouble proved its divine origin and character.

Accomplished in a moment, it has endured a lifetime, and I feel sure the more thoughtful of my readers will not dismiss a true record of an experience which has changed a man's entire life as unworthy of serious consideration.

I have mentioned my brother. He was at home at that time, and remembering this, off I went to my desk, and on some miniature notepaper I wrote words that almost scorched the page. I implored him then and there without delay to take Christ as I had done for his Saviour. My mother found him walking up and down the dining-room with my little letter in his hand, and his tears falling thick upon it. She soon was able to make all clear to him, and that night he wrote me a little note that all was well. My letter was returned to me at his death, after he had been a well-known Missionary in Inland China for over thirty years, amongst his treasured effects; and it doubtless was the beginning of his remarkable career.

As for myself, it would be wearisome to dwell on my great joy. I felt as a bird let loose, and I wanted all others to be free and happy too. I never travel, even now, by the Irish Mail, but I look down on that line of railway cottages outside Rhyl, where, having changed all my money into little Gospel books, I went, a small school-boy, from door to door trying to make others as happy as myself.

Passing to another subject, when I was fifteen, I determined to take up Greek as a serious study, with a view to reading the Greek Testament. As, however, I was engaged through the day from nine o'clock, I had to get up very early to find time for my study. I found I could not wake, so, hearing of a remarkable bed in a neighbouring town, I bought it. This bed had a mechanism whereby a small spring, being attached to the alarm of a clock, acted in such a manner that if you did not get up when the alarm had sounded, within two minutes the whole bed suddenly turned over and shot

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you on to the floor, thus effectually ending your sleep. Previously no alarum was loud enough to wake me, but now when I knew the consequences that would follow in two minutes I managed to hear it and obey. If I did not, I always found myself scrambling on the floor amidst a heap of clothes. Thus effectually for several years I was able to begin my studies at four o'clock in the morning and continue them until eight, and thus acquired a knowledge of the Greek Testament which has been of great value to me ever since.

It must not be imagined from this studiousness that I was a very well behaved or (in spite of my experiences at Rhyl) a very pious boy. On the contrary, I was always burning for adventures of a minor kind. Whenever I could I escaped from my work and home and was to be found some miles away sailing a small cutter on Hollingworth Lake. In this boat I spent hundreds of happy hours, never so happy as when the wind was strong enough to make the boat sail on her beam's end. Such was my principal summer diversion, varied by rowing all over the water in an outriggered skiff.

In winter, however, the whole lake was frequently frozen over; then indeed my joy culminated, for leading up to the lake from Rochdale there were three miles of canal ice. I could put on my skates near the house, and, folding my arms, would roll along in the Dutch fashion on the outside edge till near the lake; then I could tramp, still in my skates, on the frozen snow to the lake. Here, if there was any wind blowing, we had but to put our two feet together, join hands and be blown right across to the other side in an incredibly short space of time. Of course we knew the dangerous places and were fortunate enough never to have gone through.

My father had a great idea of the value of practical knowledge. I think he carried this rather to excess, for he was determined that I, his eldest son by the present marriage (there being three boys and three girls, half the number of his own family), should be in turns a carpenter, an engineer, a weaver, and gardener, and many other things. I had to learn cabinet-making until I was able to make a beautifully veneered and dove-tailed medicine chest for my mother, that

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was perfectly turned out. I then went to the foundry, made my own brass castings, which I afterwards turned on a lathe, and eventually completed a model of an engine of a half-horse power. I then made a model loom that would weave patterns in silk, and finally I went for one week to a factory, working like a common mill-hand, only without the clogs or wages, from six in morning to six at night. This, however, proved too much for my constitution, and I was seriously ill afterwards, and retired from active business of all sorts for a considerable time.

V

BUSINESS AND HOME LIFE

WHEN I returned to Rochdale, my father being dead, my uncle, not discerning any special aptitude in me for anything, thought he could not do better than have me under his own eye at Heybrook, the principal centre where our business was carried on, in large offices erected in front of the grounds of the old house where my grandfather then lived. Heybrook as a house was a low, two-storied, rambling building, and I well remember the awe with which I used to enter my grandfather's room, where he sat apparently all day, holding a thick stick. He had one unmarried daughter living with him, who was soon engaged to a Colonel Whittle, sometime Governor of the Ionian Islands. He presented her with a beautiful, pure-bred Arab horse, and this lovely animal used to walk in at the front door and into the dining-room, and feed out of her hand, and then walk away again to its stable.

Every day I had to go to business at Heybrook. To do this I had to ascend and descend five hundred steps daily in our churchyard, one hundred and twenty-five having to be traversed four times. I had first of all to cross the old churchyard, and often stopped to look at the lines on Tim Bobbins's grave—a great local celebrity:

“Here lies Tim and with him Mary,
Cheek by jowl and never vary;
No wonder that they so agree,
Tim wants no ale and Moll no tea.”

Further on I passed the famous field belonging to my grandfather, near Heybrook, which was credited with producing three crops of hay in the year. On one occasion there

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was great rejoicing in the business at the annual audit, the balance of profit being larger than was expected, and it was not until it was found that inadvertently the year of Our Lord had been added to the profits that the joy disappeared.

I was very busy at this time with my large Sunday School. It must be known that in Rochdale one person out of every three attended at a Sunday School. They were not born there, but certainly came as infants, grew up there, were married there, and continued to attend until fit to become teachers in their turn after their marriage—at any rate the women did. My own school was on an independent basis, not connected with any sect. There were five hundred children and fifty teachers, and I found the management of the teachers twice as hard as that of the children.

I formed, being fond of singing, a very good school choir. Lancashire people have the German ear for music, and are credited, when at their work, with singing long extracts from our oratorios fairly well. However this may be, I made my choir as perfect as I could in harmony, and used them to assist in the open-air services then being held in the town. I felt that sweet sounds alone were not sufficient, that the words should be heard, which they never are. I adopted, therefore, the plan of standing at the bottom of the school while they sang at the other end, and making them enunciate the words so perfectly that I could hear them distinctly where I stood. I never allowed any of the audience to sing at all. The moment they joined in, that piece was not sung again. My idea was that they *should be* the audience and not the performers. On the still summer evenings it was a delight to hear my choir singing in harmony the inspiring words of those beautiful old sacred melodies (that are practically unknown in the south of England) to some hundreds of people.

The culminating glory of the school was, of course, its Whitsuntide trip. We went to some favourite resort, either in canal boats (a favourite way), or by train, or in a long procession of some twenty waggons. There were nearly a thousand altogether, with friends and parents. When it was a question of waggons, the tremendous procession drew up at the schoolhouse doors and were soon filled with a very gay

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company. I myself was mounted on a white horse—a humble forerunner of the Kaiser in Palestine—and used to gallop, as a field officer, from one end of the procession to the other to keep all in order.

On one dreadful occasion my school was nearly destroyed. Those who owned the little chapel where I held my school suddenly gave me notice that I could not use it any more. Next Sunday I was in despair, but, having made my dilemma known, I was allowed the use of neighbouring Church Schools until I could find some suitable place for my large flock. There was a vacant plot of ground next to my closed school, and though little more than a boy, I got a builder in double quick time to build on this plot another school exactly the size and shape of the one out of which I was turned, and in great triumph entered into possession shortly afterwards. When this was done, the trustees of the other building relented, and said I could use it if I wished. So I took possession of the two, using the new building for the boys, and the old one for the girls. I financed this new building by making it a “Board” Day-School, and the fees and Government grants paid the rent.

I always endeavoured to keep the Sunday teaching up to a very high standard, and was, I think, the first to introduce the simultaneous lesson all over the school. I did not, however, find my efforts at instructing the juvenile mind invariably successful.

A distinguished party of friends came one afternoon to inspect my Sunday School, and I personally conducted them round with great pride until I arrived at the infants. These were arranged on a special stand rising one behind the other, and the children, some ninety in number, very delighted to show themselves off. A huge blackboard was in front on which were drawn two large hearts, one in outline, the other covered with chalk, so that one heart was black and the other white, and, as far as I knew, the children had been carefully instructed in the true meaning of the two pictures. My visitors greatly admired the infants and asked to be shown their accomplishments. Nothing loath, I pointed to the two hearts on the blackboard and said, “Now, chil-

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dren, what is that?" pointing to the black one. "The human heart," they yelled in chorus. "And how is it made white?" To my horror came a second yell, "Rub it over with chalk!" I retired defeated.

My Sunday School was visited by several celebrities. One of the most popular was the last chief of the Mohawk Indians, Nah-Kah-Wah. He transfixed my scholars with fear and admiration as he stood in the school before them in his war paint and feathers, and gave a blood-curdling war whoop, as a prelude to an admirable address. I made his acquaintance by attending a lecture of his in the Public Hall, at which, I regret to say, sitting in the front seats, my brother and I disgraced ourselves with untimely laughter at the following peroration:—"When we look back along the pathless vista of the future we always see footprints of an Almighty hand;" and expressing his fervent wish for England's happiness, "may she be in her past what she has been in the future, the land of the brave and the home of the free." Noticing our ribaldry he went on to remark, "If those two young men in front cannot behave themselves they had better leave the hall." When, however, I ascended the platform with an invitation to him and his assistant to a good hot supper, he forgave us. My brother walked home with him, and I followed with the assistant, who explained in the simplest manner that he had formerly lived by the Gospel, but finding it did not pay, he had been obliged to "add a little drapery to it." I do not think he here alluded to vestments.

Another celebrity was a coal-black doctor, the unfortunate son of a white father and a black mother, who had got all the tar, for his brothers and sisters were practically white. He was a brilliant student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and was then home on leave from a distinguished post in the Franco-Prussian War as the Physician in charge of the International Hospital at Sedan. He gave some splendid addresses, being a most earnest Christian man, and I think it may be worth while to record his last journey in England, which he left only to die abroad the following week. At Charing Cross he selected the only vacant seat in a first-class carriage facing the engine in the left-hand corner. The following details

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of his journey he sent me in a letter, five days before his death, from Sedan.

Feeling rather tired he took off his hat and put on a beautiful blue velvet smoking cap, with a gold tassel, and leaning back, closed his eyes. Opposite to him was a little fussy old lady knitting, with a stalwart husband next to her, and in the corner a gentleman reading *The Times*. Next to Dr. Davis, facing the engine, were two elderly and austere spinsters. As the train moved out of Charing Cross Station, he heard the old lady, turning to her husband, say, "John, what a splendid looking man; it is a pity he is so black."

The doctor did not like this, for his colour was his most touchy point. The following conversation ensued:

"Do not speak so loud—he can understand what you say."

"Oh, John, you are so foolish! don't you see that it is one of those African Princes who have come over on a visit to the Queen, and now I suppose is leaving it, and no one has ever said a word to him about his soul?—and he a benighted heathen."

Just then the train was passing the Crystal Palace. The gentleman behind the newspaper looking up at it said:

"What a splendid building! I believe there are all sorts of evening classes held there now for our young people. What advantages they have!"

The little lady took up the cudgels. "I am not sure of that, sir. For my part I don't see any improvement in young people. Boys and girls are getting perfectly dreadful, and as for morality, I think our days were by far the best."

At the word "morality" Dr. Davis saw his opening, and, anxious to hear what the little lady would tell him about his soul, he slightly opened his eyes, and out of the most negroid of lips, in the purest English, said:

"Morality, Ma'am?"

The little lady jumped right out of her seat in great alarm, and John muttered in an aside, "I told you so!"

"What is morality?" asked Dr. Davis.

"Morality, sir, is a quality we could none of us do without, could we, John?"

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"I don't think we could, my dear," he discreetly replied. "It is not only good for this world, but for the next."

"The next world?" said Dr. Davis. "What is the next world?"

"There are two other worlds," said the lady; "there is Heaven and there is Hell. Heaven is where the good people go, and Hell is where the bad people go."

"And how can we get to Heaven?" said Dr. Davis.

"Why, I have just told you, sir, by being good. We all hope to go to Heaven, but then if we want to get there we must go to Church, say our prayers, give to the poor, be kind to our neighbours, be sorry for our sins." And so she went on with a whole string of the usual duties supposed to adorn a Christian life.

"And is that the way to Heaven?" asked Dr. Davis at length.

"Yes, sir, that is the way, and if you have time when you get to Folkestone, call on our Vicar. He is a very good man, sir, and he will tell you that what I have said is true."

"Madam," said Dr. Davis, "this train is going at fifty miles an hour, and I should like to know now how I may get to Heaven?"

"Why, I have just told you, it is in the Bible."

"Could I see it in the Bible?" asks Dr. Davis.

"Oh, certainly, sir!" and opening her handbag the lady hunted about for what was not there.

"John, have you got a Bible?"

"No, my dear, and you had better be careful, for you are sure to get in a mess."

Nothing daunted, however, the little lady said to the gentleman behind the newspaper: "Excuse me, sir, have you got a Bible?"

"No, I have not, Madam, and I consider these religious conversations in railway carriages most improper."

The two austere ladies also were Bibleless. So with a sorrowful look the little lady said: "I am afraid, sir, we do not happen to have a Bible, but it is all exactly as I said, and you may be sure I am right."

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Dr. Davis heaved a sigh and, leaning back, gently closed his eyes again. The little lady also gave a sigh and returned to her knitting. I think she had a suspicion she had not been quite successful. When all was quiet, Dr. Davis, from his coat pocket, slowly produced a Testament.

“Is this what you were looking for, Ma’am?” he said, handing it to the lady.

“Oh dear, yes, sir, that is a Testament,” and she rapidly turned over the pages of the book. She hunted backwards and she hunted forwards, she cast her eyes up to the ceiling, and then appealingly to John, but he only shook his head, and she could get no help. After fumbling in vain for a long time, Dr. Davis said:

“Would you allow me, Ma’am?” And, turning to the 16th verse of the 3rd of John he read the following well-known words: “‘For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life’.”

“There, sir,” said the little lady triumphant, “that is just what I said, the very words.”

“Indeed, Ma’am!” And turning to the gentleman behind the newspaper, Dr. Davis began: “I do not know, sir, who you are, but I am quite sure that a man in this country in a railway carriage who tells a supposed heathen that this is no place where he can learn the way to Heaven, is unworthy the name of Englishman.”

The little lady, greatly interested, quietly applauded until Dr. Davis, turning to her, said in gentler tones: “But as for you, Ma’am, I fear you are ten times worse. As a supposed worshipper of idols, I asked of you the way of Heaven. You have told me what I must do, whereas in the verse I have read I find all has been done for me by Christ. Your religion, Ma’am, consists of two letters ‘d o—do,’ mine of four ‘d o n e—done’ and must precede our own good works.”

When they arrived at Folkestone a light rain was falling, and he felt his mackintosh gently tugged by one of the austere ladies.

“You will excuse me, sir,” she said, “but my sister and I have been Church members all our lives, and we always

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thought that what the little lady said was the way to Heaven. You have taught us to-day what we shall never forget, and we shall always thank you for it."

I make no comment, but conclude these few Sunday School reminiscences by putting on record the staunchness of my scholars' love. When I returned to the town on a visit over forty years afterwards, these scholars, now grandparents, crowded again my old schoolroom with their sons and daughters, walking many miles on foot to do so, and I was quite overwhelmed with their intense devotion. Lancashire is not usually credited with delicacy of feeling, but to my mind the county surpasses anything I have met with in the south. I had an illustration of this the other day when a friend of mine, returning as I had done to Rochdale on a visit, gave a tea to the members and their husbands of her old Bible Class. It was well attended, but none of the husbands came. They sent a little note saying that they thought it better not to come as they were afraid she might feel it. The teacher was a spinster.

VI

EXCURSIONS AND MARRIAGE

My somewhat monotonous life in Lancashire was varied with many excursions, principally to the seaside. I remember well our early visits to Scarborough before my father's death. The Duke of Cambridge, with his stout and beloved daughter, Princess Mary, the mother of our present Queen, was at one time staying with Lord Londesborough at Londesborough Lodge, and I used frequently to see the old Duke and his buxom daughter in the grounds of the Spa.

Here also I heard, although in their decline, the matchless voices of Grisi, Mario, and, later, Mr. Sims Reeves. Only last week I called on the clever daughter of the two former. I also heard Adelina Patti, on her first appearance here, and I well remember how at the time *Punch* prophesied for her a very short career. Truly the prophet's rôle is a dangerous one.

It was at Scarborough that I determined to learn driving. With my half-sister, who was equally enthusiastic, I went off to the livery stables to hire a trap. It must be remembered that we were still of childish years, and when we found we could have a trap with one horse for an hour for 5s, or with two horses for an hour for 10s., or with four horses and a drag for an hour for a pound, we decided on taking out the four-in-hand for fifteen minutes, concluding that our brief appearance in such glory would be of more value than a long time in obscurity. I need hardly say we never got the quarter.

One year, instead of going to Scarborough, we went to Redcar, then but a small village, further north. Here Professor Ferguson started my Marine Aquarium, not only so,

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but he caught a conger eel and made us eat it in a pie, which I did not like at all. At another time we went to Switzerland, and I well remember my first entrance into Grindelwald, almost like a drowned rat, with my father. We stayed at the old wooden Bear Hotel, which few now remember, as it has been replaced by a hideous brick structure that to my mind does much to destroy the beauty of the place. I can still remember my horror, being at the time under my parents' guidance a very strict Sabbatarian, at seeing Birket Foster painting the lower falls of the Reichenbach on a Sunday afternoon. I wondered very gravely what would be the ultimate consequences of such a daring act.

My brother's schoolmaster accompanied us on one of our Swiss tours, and when we reached Lauterbrunnen insisted on the two of us bathing with him beneath the Staubbach Waterfall, nine hundred feet high. He was a very dignified gentleman with gold spectacles, and of a certain age. Divesting himself of all his garments, he bade us do the same, and as no tourists were then about, although it was a sunny afternoon, we obeyed him and all three exposed our bare backs to a fall of nine hundred feet of water. We were not dashed flat upon the rocks as the ignorant may naturally imagine, for with such a long descent the water was converted into fine spray by the resistance of the air, and, alas! a waft of wind soon diverted this from our persons, and the whole volume descended on our clothes. There was nothing for it but to dress ourselves hastily in our dripping garments, run down the narrow path into the village street, which was crowded with tourists, the master leading, gold spectacles and all. We dashed through the crowd, leaving a watery trail all the way into the hotel, and there in our rooms, still by the master's orders, safeguarded ourselves against chills in the old benighted fashion of drinking brandy and water, the master of course having a double or a treble portion, which, perhaps, somewhat accounted for our subsequent proceedings.

All our luggage, with the exception of a small handbag, had been sent on to the great Victoria Hotel at Interlaken, where we were to go that night. "There is nothing for it,

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boys," said the master cheerfully, "but our night shirts." (Pyjamas were not then invented.) So we took off our dripping things, rubbed ourselves dry with rough towels, and each one clothed himself with the penitential white garment down to the feet. We put on our overcoats and carried our dripping clothes to the carriage and pair that was waiting for us at the hotel door. Still by the master's directions we spread them all on the roof and front of the carriage to dry, and off we started. Those who know the steep road down from Lauterbrunnen to Interlaken will remember it is one of the most frequented in Switzerland, and every minute we were meeting carriages coming up, or passing them going down.

"Boys," said the master after a few minutes, "we shall catch our death of cold. I am beginning to shiver; we must have exercise." So in spite of what I think would have been his sober judgment if we had not already so thoroughly "kept the cold out," he got us out of the carriage, and in our three white night shirts, he with his gold spectacles, ran behind the carriage in the clouds of dust down to Interlaken.

The extraordinary spectacle we presented is no doubt remembered to this day by those fortunate enough to have seen it. The carriage and pair clad all over in uncouth garments, the amazing apparition of a gentleman in his night shirt and gold spectacles, trotting behind it, accompanied apparently by two pseudo choir-boys, at length reached the town. Here, for fear of the police, and now thoroughly warm, we re-entered our carriage.

Alas! when we drew up at the imposing entrance, the company in full evening dress was walking past the great fountain in the hall to the dining-room. Across these, in our nightshirts, we had to force our way in our shameless progress to our rooms, and thus ended the day's adventures.

We often went to Wales. I well remember my diversion as a little boy at Abergele was to climb on the footbridge over the rails and watch the Irish Mails which crossed each other at that spot, pass each way. Llandudno, however, was our favourite summer resort, and we went there from Conway in a four-horse coach. Later on a railway was constructed, but it may interest my readers to know that each carriage

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was drawn separately by two horses, the driver sitting on a seat in front below the roof, and all the luggage piled on the top, as in a stage coach. Of course in later years the iron horse took their place.

I was fond of walking tours, and on one occasion, when in the Snowdon district with my brother, performed the feat of ascending it twice in one day. It was misty when we got to the top in the morning, so when the blue sky appeared while we were at lunch at Llanberis, we went up and down again in the afternoon.

The only adventure I had on a mountain was when, with my brother, we crossed the Peak in Derbyshire at midnight on Christmas Eve. We had supper with a well-known painter, Walker, of Manchester, at the foot of the Peak on its western side, and started on our adventurous walk at eleven o'clock to cross over to the eastern side to the Snake Inn on the Glossop road. I may say for those who do not know this Derbyshire district, the Peak is a rough tableland of great height, and precipitous sides, crossed with ravines in every direction, which made it most perplexing to find your direction. We climbed to the top gaily enough, the whole country being under three or four inches of snow, and the moon being obscured by thick clouds. We started across without the least misgivings, constantly walking down one side of a gully and up the other. After about half an hour, however, finding we could not yet even see the further edge, we began to get anxious, and my young brother was perfectly horrified when he discovered in front of us footprints in the snow. We knew it was the resort of more or less desperate poachers who made a good living by surreptitiously supplying the Manchester market with game, and had no doubt that these desperadoes were lurking near us in some gully.

I suppose at this time I was about eighteen and my brother not fourteen. We went on noiselessly and cautiously, and still the foot-prints were in front of us. Suddenly the double track caused an idea to flash into our minds. We put our feet into the footprints and found they exactly fitted. We had been, in fact, walking in a circle round and round, and were now retracing our own footsteps, all direction being

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of course absolutely lost. I, however, as an old hand at the business, pulled out my ordnance survey and a compass, and laying the map on the snow while my brother struck a light, I adjusted its direction to the points of the compass. We then ascertained that the Snake Inn where we wanted to go was directly behind our backs. Turning round we walked a hundred steps and then set our course again, and by these means at length we reached the edge, and there, some two miles away, like a small star in the black darkness, shone a tiny light which we afterwards discovered was a candle placed in the window to show us our way. We tumbled down the steep rocks and across the marshy lane, and eventually fording a somewhat deep and rapid river, crossed the Glossop Road, and, streaming from head to foot, reached our goal.

Shorter excursions were generally on our velocipede, an extraordinary structure of great power propelled by two sitting back to back. On each side were two long boxes, one of them containing our tools, and the other lined with tin, formed a receptacle for claret and water. The top was furnished with a long indiarubber tube furnished with a mouthpiece, which enabled each of us in turn to supply the necessary moisture to our exhausted frames consequent on our profuse perspiration and tremendous muscular efforts.

In 1869 our most ambitious scheme was carried out, and that was travelling by water five hundred miles from Rochdale to London Bridge. We had a canoe and a specially made outrigger which would row or paddle or sail. To cook our food we had a remarkable little brass structure, called a Russian lamp. It was just the size of a fist, but by producing forced blast could boil a quart of water from the cold in a very few minutes; no rain or wind could extinguish it. I bought it in Chancery Lane. We went by canals as far as the beginning of the Mersey, and then by canal to Chester and a little beyond until we reached a tiny unnavigable river called the Perry; down this, through entrancing glades and woods, on a very rapid stream we wound for two delightful days amidst many perils, at five o'clock on the second day shooting suddenly down a fall some two feet into the upper Severn. On this journey we were constantly drenched with

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rain, and knew so little of modern hygiene that we relied on brandy and water to keep the cold out, quite unaware that long before an American had come over and taught the stage coach travellers of that day that a glass of cold water with a lump of ice in it was the true prophylactic against cold. I fear some even now may be ignorant of this great remedy. A little lower down we passed a great orchard of "damsel" trees, and we bought from the old maid to whom they belonged an entire tree of damsons, which we sent, with her sons' love, to our never forgotten mother. A little above Gloucester we met the famous bore. This is a tidal wave which rushes up the river at each tide with great force at six or seven miles an hour; it is four feet high and sweeps away all before it.

We pulled our boats out of the water, and could see it coming, and hear it roaring when a long distance off. Suddenly it reached us, and immediately the river was four feet up its banks.

Crossing the Cotswold Hills to the head waters of the Thames was quite an adventure. There is a canal with a staircase of twenty-four locks. When we had carried both boats up six of these locks, we felt we had done enough, and the other eighteen were negotiated by the boats on a cart which carried them up to the mouth of the Shepperton Tunnel, two miles and a quarter long, which passes under the Cotswolds. We lighted a candle and stuck it in the front of each boat, and paddled our way through to the pinhole of light at the end, and shortly afterwards carried our boats across a field and put them on the Isis at its source (commonly called the Thames). This was one hundred and fifty miles above London Bridge, and the river was not more than six feet wide and almost impassable from rushes. We never went through the locks, but always when possible shot down the weirs, on one occasion coming to terrible grief, being upset and losing most of our stores, while we ourselves reached the bank half-drowned, where once again, in our benighted ignorance, we had recourse to brandy and water.

Just above Oxford we spent two hours in going one mile through some reeds so thick that we could walk across the water on them.

Behind the Brass Plate

Passing over years, I now reach a more interesting part of my career. Travelling in Ireland, when I was about twenty-three years of age, I one day reached Ballina, and in a small mission room, in the afternoon, by request of some local friends, gave a short address. This had to be preceded by the singing of a hymn, and here began my troubles. The little hall boasted of no musical instrument, so there was nothing for it but to give out the first lines and start the tune, which was a common metre. There was a most attractive audience, composed of a row of exceedingly good-looking young ladies, several gentlemen of position in the county, and others. I started a well known tune. My voice, I may observe, though I am so fond of music, is most disappointing; it is neither high nor low and has been described by my friends as a collier's bass. The effect may be imagined when I state that I had to sing the verse as a solo, no one joining. I concluded they did not know the tune so I read the second verse, and with great courage started another tune. This was also a solo performance, and I began to feel very bad. However, it is the third tune that does it, so I read the next verse, and started a tune which everyone knew. As this was also a dead failure I sat down and gave it up and confined my efforts to a brief address, discovering at the end that some unconscious wag had placed on my desk a hymn book that no one else possessed. Naturally they thought it was intended to be a solo performance.

However, all was forgotten when I was invited to tea to the home of my future wife and at once met my fate. She was a member of an old West of Ireland family, and a relative was an old gentleman known as Sir James, who figured greatly in the Indian Mutiny. To my youthful mind, however, his chief distinction was discovering that one could get drunk on tea. Lost in a jungle, with nothing but a pound of tea in his possession, he declares that he ate it and found himself intoxicated. Is this credible?

I soon came over to Ireland again, and we were married in 1871, at Cheltenham, and our wedding was graced by the presence of an old friend of my father's, a very remarkable man. His name was George Vicesimus Wigram, so called

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because he was the twentieth child of his mother, ten boys and ten girls. His brother Octavius was well known in public life, but George Vicesimus was endeared to me by his extraordinary face and character. I can best illustrate what I mean by the following anecdote. When he returned from the East on the P. and O. he found something had been left behind in his cabin, and sent a friend to recover it. He met the chief steward and got the article, and as he was going away the steward asked him in awe-struck tones, "Do you know who came over with us in that cabin?" And his friend replied, "Mr. Wigram." "That may be the name he gave," said the chief steward, with great reverence, "but we all called him—'Jesus Christ'." I trust it will be understood that this story is not told lightly; and also that the subject of it had no idea of the fancied resemblance, differing in this respect from a well-known novelist of to-day.

I had to bring my wife from her beautiful western home to the smoke-laden town of Rochdale. Fortunately, in Summercastle, I had secured a house with a splendid name, though in a vile position, for it was on a hill in the middle of the town, the black wings of the smoke fiend being spread all around. There was no garden, and with a pathetic desire, joined, in spite of my education, to an incredible ignorance, I had several cartloads of rich garden soil spread over the pavement in the backyard in an effort to grow some sort of greenery there that could be seen from the dining-room window. However, I soon saw that the Irish girl would fade away if kept there, so I took another house in the country, high up near the moors, and not far from John Bright. There was a large garden through which, to my delight, I heard a fox had recently run; and here for several years, with the aid of a small pony-trap, my wife managed to live amidst very uncongenial surroundings. The rooms I remember were very low, but there was a real drive up to the front door, and a real gate, and the various carriages and pairs, to which I have alluded, drove up in succession until at last my aunt in the Butts, the mother-in-law of our baronet, drove up in state in her immense barouche with two men on the box, and without any warning. Hearing of her arrival

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we rushed up to titivate, which we did under the amused eyes of the two men whose heads were on a level with our bedroom window.

Since my marriage I have altogether had no fewer than fifteen homes which is, I think, a record, especially as in none of them have we suffered from a fire.

VII

LONDON AND SCOTLAND

AT this time I was still in business at Heybrook under my uncle, who lived in great state at the Hall near, but alas, his three sons, despising any other career, even after the atmosphere of Oxford, determined to stick to their father's calling, and against his wish entered the business. This destroyed all hope of a commercial position for me in the north. I did not yet, however, fully understand that I was not cut out for business life, and finding no other opening, and being stranded with a wife and family, and the prospective sudden ending of my financial means, I determined to follow in my father's steps and to go to London. At No. 7, Wood Street, close by No. 1, Gresham Street, and opposite to the most famous tree in the city of London that stands in its glory surrounded for miles by bricks and mortar at the head of the street, I began my new career. Having no capital to speak of, I could only begin in a very small way with an elderly partner. Hitherto at Heybrook I had only mixed amongst merchant princes, and had a very well defined status. Not only was this entirely lost in London, but even in commerce I was now one of the smallest fry. I did not in the least know whether I should succeed or not. It was the greatest venture of my life; but curiously enough was quite successful. In a very short time I was making a good income almost out of nothing, but alas! just when my foot was firmly on the first step of the commercial ladder, my father's conscience began to work within my bosom. I felt that in the commercial procedure necessary in small struggling firms, I was continually doing in business what I would not dream of doing in private life. I am quite sure my con-

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science was crochety. I am inclined to think that some men of the highest honour, integrity, and Christian standing, find no difficulty in doing what so troubled me. At any rate, I am not here giving the experiences of others, but my own, and one day I came to the absolute decision that in spite of wife and children I must give up my present means of livelihood as my father had done before me.

Not far from our small offices was the palatial warehouse of my father's former partners, and but for his conscience I should now have been enjoying a very large income in four or five figures. Not, however, for one moment would I have had him act otherwise than he did, any more than I now in my turn could continue my struggling business life.

I therefore decided to retire, and this calls to my mind at this moment the extraordinary career of Alexandre de Mattos, the learned translator of Maeterlinck. I understand that he and his brother, both Oxford men, determined on a literary career, but alas! they were without money, which is a first necessity in such a life. With extraordinary enterprise, therefore, they determined to go into trade, and moving up to London commenced business in the city as Levant fruit merchants. I am told that in about five years they had realised a fortune, and, retiring from business, returned to Oxford. To me, knowing as I do the allurements of money-making, this seems a most remarkable performance, for my retirement was a necessity to me.

At this time my income was of course very slender, and yet, owing to one's habits, a certain manner of life had become a necessity. I well remember my joy one night when after looking at some dismal lodgings, returning to my grandmother with whom I was temporarily staying, I saw the advertisement of a house in Twickenham Park rented at £150 a year for £30. The fact was, as I afterwards found, the whole property had been tremendously overbuilt by some speculator; and here we lived at this time for three years without expense, and with much comfort, still retaining the little carriage and possessing, wonderful to say, a nice garden, a fine billiard-room, and a noble conservatory leading out of the drawing-room.

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My step in leaving a successful business without, as my friends thought, any valid reason, struck consternation into all their hearts, and all I could do was to point out that my father had done likewise.

My maternal grandfather, Taylor, was dead, but his eldest son was now the head of the well known firm in Furnivall's Inn, and my first thought was "I will be a lawyer." When, however, I went to the chambers and asked my uncle to take me in, unfolding to him my reasons for giving up my business career, his face grew very long; and without entering into details he gave me to understand that I should probably find still greater difficulties in his profession.

I was much pressed by Christian friends at this time to live as they called it "by faith." They assured me that a generous income would be the sure result, but I could not bear the idea. I had no doubt that some men of God, even in the present day, for certain reasons, had their wants supplied by those amongst whom they gratuitously laboured, but I felt I had married a wife and had a family, and that I should consider myself "worse than an infidel" if I did not adequately provide for them by the work of my own hands. It was a terrible struggle, and only by degrees did I listen to what I must describe as a still small voice that kept whispering to me, "Be a doctor!" Deeply feeling my responsibility in making, at my age, such a radical change in life, and yet unable to return to the business which I had left with the inward relief of a bird let loose, after mature deliberation I decided on a medical career.

Before, however, entering on my subsequent life, I should like, in a somewhat lighter vein, to interpose here a few reminiscences of some further excursions taken about that time. We were very fond of going to Ross-shire, in the summer, where we took a small house belonging to the schoolmaster on the shores of Loch Carron at Strome Ferry. It was a delightful spot, and the sunsets on the Coolin (Cuchullin) Hills in Skye were a vision of resplendent beauty. Our great enjoyment was fishing, and the fish we pulled up mostly were called lythe.

Behind the Brass Plate

Another place we frequently visited was called Lammas, and was the most beautiful little sporting property I have ever seen. On the small moor at the top of the hill red deer were constantly passing across from the great deer forests on either side; lower down the woods were full of fallow deer, the heather was well stocked with grouse, there were pheasants in the woods behind the house, while a salmon river ran at the foot of the property, and plenty of trout were in the moor streams behind. There were, however, no sportsmen in the house, which was practically ruled by the Lady Warden. We only shot for the pot, and were practically told each day what sort of a bag we were expected to bring back to the house. When venison was required we had of course to go up to the top of the hill and take our chance of what was there, failing which we brought home a buck or a doe from the woods.

On one of these occasions I remember one of Lord Garth's sons, who was staying at Lammas, lying on a deep hole on the moor, shot a stag for the larder from beneath as it bounded on him. What most delighted me, however, was seeing the deer apparently flying through the seven foot wire fence that separated the property from the deer forest beyond. Galloping to it at full speed, they threw themselves sideways as they leapt, keeping their legs stiff, and managed to pass laterally between the wires without a check. These were perhaps about a foot apart. There were many interesting stories about this place, but I must leave them all to pass on to a subsequent adventure, which happened in later years.

I was staying at Balmacarra, a beautiful house on the narrow seas between Ross and Skye, when an urgent letter came from Louisa Lady Ashburton, who was living some thirty miles away at Loch Luichart—her Highland residence—entreating me on my journey south to call and see her daughter, Lady Northampton, whose right arm was paralysed. I wrote back saying I greatly regretted that I could not comply with her request as I was short of time and did not see patients during my holidays. A still more urgent letter, however, obliged me to go, for she would take no denial, and said she would have the Southern Express stopped

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for me at her private station. So one morning I emerged from the train to find a brake waiting for me with a cousin of hers, a Lady Hay. When we got near the house she said:

“Dr. Schofield, would you mind going in the back way?”

“I will go wherever you go,” I replied.

So we drove round to a small side-door, and there I was immediately taken upstairs by a footman to my room to prepare for lunch.

I subsequently found I was introduced into the house surreptitiously, unknown to the Marquis, who was away shooting in the deer forest and who was the husband of my patient. I also found out that she was already under the care of Sir Richard Quain, of Dr. Bruce of Dingwall, and of another doctor, so I made up my mind that I could not interfere in the case.

At the luncheon table, full of a good party of friends and relatives, some funny things transpired.

“Palmer,” said Lady Ashburton, from the head of the table, addressing the butler, “what is this pie?”

“Game pie, m'lady,” said Palmer.

“Dr. Schofield, will you take some game pie?”

And she cut it open to find rabbits inside. In a towering rage she turned to the terrified butler.

“How dare you tell me this was a game pie? Take a month's notice, Palmer! I will stand no more of your mistakes.” And then addressing a footman: “Simpson, bring my slippers and put them on.”

“Yes, m'lady.”

And the footman disappeared only to re-enter and crawl under the table, progressing painfully to her ladyship's feet in receipt of the kicks received from each side of the table. There seemed to be a good deal of fumbling, then Lady Ashburton shouted out:

“You fool, that's the wrong foot!”

And matters were at length adjusted.

Immediately after lunch the company disappeared, and I was left alone with this redoubtable lady.

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"Dr. Schofield," she said, standing at the French windows, and in the voice of a charmer, "would you like to take a walk through the grounds?"

I could but say "yes."

"Well," she said, "it is a long distance, but there is a beautiful view at the other end of the rhododendron wood. It will take us some time."

"Oh, that is all right," I said briskly.

The butler and the footman were busy at the time clearing away the things, which Lady Ashburton very well knew, as it appeared. She got her hat, and away we went out of the window.

"I shall not be back for some time," she said to the butler, but when we got round the first laurel bush, and were concealed from the house, she said, "Now, Dr. Schofield," and pulling up her skirts, started off to run as hard as she could for the front door. I followed her speechless with amazement.

"Ring the bell, Dr. Schofield; they think I have gone out for a long time, and we will see how soon they will answer the bell. Take out your watch."

I did as I was told, and in about three minutes Palmer opened the door.

"I forgot my walking stick," she said, "it is in the stand."

So off we started again, and walking quietly along suddenly saw Lady Northampton having an alfresco lunch in a sunk garden below us.

"Why, there's my daughter," said Lady Ashburton, in true dramatic style. "How fortunate you should be here! Go down and have a chat with her, and I will come again in about half an hour."

So down I went and, finding we had a mutual friend in Mrs. Dallas Yorke, talked of her and other subjects until Lady Ashburton returned, making, however, no allusion to the paralysed arm.

"Would you like to go and see the waterfall?" said Lady Ashburton.

Being a very innocent youth, I assented. When we got to the foot, a crowd of her guests were waiting.

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"Would you mind running back to the house, Dr. Schofield, and ask for my crescent stick?" she said.

So I ran back and asked for the crescent stick. I was handed a stout stick with a handle like the Turkish crescent.

"The path is very steep to the top of the fall," said Lady Ashburton, "would you mind pushing me up?"

"With pleasure," I said, though somewhat mystified how to do it.

"You place this crescent in the small of my back and push me up with the stick."

Lady Ashburton had on a very smooth satin dress, and the beastly stick kept slipping up to her shoulders.

"Not that way, you fool!" she said in a towering rage. "Here, give me the stick!" And she applied it to my back, which, being of rough tweed, occasioned no slip.

Determined to succeed, I took the stick again, and with a somewhat downward pressure managed to hold it to her waist. This, however, was worse than ever.

"Not that way, stupid! you are pushing me down on to my knees."

At last, with much perspiration, that never-to-be-forgotten ascent was accomplished, amidst the very ill-concealed amusement of several of the onlookers, who, I suppose, had had their turn before.

When we reached home Lady Ashburton retired to her room, and one of the guests, formerly one of my patients, who had made my name known in the first place to Lady Ashburton, soon followed her. I learned afterwards she had been sent for to her ladyship's room, and found Lady Ashburton extended on her back in the middle of the floor, surrounded with writing materials, of which she was evidently tired.

"Take *The Times*, dear," she said, "and sit on that sofa and read me a leading article."

I should mention here that Lady Ashburton was a great literary character and a great friend of Thomas Carlyle's, who used to spend his holidays every year in this house.

My patient began to read.

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“Not that way, you fool!” shouted out Lady Ashburton. “Here, give me the paper.” And then with dramatic force she proceeded to read the article in her own style. But tea-time came and the bombshell fell.

I noticed that Lady Ashburton, not content with thin bread and butter, was eating a couple of boiled eggs, and, pausing for a moment, she turned to me and said:

“Dr. Schofield, would you mind not sleeping here to-night?”

I think many will agree that an answer was a little difficult, seeing that I had been persuaded by the most earnest entreaties to do so against my own inclination. So I said nothing, but looked up from my thin bread and butter inquiringly.

“I find,” said Lady Ashburton, “that Dr. Elder Cumming is stopping to-night at Dingwall,” (some fifteen miles or more across the hills), “and I thought we might go and hear him. Dingwall Hotel belongs to me, and I thought if you slept there to-night you would be on your way to London.”

Of course I cheerfully assented, and all my things, carefully unpacked, were carefully repacked, and later on we started off in a carriage and pair (there were no motors) across the hills. We arrived at the Hall in Dingwall just as the learned doctor was giving his peroration, which I feel we greatly disturbed by our noisy progress up to the front. Lady Ashburton began scribbling a little note which was passed up to the doctor, and by him read out loud.

“Dr. Schofield has just arrived from London, and will be glad to address the meeting.”

Dr. Cumming having concluded, said that I would now follow. Not a syllable of this had reached me, so I told the audience that it would ill become me to take away any memory of what they had heard by any subsequent speech, and then I sat down.

Off we went to the Hotel where I was installed; but Lady Ashburton, in spite of her two eggs, being very hungry, said she must remain and dine with me. It was then getting near ten o'clock, but she called the landlord upstairs and told him she would require dinner prepared for herself and her companion, myself. He found out from her that she only wanted

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a small repast—a little soup, fish, entrée, joint, game, sweets, and whatever wines he had would do nicely. I saw that he absolutely dared not say a word, and, when he had retired, I was going to remonstrate at such an order at such an hour, when a footman announced Dr. Bruce, of Dingwall.

This was not only one of the doctors in attendance upon her daughter, but a doctor whose patient had been sent to me in London from Strathpeffer, where she was not progressing, and whom I am obliged to say I had cured and returned to her home. I did not wish, under the circumstances, to meet Dr. Bruce and told Lady Ashburton so.

“Sit still,” she said, “and read *The Times*. He will never see you.”

At that moment the door opened and in walked Dr. Bruce, whom I had never seen. I did as I was told, and after a desultory conversation the much injured man withdrew, little knowing the villainous presence in which he had been sitting.

At 11 p.m. dinner was announced, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves till midnight, when Lady Ashburton ordered the horses to be put to and set out for her lonely drive across the moors. I must say it was only then that I appreciated her wisdom in not letting me sleep at her house that night. Before she went, however, she said:

“Dr. Schofield, I have just had to give notice to my cook; would you mind getting me another in Inverness as you pass through?”

“With pleasure, Lady Ashburton,” I said, as at last I took my leave of this most redoubtable individual.

I had of course heard many stories of her eccentricities; how when appointed a judge at a local flower show she visited it at eleven p.m. and went round with a candle. I fear her awards were not popular.

In London she lived at Kent House, a well-known red house by Rutland Gate. I hardly ever went there, and was never invited to a meal, but one day, when I was calling, she said to me in the hall in the most tragic manner:

“Dr. Schofield, do you know what is the greatest grief of my life?”

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“No,” I said in a most sympathetic voice, “I have no idea.”

“It is,” said she, in deep tones, “that I don’t see more of you.”

Reverting to the cook I had to get, I should have acquitted myself badly had I not been going to stay with a Mrs. Stewart, of Logie, a pretty place which marched with Altyre, the property of Sir William Gordon Cumming. She got the required cook, and I heard afterwards Lady Ashburton never had a better.

VIII

SWISS AND OTHER STORIES

LEAVING Scotland, I was present in Switzerland at Sir Henry Lunn's great attempt at Grindelwald to unite the Churches of Christendom, I am under the impression there was a letter from the Pope, but am quite certain there was no representative of the Greek Church present. There were many distinguished representatives of the various sects, and of our own Church, but, as our present condition shows, the praiseworthy efforts then made were not successful.

I nearly perished on one mountain, as being very much behind my party I tore along the narrow path cut in the face of a precipice, and suddenly rounding a corner cannoned against a man going in the opposite direction. Of all people in the world I found it was my own tailor, who had nearly sent one of his own best lounge suits over the cliff.

At Kandersteg I met Mr. Nixon, the then Governor of the London Hospital. I noticed some dark stains on his coat, and he himself was very much shaken as he told me of the tragedy they represented. He was a great Alpine climber, and as usual on arriving in Switzerland, he had engaged his own special guide. One would hardly think that such a sure-footed man would come to grief on an ordinary tourists' Alpine path, and yet such was the case. Only a week before he was walking after his guide along a mountain path, when he suddenly saw the man fall over the precipice. He had been leaning on a rotten fence which suddenly gave way. Climbing down thousands of feet, Nixon found his body; which had just been buried in his native canton, and Nixon was on his way home—a heart-broken man.

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When he was telling me this story, while we were at our *table d'hôte*, I noticed an elderly gentleman, with strongly marked features, sitting in the corner with two ladies at a modest tea, in clerical dress. I sincerely pitied him, for I knew how poor the clergy were, and often unable to afford a good dinner. Next morning, however, I found my sympathies had been wasted, for as I stood at the hotel door, moving away, on the path to the Gemmi, was the reverend gentleman and his two friends, on three well-fed mules, certainly a sign of luxury, for I was on foot. To crown all, the landlord by my side was briskly rubbing his hands.

"Ah," he said, "we do not get an English Bishop here every day." It was Dr. Temple, the Bishop of London, whose gaitered legs had been discreetly hidden under the table the night before.

I saw Dr. Temple again only once more. It was one morning when he was presiding in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster over a great assembly of Divines at the Revision of the Prayer Book. The proceedings were to me deadly dull, and everybody looked hot and bored, for the session had been long. Dr. Temple seemed dozing in his episcopal chair when suddenly the bomb burst. Mr. Kensit got up and very quietly asked a question of such an appalling, devastating nature that I felt instinctively it was unanswerable, and would bring ruin on the proceedings. Alert with curiosity as to how such a dreadful question would be met, I saw Dr. Temple slowly rise from his chair to the full height of his massive presence and, fixing the aggressor with his eye, proceed, as I thought, utterly to demolish him. What he actually said was, "Gentlemen, we will now adjourn for lunch." As I left I wondered at the wisdom that grasped in a moment that the only way to answer such a question was to shelve it.

On one Swiss journey we had a very difficult time, for our luggage went astray on entering the country, and in spite of all the efforts of the Post Office, the Pickfords of Helvetia, was not discovered until the day before we left, three weeks afterwards. The intervening period was spent by us in dining in our nightshirts to represent un-starched

Swiss and Other Stories

linen and soft collars, or on state occasions I was rigged out in a shirt of the landlord's with a spacious collar that reminded one of the times of Queen Elizabeth.

An early visit to Lucerne was with my brother-in-law from Coutts', a great botanist. He possessed a copy of an exclusive book that gives the exact site of very rare plants in Europe. One was on the Rigi. I well remember the hunt we had for it. Leaving the steamer at Vitznau, we walked along the Lake and then struck up the lesser known part of the Rigi. Following our directions we reached a lonely valley; and there, by measuring cross-distances from large boulders, we at last reached the exact spot. At our feet was the ancient remnant of the pre-historic age when all Europe was covered with ice; for here was the tiny Alpine plant of great rarity that still grew on its original site. We were not allowed to injure it in any way; indeed the book is only sold to trustworthy botanists. But we got a tiny flower, and a leaf or two, and leaving it, returned, not without an effort, into the present—lake, steamers, and all.

I have only been one cycle tour in Switzerland. There were six incongruous characters in the party, and my great triumph was that I kept them all together and in a good temper for several weeks. There was a very up-to-date parson's son, who, knowing everything, knew nothing, and became an irresistible victim to the other men who knew more.

We entered Switzerland in the correct way at Lucerne, and, after the custom of the country, sat in a beer garden by the lake that evening. The parson's son was great on beer, so we gave him a 'bock' while we had coffee; only as one regaled him with tall stories, another introduced coffee, milk, and sugar, and, I think, a little Worcester Sauce, into the 'bock.' The ingenuous youth drank the potion, not without a wry face, and declared that he would recognise Lucerne beer anywhere.

A thoughtful nephew of mine, one of the party, after inspecting later on, a large number of German tourists, stated as his solemn conviction that they were a fine

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race, only their chests had slipped down, a very refined criticism!

I had an illustration at this time of what imagination will do for the nerves, which was by no means useless to me in my profession. In mountain climbing, above the Grindelwald lower glacier, we had come to the face of a precipice, ending some thousand feet below in another glacier; and we were expected to go round the outstanding rocks by clinging to the smooth surface, with our feet planted on almost imperceptible ledges. What first unnerved me was the sight of the hat of the man in front, which was quietly blown off his head and sailed away. I followed it with my eyes as it went down and down to the glacier far below.

"I wish I was in the Strand," muttered its perspiring owner in an agony of fear. "I would give a thousand pounds to be at home at this moment."

The guide saw we could not go round the precipice in safety, and his remedy was remarkable. He gave a small piece of string into the hand of the last of our party, and passing all the rest with the other end in his hand, went on in front. We thus had a hand rail on the outer side of thin twine, but holding on to this as we walked round made us feel comparatively secure and allayed our fears, although it was really no protection whatever. Such is the force of imagination.

On the Gornergrat above Zermatt I nearly closed my career. There had been a little rain, and the surface ice was like glass, and as I was looking across at Monte Rosa and down on to the great glacier, my feet shot from under me and away I went backwards, down the slope towards the glacier behind. I certainly should have perished if a man who happened to see me go had not fortunately been able to throw me a rope, the end of which I clutched and thus checked my downward glide. It was some time before I recovered my nerve.

On another occasion I went in the winter to Villars-sur-Ollon with my sister to practise lugging. There was a magnificent run of many miles from the mountain hotel to the

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village in the Rhone Valley below. We had only to put out little "luges" on the road at the hotel door, and fly down for nearly an hour some thousands of feet. Going up again was fortunately equally easy. There were always horse sleighs or carriages conveying passengers to the hotel, and any one of them would give us a tow all the way back.

My last story is a very small one. I was in the little church at Chamonix when I saw in front of me a nice small boy being shaken and beaten by his nurse for wriggling about. He kept whispering there was a nasty thing crawling up his leg and biting him. After beating him the nurse bent down, but could see nothing, and beat him again. All this time an admirable sermon was being delivered. At its close we all stood up to sing. Next to the boy was an elegant girl, and as she stood up I saw a large bat clinging to her dress behind. Anxious to avoid a scene, I leaned over and whispered, "Don't scream, but walk right out of the church at once." She walked out without a word, I followed her in an apologetic attitude, and took the bat off her, and then we quietly walked home, and no one was the wiser.

IX

ENTERING MEDICINE

RETURNING now to my difficult position, as to the choice of a profession, I remained in doubt for some months before light came. My brother, alas! was no help in my difficulty, for he distinctly said, "Never be a doctor, you are quite unfit for it, and I cannot imagine your becoming one." Perhaps it is because I was so unfit that I have managed to get on, for certainly I have not followed very stereotyped medical lines, as will be seen later on.

As a counterpoise to his advice, I reflected that the medical profession was the only one that could be entered at an advanced age with advantage, for the increasing years would give the novice a deceptive appearance of experience when bending over some confiding patient.

Another difficulty, however, suddenly arose. Although I thought I was fairly learned, it appears I did not technically possess the actual qualifications needed to avoid the entrance examination. As this included mere school knowledge, all of which I had forgotten, the difficulty would certainly have deterred me had I not by this time made up my mind to go forward. Having, therefore, to learn up again history, geography, and a good many other subjects of which I had practically forgotten all I ever knew, I determined to put my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest. First of all I must have quiet, so I retired to a house in the west of Ireland. I was much run down when I arrived and for the first fortnight could do nothing. The Captain (my host) took *Punch* regularly, and just then there was a capital

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picture of a lady consulting a fashionable doctor. "What you require, Madam," he was saying, "is a little cream and curaçoa." So the Captain, happening to have plenty of cream, and some old curaçoa in his cellar, gave me a wine-glass (half and half) two or three times a day, and it acted like magic.

When I recovered, from nine in the morning to nine at night I was in an isolated attic under the roof, all my meals being brought to me. I committed to memory 1,000 lines of historic verse which enabled me absolutely to floor any examiner on the subject. I passed the examination eventually after some months' study, and entered my medical career. I found that merely reading medical books never got me any "forarder." Many students seemed to absorb their contents by walking about with the book under their arm, but I found that in my case the learning would not come through the covers, so I invented an entirely original method of study. In the first place I saw that in my anatomy and physiology the carefully compiled indices were epitomies of the books. I therefore learned the index and let the book take care of itself. From A to Z I examined myself; and every subject I could not answer was marked, and I read up what was said concerning it. Constant self-examination eventually found me proficient in every subject mentioned in the index, and then I knew my knowledge was complete. But examiners in the *vivâ-voce* had a nasty habit of asking questions that were not exactly solved in the text books. I, therefore, prepared also a series of anatomical, physiological, surgical, and medical cards. Each card on the front had a list of questions likely to be asked, and on the back were the concise answers. They were strung together in packs, and I acted precisely as with the index. I examined myself on all these subjects until I could answer perfectly the questions on each. I may say this system was highly approved of by no less an authority than the late Jonathan Hutchinson, who allowed me to use his name in connection with it. By this means I succeeded in passing my two college examinations. That of the College of Physicians was perhaps accelerated by the fact that I

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went to my *vivâ-voce* in a cab in the first stage of typhoid fever, and a temperature of 103. Very curiously one of the questions asked was if I could give the symptoms of enteric fever.

"Well," I said cautiously, "I think I have all the symptoms at present. I have a temperature, a slight rash, etc., etc."

"Thank you," said the doctor hastily, "I think that will be quite satisfactory."

And I was hurried out of his presence, having passed with honour.

Not content with the College exams., and being married and a family man, I was quite unable to spend three years at any University, and yet, requiring an M.D. degree, I took refuge at Brussels. Let no one dare to despise the Brussels M.D. I am quite sure the examination is harder than any in our country, and for the following reasons.

In the first place, the examinations that usually cover three years are all concentrated in one awful fortnight, during which you are continually examined from morning to night by thirteen professors. In the second place, you are not admitted to the examination at all until you have at least two College qualifications; and lastly, every year at that time at least fifty per cent. were ploughed. I, however, fortunately passed in honours with special mention. I think I ought to add, lest this should be thought to be due to my superior capacity, that I was proficient in French, which accomplishment I thought it wise on this occasion to conceal, as while the question was being translated for me into English I had a little more time to consider the answer. By these tortuous ways I gained the coveted distinction.

The methods of the examination were original in more ways than one: at the *vivâ-voce* all the candidates are in the room, and here all the questions are asked. In the practical surgery, when I was taken to the hospital ward and asked to examine an accident case with a broken leg, I at once asked to see the limb.

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“Not so,” said the Professor, “there you are wrong. You know the man’s leg is broken, and he knows it, too. What you have first to discover is what other injuries he may have received that he does not know. You can therefore safely leave the leg to the last.” In this way I learned a valuable lesson.

X

HAROLD

I THINK perhaps before recording my subsequent career at the London Hospital, I would like to take a glance at what has hitherto been neglected—my own family. First of all I must say a word about my brother Harold. He was over four years younger than myself, and his career is perhaps best summarised in a notice that appeared in 1883, at the time of his death, in *The Lancet*. I will give it:—

“Robert Harold Ainsworth Schofield, M.A., M.D. Oxon., B.Sc. Lond., F.R.C.S., etc. Dr. Schofield, who died on August 1st at the Mission Station (now the Schofield Memorial Hospital), where he laboured as a medical missionary, Tai-Yuen-Fu, in the province of Shan-Si, North China, was the third son of the late Robert Schofield, esquire, of Heybrook, Rochdale. He was born in 1851, and was educated at the Old Trafford School, near Manchester, and subsequently at Owens College, Manchester, where he obtained the Victoria Scholarship in classics, and was elected an Associate of the College after taking the degrees of B.A. and B.Sc. in the London University. He then obtained an exhibition to Lincoln College, Oxford, and began residence there in October, 1870. He graduated with first-class honours in natural science, and afterwards filled an appointment in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy under the late Professor Rolleston; he also gained the Greek Testament prize open to the whole University. Gaining the open scholarship in Natural Science at St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, London, he began there, in 1873, the study of that profession to which he had always intended to devote himself as his work in

Harold

life. He so vigorously prosecuted his work that he won successively the Foster Scholarship in anatomy, the Junior and Senior Scholarship in their respective years, the Brackenbury Medical Scholarship, and the Lawrence Scholarship and Gold Medal. About this time he gained the Ratcliffe Travelling Fellowship in Natural Science at Oxford and, having graduated, he proceeded to Vienna and Prague to follow his studies there. On the war between Turkey and Servia breaking out, he offered his services as Surgeon to the Red Cross Society, and was put in charge of the Hospital at Belgrade during the campaign, and the next year he served in a like capacity in the Turkish Army during the conflict between that country and Russia. At the expiration of his Ratcliffe Fellowship, he returned to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and filled successfully the appointments of House Surgeon and House Physician. It was now that he announced his intention to devote himself to medical missions abroad."

It was through reading the life of Dr. Elmslie, Medical Missionary in Kashmir, that Harold resolved to devote his life to Medical Mission work. He began training for his missionary work by standing quite alone in Orme Square by the side of the Bayswater Road, and, taking off his hat, he began to recite in a clear voice several well known texts. When half-a-dozen people had assembled he began speaking to them in ordinary natural tones. This was continued night after night for months, and I cannot but believe there are in London at this moment many who have profited by his missionary efforts in Orme Square.

When my brother had been three years in China, he died of typhus fever, contracted from a patient. On the same night he appeared at the foot of the beds of two of his sisters in India. They felt no alarm when they saw him standing there, and it was not until months afterwards they learned, through England, that he had died that night. At the time they were living a thousand miles apart. Is not this apparition the soul, or so-called "astral body?"

I had also a brilliant young brother, who, having passed through Cooper's Hill College, was appointed to a high

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engineering post in India. Before leaving, he started on a boating trip along the Bridgewater Canal to the Mersey. Here (being a great diver), he broke his neck by diving in too shallow water. The night before, the friend who was with him had a vision in a dream of my brother, and a voice said, "You have killed him." Filled with horror, he awoke exclaiming, "I didn't do it, it was not my fault." At breakfast he related the dream to my brother, who met his death soon after. I have but one grandson, Rex, who, after passing through Wellington, served towards the end of the war in the Royal Horse Artillery. He was very sharp as a little boy, and I remember, on returning to his preparatory school from a week-end at home, he was much distressed because his parents wanted to put him into the Navy which he hated; and his grandmother, though sorry for him, would not say that she would prevent it. When she came down to breakfast, he had gone back to school, but had left a card on her plate: "Sympathy without relief, is like mustard without beef." He was then about ten years old, but I think the words were not original.

I remember his mother went to visit him when he was at Wellington College, and in his dormitory came across his Bible. She was much distressed on opening it casually to see both pages black with grease, and quite illegible. She asked Rex the reason; he was quite puzzled for the moment, and then he said, "Oh, I know what it is. You know, mother, this is a very bad place, and when I say my prayers at night I think it gives them much more force if I open the Bible and pray with my head between its pages."

XI

VARIOUS TRIPS

IN the Sixties all England was Volunteering, and all my cousins were busy drilling on Saturday afternoons; and the great volunteer camp at Wimbledon was long remembered.

I recall with pleasure many trips at this time to Scotland, the principal delight of the journey being the breakfast at Perth, then in all its glory. Not only did the Queen always breakfast here, on her way to Balmoral, but we were sure to get splendid steaks of fresh grilled salmon and delightful scones; something to look forward to on the long night journey from London. We generally went to Loch Carron, opposite Skye. Immediately across the Loch was Glen Attadale, where Lord Randolph Churchill had his shooting. The loch was full of fish, and we did a good deal of successful fishing at Stromeferry at the lower end of the loch. We had a Highland servant who would not work, nor whistle on the Sawbuth, but stole our jam on the same day.

Another favourite resort of ours was in Nottinghamshire, where we stayed with the Ramsdens, at Carlton Hall, in the Dukeries, near Worksop. It was a large mansion in the Palladian style, facing a pretty lake, crossed by an ornamental stone bridge. At the close of our visits we were driven in state to the station, where alas! our funds only allowed us to travel third-class. I shall never forget on one occasion, when safely ensconced in the grimy seclusion of our compartment, seeing the tall footman bring from the carriage a rug we had left behind us. He first explored every first-class compartment in vain, then in despair he went

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through all the seconds, and at last we were obliged to emerge from our retreat to get the rug.

In the large pillared porch of Carlton Hall I noticed a rough wooden bell-handle hanging down. Mrs. Ramsden told me the wonderful story connected with it, which was afterwards confirmed to me by its hero, when subsequently staying at my house.

The whole family had recently become very earnest Christian people, and had started a Mission Hall in the village. They also held on Wednesday afternoons a small family meeting for prayer, for those members of their family that were away from home, and especially for the eldest son—at that time the family prodigal, literally spending his “substance in riotous living” in the “far country” of Australia. He was the favourite of the family, and, being a great letter-writer, delighted to recount his excesses in long epistles every week. In spite of many prayer meetings, these letters, so distressing in their tone, still continued, and the mother and daughters began to fear that their prayers were unheard, when suddenly the miracle took place! It appears the boy lived some twenty miles from the post town; and when he had written his weekly letter used always to ride through the bush to post it, returning the next day. At Carlton Hall, one afternoon, they had just got their weekly letter full of racing news, and were regretting the lack of any change in the beloved boy and brother, when the girls saw that a second letter from him was lying on the table. His mother opened it, little imagining what it contained. She read somewhat as follows:

“I was riding yesterday through the bush, with my letter to you in my pocket. I think I must have got about half way, when, like Saul going to Damascus, I was suddenly arrested by a wonderful vision. Like a lightning flash I got an intense conviction that I was a lost man, riding down to destruction. I reined up my horse, burst out into a violent perspiration, and was so weak that I had to dismount and lean against the saddle. After some minutes, I decided not to go on, and returned slowly home, my one desire being to relieve my agony. I found the Bible you

Various Trips

gave me, at the bottom of my box, but could get no comfort from it; so next day I rode off to see the Bishop. Somehow I got no peace or rest from him, and now, dear mother, do tell me how I am to be saved from this awful condition? I am in intense suffering, and long for your reply."

After an anxious consultation over this wonderful epistle, it was decided that a letter was far too slow, and that it required nothing less than an immediate telegram; but what words to send they knew not. So once again they knelt to pray, and then into their minds there came vividly the somewhat unsuitable words: "And when they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both." It was felt that these were the words which must be sent; so without a moment's delay they drove together into Worksop, and sent this message to the prodigal son. He told me that when he received it he saw in a moment that he was freely forgiven through the merits of Christ his Saviour, for of course he knew the Gospel story from which the words were taken. The prodigal, having come to himself, now "arose and returned to his father." He wrote home saying that he was coming back to England by the first mail boat, to share his new found joy with them. The moment the mother heard this, she thought her prodigal son, possibly returning at night, might not be able to get in, for the servants slept in a distant wing of the great house which had no less than fifty bedrooms. She therefore had a bell put up immediately over her own bed, and it was the handle of the bell in this porch that had attracted my attention.

XII

LONDON

IN London, in 1890, I came across a remarkable West-end Mission, conducted by some members of Lord Radstock's family. Every Sunday morning, many hundreds of London's failures, absolutely starving and broken men, were gathered into a large Hall, and had a bounteous breakfast, after which on one occasion I was asked to speak to them. It was indeed a problem to know how one living in comfort should speak to his hopeless and broken fellow creatures. My soul revolted at the thought of the well-fed admonishing the starving, at success addressing failure. Only by putting oneself in imagination in the absolute position in which they lived could one succeed in reaching their hearts. "Put yourself in his place" is the great lesson, taught first of all by our Saviour, and practised since by all successful helpers of their fellow men. I told them in more detail the story that closes Chapter XI.

As a contrast at the other end of the scale, I may recall a dinner at the Fishmongers' Company, where repletion took the place of starvation, and when our present King presided, as the dinner was given in support of the Deep Sea Mission. I was particularly impressed by the fact that the fish course was in triplicate. We began, I believe, with whitebait, the next course being salmon, and after that soles. We should never have sustained the dinner had we not paused when half way through to be refreshed by an iced sorbet.

About this time a series of annual exhibitions, in the Royal Horticultural Society's grounds (where the Imperial Institute now stands), were held in the somewhat cramped enclosure.

London

I remember in the "Colinderies" one evening I was surprised to find myself locked in, and could not get out all night. I wandered about alone, through the rooms and gardens, and my weird experiences were recorded in one of the magazines at the time. I escaped early next morning a very hungry and scared man.

London crushes greatly impressed me by the general expression of chronic boredom on the faces of so many of the guests. It was not acute, but had a suggestion of always expecting something that never happened. The sudden lighting up of the face at the sight of some friendly Jones or Robinson, whom they probably would hardly have recognised in the streets, was startling.

Amidst other marvels of that time the electric arc light now made its appearance. It was not then known that this light has five times the actinic rays of sunlight itself. Plants grow quicker in this light than by daylight, and it is therefore an active stimulus to the brain. At the time it was largely used in Government Offices, but was found to be so prejudicial to the brain of the clerks that the results were disastrous. The incandescent light, which is harmless, is everywhere now substituted for the arc light.

Sir William Perkin about this time was greatly distinguished at Harrow for his discovery of the coal tar dyes. I knew him very well, and have seen the small laboratory where this took place. An award and his patents brought him a quarter of a million, but in our casual way we forbore to make any use of his epoch-making discovery, which passed into the hands of the Germans at Elberfeldt. He was an earnest Christian man, and had a great Sunday School in his large Mission Hall. I used to go there every Christmas, when a lantern show was given to the children, followed by a dinner to ourselves. On one occasion, when the Falls of Niagara were on the screen, I was greatly startled by hearing the cascade on the sheet begin to roar. I could distinctly hear the water dashing down, and determined to investigate the marvel. I went out into the porch, and there saw the amazing sight of General Crawford's

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eldest daughter standing on a very high wooden chair with an immense jug in her hand, from which she was slowly pouring water into a tin bath on the floor, with realistic effects.

Being well known in this part of Harrow, on one fatal occasion I was asked by the Vicar, for the first and last time, to address a Temperance meeting. Getting somehow into my head that I was speaking to some of the trophies of the recent teetotal crusade, I congratulated, to their intense surprise and indignation, my very respectable audience of elderly spinsters and retired Army men on the step they had taken in renouncing the hideous vice of drunkenness; and expressed a hope that their conversion would prove permanent, and that they would thus escape a most terrible fate. However amusing this may sound to my readers, I fear its humour was lost on that audience. A decidedly better sort of amusement was being provided for us at that time by our genial friend—Corney Grain. He was well known in Harley Street, and once told me the following story. A rather distinguished party of Americans were over in this country, and he was asked to show them round, with special instructions to be sure and take the conceit out of a very forward young lady of the party. He took them all down to Woolwich, and, fastening himself on to the young lady, proceeded to take the conceit out of her by showing her a number of machines, none of which were then to be found in the States, as he was careful to point out. To his disappointment, her only reply to all these marvels was to remark through her nose, "Is that so?" Corney Grain got exasperated, and proceeded in somewhat questionable taste to take the lady down, by showing her two cannons. "These guns," said he, "were taken at the battle of Bunker's Hill"; and he watched to see her collapse. She only drawled out a little more slowly than usual, "Is that so?" and then added, "*I guess we got the Hill!*" Corney Grain retired defeated.

I was for years much engaged in literary work, and the peculiar and unique fragrance of musty leather, varnished wood, and a faint flavour of humanity that characterise

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our great national circular Reading Room is ever remembered.

A charming house I used to visit occasionally at this time was that of Kate Terry on Campden Hill, and I cannot forget the delightful atmosphere created by that talented family, the daughter who entertained us being Mrs. Lewis.

Another great friend was John Morgan Richards, of Lancaster Gate, and Steephill Castle, Ventnor, his daughter was the well known John Oliver Hobbes. Mrs. Morgan Richards was a brilliant but somewhat eccentric American lady. I always admired her table decorations, for instead of the conventional central ornament, in glass or silver, she would have a long earthenware dish. At one end of it, standing in a little water, were some rushes and sea thistles with a stretch of sand the length of the dish, and a few shells, bits of sea weed, and perhaps a star fish lying on it. I remember calling on her in her beautiful London home one morning towards the close of the Boer War. She was greatly excited, and rushed down the staircase to greet me. "It's all over," she said, "I determined to end it. To think of two Christian nations fighting like this, surrounded by savages, to me was awful. So I prayed to God it might be brought to a close. At last I took two pictures I have, one of Lord Roberts and the other of old Kruger, and hung them opposite to each other, about six inches apart. I then got a large silver spoon and fastened the handle in the mouth of Lord Roberts and the bowl in Kruger's, and when the spoon was between their lips, I prayed that they might break bread together. This morning, when I opened my *Times*, I found that Lord Roberts and the Boer General had dined together. What do you think of that?"

Time fails to recall many other instances of somewhat similar marvels. My wife's sister from India met with a curious accident when visiting near London. She was being driven to the station in a dog-cart when, going down a hill, the horse ran away. The road was narrow, with steep banks on either side. An "intelligent" carter coming up the road with his cart full of stones drew it right across the lane; with the result that when the horse reached it he made a

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tremendous leap into the air to try and jump over it. When my sister came to herself she found the gig smashed to pieces and one wheel running down the road; the groom was in the hedge, and she was sitting on the dead horse with her face to its tail without any injury. Such an escape more than borders on the marvellous.

XIII

THE LONDON HOSPITAL

WITH regard to my medical career, it was my brother Harold who decided me for the London Hospital in preference to Bart's, where he went. I had to learn a great deal in a very short space of time, and at that time,* the staff only visited the hospital patients twice a week at the London, so the students had much more responsibility and learned more than at Bart's, where they visited every day.

The hospital itself struck me profoundly. I found that practically every Ward was named after some leading brewer or distiller, who, I discovered, were really the owners of all the public houses within a mile radius. When, one Christmas Eve, I found out of twenty-four patients that I admitted as serious accidents twenty-three were drunk; and when subsequently Sir Andrew Clark told me that over seventy per cent. of the patients were there directly or indirectly through drink, I had serious food for thought. Furthermore, when I discovered that the brewers and distillers paid the greatest sums on our subscription lists, and that in private life many of them were most estimable men, I could not resist writing a semi-temperance story on these extraordinary facts, carefully concealing, of course, any reference to the London Hospital. The book was to have had as a frontispiece a striking picture of John Bull, with a quart pot in one hand, and some bandages and splints in the other, which I thought very appropriate, as there was no doubt that a large number of patients came directly from our sup-

* This is all altered now.

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porters' premises. Sir Frederick Treves, however, represented to me that this picture might be taken as referring to the Hospital, so I at once withdrew it, and I have no reason to believe to this day that anyone has connected my story of Queen Anne's Hospital with the great building in Whitechapel Road.

A curious thing I learned was that at that time no butter or sugar were provided for the patients, and that a voluntary Committee supplied as far as possible these necessities. People round the Hospital had then a firm belief in the doctors' "merciful arrangement,"—that when the nurses found there was no hope, they took away the patient's pillow, and so in kindness broke the patient's neck! We had a very brilliant staff at the time, including Jonathan Hutchinson, Sir Andrew Clark, Hughlings Jackson, Sutton, Fenwick, Rivington, Treves, and many others. Before my time we had a Hospital Governor, of whom Sir Andrew Clark told me a remarkable story which is well worth reproducing. The Governor was a young bachelor who fell in love with a fair lady of position in the neighbourhood. On being told to ask her father for her hand, he was soon informed that his income of £250 a year was not sufficient. Determined to secure the girl, he represented his sad case to the House Committee, who, greatly valuing him, agreed to double his salary, and give him sufficient rooms in the Hospital in which to live; for they greatly preferred a married Governor. Full of joy, off he went to the father, and represented his improved prospects.

"That's all very well," said the cautious man, "but you might die at any time, and all your money would stop. You must insure your life for a sufficient sum to support a family in case you should be taken."

"I'll soon do that," said the young man, and inquiring for a suitable office, off he went to the city. He was shown into the doctor's room for examination; and the physician turned out to be none other than Sir Andrew Clark. Both were equally surprised at the meeting, and the young man told his story, and Sir Andrew, saying "We will soon make that all right," applied the stethoscope. With a look of

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horror he jumped back, and said, "My dear fellow, I really don't know what to say. I'm afraid we can't insure you."

"Why, what's the matter?" he said.

"It's your heart," solemnly replied Sir Andrew.

"Am I in danger?" the young man asked.

"Well," said Sir Andrew, "your heart might fail at any time, it's in a most precarious state; you certainly ought not to climb any stairs."

"What must I do?" asked the young man.

"There's nothing for it," said Sir Andrew, "but to retire to some seaside place and lead a very quiet life. You are sure to get a good pension."

When the distressing case of their House-Governor was brought before them, the Board, deeply impressed with Sir Andrew's assurance that he could only live a short time, decided to retire him on the full advanced salary of £500 a year; and so he dropped out of the story.

It was some twenty years afterwards that a doctor in Deptford was attending the Vicar, who was suffering from bronchitis; and not being satisfied with his patient, he asked Sir Andrew to come down and examine him, he being the first lung specialist at that time.

Sir Andrew walked into the dining-room, and with his stethoscope proceeded to examine the gentleman. Again he stepped back and history repeated itself; for with a solemn look he said:

"I'm afraid, Vicar, it's your heart and not your lungs."

"Oh, bother my heart!" said the Vicar, "don't you know me? You told me *that* twenty years ago."

"You don't mean to say——" said Sir Andrew.

"Yes, I do," said the Vicar. "Twenty years ago I was retired in view of my speedy death with a pension of £500 a year from the London Hospital. I went down as you told me to a seaside place, expecting to drop down dead; but finding I didn't, plucking up hope, I wrote to my intended and told her I was living a very comfortable life and asked her to join me; so at length we married. I got so well that

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she thought I should have something to do that would not be too hard; so I became a clergyman and settled here, where I have brought up a large family, and I have to thank you, Sir Andrew, for the great comfort I have enjoyed for the last twenty years."

I am told that it was this episode that caused Sir Andrew Clark to make his celebrated investigation into valvular heart disease; when he discovered some hundred people who suffered from it, and yet did not die till they were over eighty years of age. I am told the investigation altered the rates of all Insurance Offices for this disease. Lest any should deem the story apocryphal, let me add that telling it one day in the West of London, one of the guests informed me that he was a son of this old Vicar, and that the family never knew where all his money came from which enabled them to live in such great comfort.

I was much fascinated by the extraordinary personality of Hughlings Jackson. He taught me pretty nearly all I know of the brain, especially with regard to its three broad divisions of the Upper or Cortex, the Middle, and the Lower Brain or the medulla oblongata: the three corresponding roughly to the functions of spirit, soul, and body.

Sutton, our pathologist, was, of course, a genius; and like all geniuses erratic. I can see him now standing near me, at the foot of the bed of a new patient, and, having grasped the case by his inner consciousness, say oracularly, "A bottle of Jamieson and a pretty nurse." None will be surprised that far more spirits were consumed in his ward than in any other. Nevertheless, he effected some marvellous cures, so wonderful are the powers of the human constitution.

Samuel Fenwick, in his rounds, was very droll. He dressed in the fashion of fifty years before, as portrayed by George Cruikshank in Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, and always carried a little stoppered bottle in his pocket. After the usual examination of a new patient he performed his well-known trick. Telling the patient to put out the tongue,

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he dabbed the stopper of the little bottle on it; and if he saw a blood-red colour, he pronounced with great gravity the word "rheumatism."

The memory of Jerry MacCarthy, our teacher of physiology, is much loved by me, and I am sure his pupils all remember him. He possessed that indescribable combination of gentleness and sagacity that is so rare. Another member of the staff, Dr. Langdon Down, was distinguished by using no spirits in his wards. I was his house-physician, when there were twenty-three cases of typhoid fever in his wards at the same time, all of which recovered, no spirits being given. He had the lowest mortality in the Hospital.

Walter Rivington, a surgeon on the staff, was rather a trifling "absent-minded beggar." I remember one afternoon, when he had a number of operations, one being under chloroform already in the theatre, another being anæsthetised, and several others waiting their turn, he was found to be missing; he was nowhere in the Hospital, but an out-patient, coming in, reported he had met him walking down the Whitechapel Road. A fleet-footed student caught him up, serenely walking home to Harley Street under the impression that his day's work was finished.

Dr. Gilbert Smith was the understudy to Sir Andrew Clark. When he stepped out of his elegant landau, his smart shepherd's-plaid trousers and white spats won great admiration, for he was certainly by far the best dressed member of the staff. His clothes, however, eventually got him into some trouble.

I remember on one occasion he was complaining to Murphy, his Irish butler, of the fewness of his patients; and expressed his belief that a good many came into the waiting-room and then walked out again.

"Now, understand Murphy," he said, "that you are not to let anyone out once they are in."

"Sure, sir," said he, "I'll turn the key."

"Don't be an ass," said Gilbert, "but at the same time don't let them go until I have seen them."

At the hospital that afternoon, beautifully turned out as

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usual, he was proceeding from bed to bed, surrounded by his pupils, when suddenly the door of the ward was burst open, and in rushed Murphy in a state of wild excitement. Gilbert caught sight of him and, apologising to the students, walked down to meet him.

"Sorr, sorr!" cried the agitated butler, "I've got him."

"Hush, you fool! this is the hospital! Who have you got?"

"Payshunt, Sorr, payshunt, and I've come for you."

"Why, man, he will be gone long before this."

"No, Sorr, he can't get out. I've locked him in."

"Well, of all the fools——" began Gilbert, then turning to the students, he said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, there is an urgent case waiting for me at home," and he left the ward.

He jumped into a hansom, with the butler, and gave the man ten shillings to reach Harley Street in record time. He discreetly pulled up a few doors off the house, and said to Murphy:

"He's sure to hear us coming in."

"Not he, Sorr, I've oiled the lock."

Like two burglars they entered noiselessly on tiptoe, and listened at the door of the waiting-room. Not a sound was to be heard.

"Now, Murphy, when the door is unlocked, don't open it. Let me know and I will explain."

So in a few minutes Gilbert turned the handle and walked into the room with his best smile on. He saw a portly gentleman standing reading *The Times*, with his back to the fire.

"I am very sorry," said Gilbert in his silkiest tones, "that you have been kept waiting so long, as I have only just returned from the hospital. Will you step this way?"

"Oh, it doesn't in the least matter," said the man. "I've only come from the tailor about your little bill that has been owing so long!"

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One more Gilbertian story and I've done. Soon afterwards Gilbert's nephew broke his arm, and Gilbert was much annoyed with his gloomy looks.

"If you have broken your arm," he said, "it is not your funeral."

Next day the nephew was all smiles.

"That's better," said Gilbert. "What a change."

"I'll tell you the reason, Uncle, I've just heard a slap-up riddle."

"What is it?" said the uncle.

"Why is Queen Esther like Stilton cheese? Tell me that," replied the cripple.

"Tell me," said Gilbert.

"Because under the influence of Mordecai she waxed mite-ier and mite-ier every day."

While they were still enjoying the joke the door burst open, and in rushed Murphy.

"Two gentlemen to see you, Sorr."

In a few minutes he was driving off to Southwark to see a supposed dying man.

Gilbert was hurried up into a large bedroom over the shop, and after examination could find nothing the matter with his huge patient.

"You won't die," he said. "You get up, throw that gruel away and get a good meal."

"I can't sir, I'm dying. Oh, I feel so bad!" groaned the man in despair, in a state of intense depression.

"Come, come," said Gilbert. "I can see you're fond of a joke. I'll ask you a very funny question."

"What is it?" said the man brightening up.

"Why is Queen Esther like Stilton cheese?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" shouted the man, to Gilbert's surprise, roaring with laughter, shaking the bed, and continuing until he was purple in the face.

"But you haven't heard the answer!" said Gilbert.

"Oh, never mind that," said the man, "the question is good enough for me."

Gilbert looked puzzled.

"Don't you see it, sir? Don't you see it? Didn't

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you catch my name? It's Haman, and I'm a cheese-monger!"

This *is* a true story, as are all the rest.

Sir Frederick Treves was my special favourite on the staff. He certainly enlivened the hospital gloom, and imparted a wonderful interest to the study of anatomy. There were many comic hospital stories about him, but I must be careful. I remember on one occasion asking him his opinion of the greatest surgeon of another hospital. "He is a man," said Treves, "of microscopic intellect, delirious with a sense of his own importance."

I suppose the greatest joy of Miss Lückes, our renowned Matron, was to be known as a replica of our great little Empress, in which she succeeded most admirably, for her pose was perfect.

I may also mention our porter, Rampley, who lately presented many former students with his photograph, the well-known features recalling various stories which must be omitted here. It will by now, I hope, be understood by the reader that I was at this period a serious-minded family man, and my horror and my sufferings can be well imagined when I suddenly became the butt of our crowd of uncouth and heartless embryos of the future polished medical men. These students, mostly Welsh, used to delight in getting me up into their rooms in the evening to make me sing either the classic story of the lodging-house where they had "ham and eggs, three times a day," or that of the muffin-man "who died in Crumpet Lane."

By very hard work I obtained some of the coveted hospital distinctions. Most of the others were wrested from me by a son of Dr. Hudson Taylor, the late illustrious head of the China Inland Mission, to which my brother belonged. This young stripling was a perfect nightmare to the "family man". Wherever I was reading I had only to look up for a moment to see this astute youth, with his flaxen hair, bulbous head, and air of preternatural sagacity, studying at the rate of two to my one.

On my birthday a brilliant idea struck me. Some may know that the London Hospital formed three sides of a quad-

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range. I obtained the consent of the staff to engage for the afternoon, to the intense delight of hundreds of patients, a capable brass band, which played airs they knew and loved till it was dark. I never heard of any case that suffered in consequence; a very different result from the sad disaster recorded at a small Scotch hospital when the pipes were played. Only one was reported to be suffering from them, it is true, for the rest were dead!

Some southerners may not know the real cause of such a fatality, and perhaps the following story explains it. A rich old lady in Ross-shire presented the local "Wee-Free" church with a harmonium. Whereupon the minister felt it his duty to point out the sin of instrumental music in the kirk. Alluding to the harmonium, he said, "It's just the deil."

"Na! Na!" said the old lady, "you're hawering."

"It's as bad," retorted the minister, "as if you brought the pipes into the kirk."

"Hoots, mon, do ye no ken the differ between the pipes and the harmonium?"

"I tell ye, wumman, there's no differ at all."

"Ay," said the old lady, "but there is. Do ye no ken the pipes is blawed with the wind from yer ain stomach, but the harmonium is blawed with the pure wind o' heaven."

While avoiding medical stories as such, I think I may mention old Molly who came regularly every Saturday night to the receiving-room with a broken head, inflicted by the pewter base of a quart pot, in one of the neighbouring public houses, by her affectionate husband. There used to be a guessing competition among the students in the receiving-room as to the particular public house where the injury was inflicted, judging from the shape of the lump on her head. She never seemed to resent the injury, and apparently regarded it as one of the recognised conditions of married life in the East End. For several Saturdays, however, she was missing, and eventually turned up one afternoon with a sprained thumb.

"Why, Molly," I said, "why don't you come on Saturday nights as usual?"

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“Lor bless you, sir,” she said, “he’s dead.”

“Well, anyhow,” I said, “you’ve had enough of matrimony.”

“Lor, sir, you’re out of it this time, I’m married again; but bless you! he ain’t nothing of a husband. *He treats me like a friend.*”

Another curious case was of a would-be suicide. Finding life in Bethnal Green inexpressibly dreary, he determined to end it—and, being a carpenter, he purchased at the local ironmonger’s a huge 10d. nail and, selecting the middle of his forehead, drove it two inches into his head with a hammer. Finding nothing happened, he drove it a couple more, but still was disappointed; and in his disgust came to the receiving-room to have it pulled out. I never heard that he experienced any serious after-effects.

Eventually I became House-Physician, and found, to my distress, a very nice Sister of one of my wards suffering terribly from insomnia. I completely cured her by ordering her a chop every evening at eight o’clock—a hint, perhaps, to some of my readers.

On one occasion Sir Andrew Clark informed me that he knew of some fifty cases of pulsating tumour of the abdomen that had been sent in for operation, none of which really existed—being what are known as “phantom tumours”. It was my good fortune when House Surgeon to have charge of one of these cases. There was the tumour, distending the abdomen, and pulsating with the heart; the peculiar character of it being that a whiff of chloroform caused it absolutely to disappear. The secret was that, in thin women, the beating of the great artery can easily be felt in the abdomen, and, haunted with the fear of abdominal tumour, the mind so dwelled upon it that eventually the muscles of that side contracted involuntarily to a hard ball, and the “tumour” was formed. One could not, of course, keep the patient under chloroform for the rest of her life, and immediately she was conscious, back came the tumour. I, therefore, having anæsthetised her, wound a plaster of Paris bandage very tightly round her many times; and not until it had got as firm as a rock did she regain consciousness. Seeing the “tumour”

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now gone, she was exceedingly grateful; but in order to make sure that it would not recur, I left the bandage on for some three or four weeks, and then discharged her as cured.

There was a good deal of outdoor work done round the London Hospital at the homes of the poor, and a young student, a cousin of my wife's, obtained a great reputation for his skill, simply because whenever he entered one of these homes he insisted on the whole of the furniture being re-arranged—to the patient an invaluable proof of his infallible wisdom.

At one time, Moody and Sankey were holding their well-known services in an enormous building near, where I found myself, one afternoon, sitting behind an elderly gentleman. When the service was over, the choir on the platform began singing an endless chorus, consisting of the repetition of the words, "Come to Jesus, just now." I made a remark to him, as he remained behind, on the address we had just heard, but he begged me not to say more as he never liked speaking during singing; as a matter of fact it was more crooning than singing. I gave him my card as I was in residence at the London Hospital, and four days afterwards he suddenly turned up in my rooms, his face beaming with joy and his whole mind full of the extraordinary change that had taken place in himself.

"I am a city solicitor," he said, "and never expected to change my views at my time of life, but, thank God, I have."

"It was a wonderful sermon," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "it was, but that did not do it, nor your speaking to me."

"What was it then?" I asked.

"Well," he said to me, "it is most extraordinary. I am a member of the Temple Church, and hear some of the finest singing in the world; but nothing had ever affected me like that choir; they sang 'Come to Jesus, just now,' but I took no notice. They sang it fifty times and then I began to listen, but when they had sung it a hundred times, I thought I had better come!"

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Among the students were one or two homeopaths who, though going through our curriculum, intended to practise homeopathy when they left. This roused my curiosity, which was further stimulated by a homeopathic doctor who guaranteed me £2,000 a year as soon as I left the Hospital, and I determined to get to the bottom of what homeopathy was. I had a friend about my own age from Australia, and as he, too, was curious we started off one afternoon on our investigations. Perhaps I was encouraged in my search by knowing all my family were homeopaths, so possibly there was something in it. Curiously enough it is also associated with a certain type of Christian people. We went to the Homeopathic Hall, where the only lectures in London were given, to hear one of their great lights discourse on *Nux Vomica*. To our surprise we, together with the caretaker, were the entire audience. I asked him if the Hall was always so crowded, and he said, "I hope you gentlemen will stay to the end, it's so very discouraging to the lecturer when there's on one but me listening," and I quite agreed with him.

Next day we went off to the Homeopathic Hospital. My faith, however, in its distinctive treatment was rudely shaken when I saw in the skin department the same drugs being prescribed in exactly the same doses that we used at the London Hospital. As we came out of the building, one of the physicians, whose name was in gold letters in the Hall, left the Hospital. We hurried after him, and I said I wanted to learn Homeopathy. He seemed surprised and said, "Well, at any rate I can't teach you."

I said, "Why not?"

"Because I'm not a Homeopath," was the astounding answer.

"But you are one of the staff. Your name is in the Hall of the Hospital," I said.

"Yes, it is," he replied, "but I'm an eclectic. I go there so that I can practise anything."

"But," I said, almost in despair, "where can I find a real Homeopathic doctor?"

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“Well,” he replied, “there are only two that I know of in London who really practise on true Homeopathic principles.”

One of the two I found was my friend who had written to me, and the other an aged gentleman who died soon after. Unable to find a single student or teacher, I felt so discouraged that I gave up the search.

XIV

LOCUM-TENENS

WHEN I left the Hospital I took a *locum-tenens* in Yorkshire in a village near Rotherham. The Doctor was away on his honeymoon, and his patients, being at my mercy, I naturally felt a great responsibility. All, however, would have gone smoothly had not an epidemic of scarlet fever of a very virulent type broken out in the village. Preventive sanitation there at that time was practically unknown, and I saw before my eyes the lines of this atrocious Limerick absolutely carried out:

“There was a young lady of Ealing
Who thought her friends very unfeeling,
When she had scarlet fever,
Alone they did leave her,
So she called on them when she was peeling.”

I was actually invited to one house, and there was the convalescent patient, just out of bed and peeling, at the head of the tea-table, surrounded by her youthful friends, whom she had invited on the happy occasion.

After sitting up all night with a case with a terrible throat, I got the fever myself in a bad form, and should probably have died, had it not been for a most extraordinary act of Christian charity. The doctor suddenly returned home, and though in a high fever I had to leave the house at once; so my brother-in-law, hearing of my desperate condition, came from London to Yorkshire and told a wealthy friend in Rotherham of my terrible dilemma. Immediately he and his family left their beautiful house and placed it entirely at my disposal. They sent their carriage and pair over

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to the little village and drove me over, infectious as I was, to a lovely bedroom where my wife nursed me. The case, however, seemed hopeless, for my throat became diphtheritic, and the new doctor shook his head. I remember when my wife went into the town to get some more medicine, I crawled out of bed, and made a little Will leaving all to her, and placed it under my pillow, convinced that I was dying. Next morning, feeling a shade better, I tore it up; and when the doctor came I was worse again, and could hardly swallow. He shook his head again, and evidently gave me up, so when my wife went out for a little turn in the garden, I got up once more and put a second Will, the same as the first, under my pillow. However, it was not to be, and I slowly recovered, as is evident from these stories. Of course when I left all had to be disinfected by my friend, and I consider his generosity was almost unparalleled. When I was strong I returned to London and took a large house in Westbourne Terrace.

XV

EARLY PATIENTS

I soon found to my dismay that private patients did not as a rule have Hospital diseases. They had curious, indefinite mixed complaints of their own, which were very difficult to classify. I also suspected that my manners in a bedroom left much to be desired, and therefore asked how I should behave at a sick bedside in private practice, but all the help I got was to be told to "try and look as much like an inspired idiot as I could!"

A good deal of my practice was in Warrington Crescent, then known as The New Jerusalem, being almost entirely populated with Jews. One of their principal medical joys was to consult Sir Andrew Clark in Cavendish Square and leave him a pound instead of a guinea, which was the fee in those early pre-war days. Their houses were all alike; the moment the hall door was opened a spacious odour of fried fish (not to be found I trust in The New Jerusalem!) assailed the nostrils. You were shown into the dining-room where the furniture was all mahogany, never oak; and on the sideboard there was invariably a decanter of wine. The Jews with their long lineage and intermarriages had become in one sense the most remarkable nation in Europe—a nation of moderate drinkers. In long generations they have succeeded in weeding out the drunkards so often denounced in the Old Testament. It may be broadly stated that they always drink, and are never drunk. It seems to me that this, and not absolute "dryness," is the counsel of perfection. Wine is surely one of the good gifts of God, though so grossly abused by degenerate man, and it is in sheer desperation that teetotalism has sprung up. Of this I have never been

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an apostle, but always one of temperance. In my position as an adviser of weak-willed people, I found I had frequently to enforce absolute teetotal principles. To do this with more effect, I would often let them know that I took a glass of wine myself, for this proved to them that my strong advice was that of a medical man and not of a teetotaller. I hope the argument is not too difficult to follow.

I was always an admirer of William Black's Highland stories, of which the best is *A Princess of Thule*, a fascinating romance of the daughter of the landlord of the Garry-Na-Hine Inn in the Island of Lewis, who, coming to London with her big dog Sheila, married an artist with most unhappy consequences. Such was the romance: and one of my patients was the actual subject of it; being the younger daughter of the inn-keeper in Lewis, who, as in the story which was written long before, came up to London and married an artist in Ealing. She had been interviewed by thousands of tourists when in the Hebrides. Her first baby was born at this time, and we called it "Sheila." Fortunately, unlike the story, the "Princess" had a very happy married life.

Some of my readers will remember my adventures with Lady Ashburton and Dr. Bruce, of Dingwall. He was the adviser to the Spa of Strathpeffer, and, I regret to say, more than one of the patients of this much injured man were brought to me in London.

I well remember one case. When she arrived at the Langham Hotel she absolutely refused to see any doctor at all, as she declared she was incurable. One arm was completely paralysed and her eyesight seemed to have been the despair of all the oculists in Glasgow. She must have had a dozen pairs of eyeglasses at least. By her mother's connivance I managed to get into her bedroom, and started slanging the medical profession as hard as I could, with which disloyal sentiments she perfectly agreed, and before long insisted on placing herself under my unorthodox care that very night. She was a most entertaining girl of about eighteen, and during her treatment, which I am glad to say was successful, used to entertain me greatly with the story of how, being the

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eldest, she used to prepare six or seven children for the doctor's visits at home. The moment his carriage was seen, they were all hustled into the back room, and "Trixie," armed with a hard piece of toast, proceeded to scrape all their tongues clean ready for inspection. Her brother, now a well-known clergyman, on a visit to her, drank, I regret to say, half a bottle of the fluid used for charging the electric battery in mistake for his sister's invalid port. Fortunately he did not die, and I draw a veil over his sufferings.

Some Londoners will remember the great house (long since pulled down) that stood at the top of Campden Hill. The only son there was a patient of mine. He was very cute, but a little eccentric. He was a firm believer in cleanliness, and took two or three hot baths every day, on each occasion swallowing a small piece of soap to wash himself within as well as without. On Sundays he always held a service in the gardener's lodge, appropriately dressed in robes from his mother's wardrobe. He never failed to close with the collection, to which everyone contributed the money he had given them. He eventually went to Australia, where, having plenty of money, he backed race-horses to such an alarming extent that I was asked at all costs to fetch him home. As, however, he was reported to be living more or less without clothes, far up in the bush, and threatening to shoot anyone who came near him, the undertaking was certainly hazardous.

Fortunately I happened to have at that time a young medical friend, whose brother was afterwards Head of the Indian Police, who was full of resource. I sent him out with orders to bring Harry Bruce home at all costs. He proceeded to Australia, and after some weeks found himself up in the bush near the log-hut where Bruce lived. Seeing a well-worn path leading up to it, he tore his clothes badly and managed to shed some of his own blood on them, and then lay down on the path, and groaned frightfully. After a time, as he had expected, Harry Bruce came along, having a couple of revolvers in his belt, which formed the major part of his clothing. Graham continued to groan, and Bruce stood over him in a great state of agitation, for he had a very kind heart. Finding the wounded man could still speak, and indeed help himself

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a little, Bruce managed to drag him to his hut, and to place him in his own bed. A careful examination, together with the sufferer's explanation, showed Bruce that the supposed injuries were chiefly internal, and that a few day's rest and care would probably restore the stranger. Bruce went out to get some food and water, leaving his revolvers behind him, and Graham had just time to draw all the charges, and to confiscate all the bullets.

He was nursed most assiduously by my patient for several days, when at last the sufferer seemed to have a sudden relapse. I must here state that Bruce had absolutely refused many times to leave Australia and come home, in spite of the most earnest entreaties of the family; and the money which had been sent him for the purpose was all spent on racing. This relapse, however, was another matter, and as the sufferer insisted that he would certainly die unless he could breathe his native air again, Bruce, with the kindness of a brother, actually agreed to bring him home to England; providing of course that he should return by the first ship.

Still all the danger was not past, for the book-makers, hearing of Bruce's proposed journey, came down to the ship in force to arrest him for some heavy debts. Graham, however, equal to the occasion, fortunately recovered just then sufficiently to conceal Bruce underneath one of the large baths. The ship was searched for him in vain, and at last the pair triumphantly got away, and the voyage did such wonders that before England was reached Graham got perfectly well, having safely accomplished, with infinite tact and skill, his arduous task.

As a contrast to such skill, I recall a case of gross negligence which annoyed me very much at the time. An old gentleman of eighty-five years had been run over by a cab. He was in no pain, but the shock was very great, and he could only be kept alive artificially. I gave him his choice of this, which required great skill, or being left to nature. He said he would prefer to be kept alive as long as possible by any means in my power. As he had plenty of money, I engaged four trained nurses, two of whom had been Sisters, and explained to them their great responsibility in giving the

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necessary foods and stimulants every fifteen minutes. I had two for the day and two for the night to avoid any chance of error. Will it be believed that on the second night both nurses went to sleep and my patient died?

I got a summons from a patient at 10 o'clock one night to go down immediately to Battle, as it was feared that she was dying of hemorrhage. I got a train as far as Tonbridge Junction, and here I had to sit in the waiting room until 3 o'clock in the morning, when a fruit train kindly took me on in the van to Battle. My first difficulty was a curious one, for the platform was guarded by high railings which I could not climb. At last I wheeled a truck against them, and throwing my bag over, took off my overcoat and put it on the top of the railings, and so swung myself over and dropped to the ground on the other side. I had now to find my way through thick woods for five miles across the country. I was obliged to knock up quite a number of somnolent rustics from their beds, and, after losing myself several times, arrived three hours later, utterly worn out, but in time to save my patient's life. The husband did not send to meet me, as there was no passenger train at that hour, and did not imagine I could arrive so early.

Talking of husbands, I shall never forget a devoted couple I once had as patients. For nearly two months the wife was in bed in a Nursing Home; every morning at 10 o'clock, on the pavement opposite from whence the bed could just be seen, stood the devoted husband. When his wife came out he was so delighted with the result that he underwent the same treatment, in the same bed, and now it was his faithful wife's turn to stand on the pavement every morning at the same hour.

I had an experience in regard to drinking habits that may be worth recording, as it did not bear out the popular idea that it is dangerous suddenly to leave off stimulants. I had a patient with a large ulcer on his leg which nothing would heal up. I found incidentally that he drank a bottle of whisky a day and had done so for many years. I told him that his leg would never heal unless he stopped the spirits. "I won't take any more," he said, and he suddenly

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became a water drinker. His leg healed up, and I never heard that his sudden conversion caused the least inconvenience. I do not think he ever touched a drop of whisky again. I do not say for a moment that every drinker could do the same; but I am quite certain that any danger in suddenly changing from wet to dry is grossly exaggerated.

A friend of mine, a clergyman at Hendon, suddenly had one of his boys attacked with diphtheria. The new curative serum had just come in—it was obtained from certain horses kept near Harrow for the purpose. One of these animals was inoculated with very minute doses of the diphtheric poison, which was gradually increased in strength until in about six weeks the strongest poison could be injected without any ill effect, the blood of the horse having acquired the power of completely destroying the poison. By means of a blister, the fluid part of the blood could be drawn off as wanted from the horse, and properly prepared as anti-diphtheric serum. I found the boy very ill, the whole back of his throat being like white velvet. I had never used the new remedy before, but determined to try it to save the boy's life. I injected a small quantity under the skin of the stomach and watched the throat. I can only compare the marvellous result to the disappearance of snow beneath a hot sun. After the second dose every trace of the membrane disappeared, and the boy soon recovered.

I have never had anything to do with purely mental cases, and have never been attached to any Mental Hospital; nevertheless some of my patients have at times been very near the border line.

I had one athletic young soldier that I sent to Italy (with a small but skilled medical student) to restore his nerves. He was allowed no money, the doctor paying all expenses. One day I received a wire from Rome to the effect that my patient had declared that he would return to his people in Cornwall. The doctor, of course, forbade him, but he pawned his watch and got money for a ticket to England. He jumped into the train, the little doctor following him. From Paris I got a second telegram, saying that the patient would

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arrive at Victoria Station at 3 o'clock. "Would I meet the train as the doctor could do nothing with him?"

I went down to Victoria and met the train. The soldier stepped gaily out of a front carriage, while a long way behind I saw the little doctor as he emerged from his retreat. I shook hands with my patient and expressed my pleasure in seeing him so well, and asked him to come home with me. He said he could not possibly do that as he had to catch a train, and jumping into a hansom, his portmanteau on the top, away he went. I was not two minutes in getting another for myself and the doctor, and away we went after him. I knew well he was making for Paddington, and it was essential that I should get there first, so I offered a tempting sum to my cabman to pass the other cab and to get me in five minutes before him. I shall never forget the mad gallop up Park Lane. We passed the other hansom in a flash, and most people must have thought that the horse was running away. Arrived at Paddington I dashed into the station-master's office and told him that a mad officer was arriving in two minutes who must be stopped from going on to Cornwall. To my great delight he told me that that was easy, for no train started till 7 o'clock that evening. The doctor and I hid behind two pillars and watched the patient's arrival. His crestfallen look as he turned away from the booking-office showed that the station-master was right. He then walked straight down the platform and up into the Great Western Hotel, and I told the little doctor to follow him and never to lose sight of him. To my dismay he returned in about an hour, saying the soldier had given him the slip in a shop, by going in at one door and out at another. So there was nothing for it, having got the necessary assistance, but to wait for the return of the runaway. Twenty minutes before the train started, back he came, and two of my friends engaged him in conversation, and eventually he was persuaded to enter a cab, and was driven off to a Home in London.

I had a remarkable lady patient from America whom I was told Dr. Austin Flint, the well known New York Physician, had attended three hundred and sixty-five times in one year. This was doubtless an exaggeration, but at any

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rate she required still more medical care. When brought to me she was not only a living skeleton, but had to take a stiff glass of whisky every morning to enable her to dress. Once I got her, her parents, in the light of long experience, refused to take her back until she was nothing less than an athlete. I had not only to enable her to walk and run, play tennis and golf, but to ride and jump and drive a pair of horses. After a final exhibition of her accomplishments her parents at last took her off my hands, after some months.

Before this patient left me she took a walk by herself in the dusk in Hyde Park, and came back full of curiosity why so many girls, who occupied the seats with their 'boys', had red bandages round their necks; she supposed they must have sore throats. I was puzzled, and next night I went to see, and found the red bandages were the arms of soldiers round the girls' necks! My patient was short-sighted.

About the same time I had a charming young lady patient. She was very anxious to bring some brightness into this sad world. She noticed how depressed everybody looked, and particularly the hang-dog look that so many of the young men had; so I told her to change a shilling into twelve pennies and take the twelve longest penny bus rides she could and smile vigorously all the way; for even if it had somewhat of a stained glass window effect, I told her that if she just smiled awhile, another smiled, and soon there would be miles and miles of smiles, and life would become worth while, because she smiled.

XVI

TRIP TO AMERICA

IN 1906 I had to attend a meeting of the British Medical Association at Toronto. Being a bad sailor, I went down to Cockspur Street and asked for the largest steamer in the world, which at that time was the *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*—now there are boats nearly double her size, but at that date she was a marvel. She had lifts running through nine decks, and a special dining-room where you could order anything *à-la-carte*. There were two good bands on board which would awaken us in the morning by chorales and other music, beautifully and softly played. There was also a small string band in the afternoon tea-room, a capital gymnasium, and a very good flower stall where fresh flowers of all sorts could be bought. We had of course our daily paper, printed on board, and other luxuries too numerous to mention.

The greatest of all, however, was provided for the sum of half a guinea by the writer, in the shape of a string hammock, having discreetly obtained permission to hang it on deck beneath the poop stairs. He found it completely stopped the incessant vibration of the whole ship, which was being driven at great speed. Needless to say he was not allowed to enjoy it for long. Bevy of girls, quite irresistible, admired it so frankly that the most discourteous of men could not fail to give them his place. So that all the way over you would generally see some American beauty reclining in it.

There can be no doubt as to the value of large ships to bad sailors. The water was anything but smooth, but we passed a Cunarder on an even keel while it was tossing about in a way which I did not like. Moreover it was going dead-

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slow, while we were driving through the mist at full speed. I asked the reason, and was told that we had in the bows of the ship a detector that would give information of the presence of iron in any other vessel, or of a sudden change of temperature from an iceberg at a considerable distance.

My last observation is made with very sincere regret, and it is that I found more civility on this German ship than on others manned by Englishmen. When I landed in New York I was completely overcome by the lavish hospitality I received. A gentleman whom I had never seen, but who knew some friends of mine, had been waiting for hours at the docks, and took me off to his house and made me a member of the New York Yacht Club. Calling next day on my publisher, nothing would satisfy him but to make me also a member of the chief Literary Club. I never entered an hotel in America at all, but had several excellent meals at the club. It was very hot weather, and I made my first ecstatic acquaintance with the scarlet water-melon, which is some two feet in length. I went up the Hudson River to stay with a cousin of a well-known English Admiral, who had married a daughter of an American millionaire. When he met me at the boat with his beautiful pair of chestnuts, I could not help noticing the perfection of the harness, and remarked that America certainly excelled in leather work.

"Bless you," he said, "I can't get that harness in America. I have to import it from England."

"But can't they make it as well?" I said.

"I suppose they could if they liked," he said, "but they won't give the leather time enough to lie in the tan-pits. There's too much hustle."

His house was somewhat of a revelation to me, for in the hall there seemed to be current numbers of all our leading English magazines, while in each room there was a large collection of books fresh from the press, and all the newest novels. My hostess told me on the second day that she could always detect an Englishman by two infallible signs—one of which at any rate was new to me. He could not speak for long without using some Bible phrase, and he was always fond of "dripping toast!" A distinguished American author

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was staying in the house, and on leaving I applied to him for information about tips. He said he was very glad that I had asked him, and that I must refrain from offering any to the ladies who waited on us.

“What am I to do then?” I said.

“What would please them most,” he replied, “would be if you shook hands with each one of them, and thanked them for their attention,” which of course I did.

I think it is generally known that tipping is not allowed in clubs. I shall never forget the consternation of my host at the Cavalry Club when, going down to the hall, he found an American guest of his distributing largesse with a free hand. Last week I dined with a friend who had just returned home from one of our Welsh Spas. He told me that on leaving he had had to tip no fewer than thirteen servants, while a lady who left at the same time, and who did not feel equal to the task, gave the landlord £10 for them instead.

With regard to collections, I remember at one of John MacNeil’s services in the old St. James Hall he announced “The collection will now be made, during which the band will play sacred music.” This reminds me of a notice in dentists’ waiting-rooms—“Teeth extracted without pain.”

In Canada I found the same wonderful hospitality as in New York. At Northfield, where I called on my way to Canada, I was much interested in the vast auditorium. All the seats were armchairs, the right arm of each being extended and flattened so as to make a small table in front of the sitter, where he could make notes. I noticed two reporters sitting at a small table in front of the platform; and Mr. W. Moody explained that they were both stone deaf. “We find these,” he said, “the best sort of reporters. Those two small boxes on the platform transmit the speaker’s voice so strongly to their deaf ears that sometimes it is painful.” All I could say was “Marvellous!”

Arriving at Toronto, I was particularly interested in seeing all sorts of humming birds flying about outside my window, and in the opening of the great moon-flowers at night. In five minutes, from a closed bud it became as large

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as a white dinner plate. I came home in one of the newest Allan boats, and felt rather proud to find that while all the Allan family who were on board were sick, I was not. The boat, having insufficient ballast, rolled horribly, though the sea was calm, and when the thanksgiving service was held for a good passage in the first-class saloon, the day before we reached Liverpool, I flatly refused to attend; for I had been grumbling all the way over. I would not be persuaded, until at last a quick-witted passenger suggested that I might attend to give thanks that I was getting off the ship next day, with which I cordially agreed.

It will be observed that I have ventured on no expression of my opinion on the beauty of New York, nor have I made any invidious comparison between the manners of the States and Canada. I think this ought to be placed to my credit. Since then my friend on the Hudson River has bought a beautiful Manor House in the south of England. I went there not long since and was much struck by the perfect little self-contained flat which I occupied, and by the number of ingenious labour-saving luxuries by which I was surrounded.

XVII

ST. COLUMBA'S HOSPITAL

MANY years ago a Scotch lady brought the terrible position of the dying before me. It appeared that however respectable, if they were without a home or money, there was no place in London for them to die in but a Workhouse Infirmary. I came across one or two sad cases where the invalid had committed suicide rather than be placed among the paupers; and I wrote an article in *The Contemporary Review* which attracted some attention; and eventually, with the aid of a benevolent baronet, held a meeting in my drawing-room to found a hospital for the dying in the West End. We soon found a large, beautiful house near Swiss Cottage which we enlarged to hold with great comfort forty dying patients. It was called "Friedenheim" (The Home of Peace), now altered at the suggestion of the Queen to St. Columba's Hospital. Since its foundation, one or two other similar Institutes have been opened.

When all was ready, the Duchess of Teck, with her sons and Princess May (our present Queen), arrived in state to perform the ceremony of opening the hospital. At a later date Princess Christian came and named the private wards. At the opening the large ward was named "Albert Victor" (the Duke of Clarence, to whom she was affianced), by Princess May, who presented his portrait which now hangs in the ward. When we proceeded upstairs I placed the Duchess of Teck in the hand lift (to save the stairs), and two men managed to raise her about half way up. At this stage two others, seeing she was progressing slowly, began pulling hard at the other rope, and by this conflict of energy the unhappy Duchess remained suspended in the air, jerking

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up and down, until the error was discovered. She confided to me, when at tea, that if ever she came again, she would always walk up the staircase.

Although we had good accommodation for all the patients, the night nurses, I regret to say, had to be housed in small rooms over the stables where their slumbers were both stuffy and disturbed. In a hospital for the dying (a title, I may add, which was never used in print or among the patients) the nurses' work is unusually exacting; for every case is a special one, and the strain is very great. I laid the matter before the Council, and carried a resolution to build a commodious Nursing Home in the grounds at the cost of some £10,000. The treasurer, however (one of the principal bankers in London), would not agree, and St. Columba's received a severe blow by his resignation.

The next point was—how to get the money. Naturally I felt a great responsibility rested on my own shoulders. We never resorted to public appeals, dinners or bazaars, so I tried to beg for the first time in my life. Not knowing how to begin, I asked my friend who he thought were the two richest men in England at the moment. To my surprise he did not name the Rothschilds, but said he thought they were Andrew Carnegie, of Skibo Castle, and Alfred Beit, of Park Lane. I wrote first to Carnegie and told him if he were too busy to reply I should be staying at a neighbouring Castle very shortly, and would call on him. This brought a prompt letter, saying that he only contributed to libraries, and if I were founding one he would be very glad to help. I then wrote to Alfred Beit, merely saying that I had a matter of interest to place before him. He gave me an appointment the next day, and I was ushered into the smoking-room.

Most courteously I was received, and he asked what he could do for me.

"Please listen to me for ten minutes without speaking," I replied.

"I will," he said, lighting up a large cigar.

I clearly explained to him as I put the needs of St. Columba's before him that I was not begging for money, but wanted

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him to hear the details of an absolutely unique effort in philanthropy for his consideration. When I had done he seemed to think that I expected him to give the whole £10,000; for he at once apologised for not doing so, inasmuch as he had had to pay an army of men their full wages, while his diamond mines in South Africa were shut up for over two years.

"If, however," he continued, "a small contribution will help, I shall be glad to give you £2,000, and I will drive up to the Hospital to-morrow morning, and if I find it economically conducted, I will become also a subscriber of £100 a year."

Not content with this, he gave me the names of six millionaire friends, and allowed me to use his name. When I left him, I thought I had made a good beginning, but more remained to be done. Remembering the tobacco plutocrats, I went off at once to see Sir Frederick Wills, who was quite an old friend, in his mansion at Palace Gardens. The butler told me I could not possibly see him as he had just come home dead tired from the House, where he had been speaking.

"Where is he?" I said.

"He is in the garden," replied the butler, "with Lady Wills."

"Well," I said, "let me go into the drawing-room and I'll look at him through the window."

This I did, and to my surprise saw quite a number of people at tea in the garden, so I turned to the butler and said:

"I'm not going to stop here. I'm going out to have some tea."

When I met Sir Frederick I asked the meaning of the party, and he told me that it was his wife's birthday party.

"Well, Sir Frederick," I said, "I hope you have a handsome present for her."

"Well, no," he said, "I haven't got any."

"Disgraceful!" I replied. "Of course you must give her something."

"What shall I give her?" asked the perplexed man.

"Money, of course," I said. "Ladies prefer that to anything else."

"How much?" said Sir Frederick.

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“Well, you couldn’t offer her less than £500.”

Just then Lady Wills came up and asked what I was talking to her husband about. After a little aside, I said:

“I’m telling him that he ought to give you a birthday present of not less than £500.”

“Quite right,” she said, “hand it over, Frederick.”

So the docile baronet brought out his cheque book and wrote out the sum, which he handed to Lady Wills, and she passed it on to me for St. Columba’s.

“Is there anything else I can do for you?” said Sir Frederick.

“Why, yes,” I replied. “Give me a letter to Astor’s lawyer” (whom he knew very well).

I got the letter and wrote off that night to the lawyer, asking him to arrange an interview for me with Mr. Astor on a subject of great interest. I saw the millionaire, and he gave me £1,000, and said he would send up the reporter of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, which at that time he owned, to write a description of the hospital. By this and other means the money was soon collected for the Nursing Home, which I should be very glad if my readers will go and see. It has done a truly noble work for many years.

Amongst my other avocations I find I have at times been somewhat of an unconscious matrimonial agent. I will give an instance of what I mean. Dining one night with a well-known lady, I was discoursing enthusiastically on the wonderful charm of a new patient of mine, the daughter of a prominent banker. Among the guests that night was a Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master General of Lord Kitchener’s. One side of his face had been rather shot away, but the left side was quite presentable. Unknown to me he drank in eagerly all that I was saying, and getting the address of my paragon, he posted off next day for an interview. He found her all that my fancy had painted her, and after several visits the daughter came to her mother complaining of palpitation of the left side, and declared if she didn’t wish her daughter to fall in love, the visits of the D.A.Q.M.G. must cease. She knew it was a law in her family that none of the girls might marry into the Army. They were not to be knocked about

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in barracks, but to live in large country houses with broad acres. In this case, however, the father and mother, knowing the family of the D.A.Q.M.G., decided not to interfere, and the visits continued. One day, not long after, the paragon and the D.A.Q.M.G., she being about eighteen years old and he near forty, found themselves sitting in the Mansion House listening to an address from her father.

"This is very dull," said the irreverent D.A.Q.M.G.

"Hush!" replied the paragon, "it is my father who is speaking."

"Never mind," said the unabashed soldier, "let us slip out."

So they slipped out of the room and into the Lord Mayor's drawing-room, and while the address was still going on he proposed and was accepted. He was soon promoted, and they lived happily ever after. Her mother, however, at the wedding, did not fail to whisper to me:

"I hope, Dr. Schofield, you understand that you are responsible for all this."

I felt an inward chill!

XVIII

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

TURNING to more serious matters, I attended the Annual Meetings of the British Medical Association for many years with the sole object of advocating in the psychological section the instruction of every medical student in the powers of the mind over the body; and in the value of mental therapeutics. I had previously canvassed every medical school in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and found that only in one of these was there any serious attempt to teach these all-important subjects. I may note here that the late war has done more in this direction than all the years preceding. I soon found my subject was not popular, for the only psychology studied in the section was that of the insane mind, the relation of the sane mind to cure or cause disease being evidently unworthy of a thought. Whenever I began the room speedily emptied, and my audience was generally under a dozen, with the exception of the meeting at Toronto, where I had a distinguished audience of about seventy, including some of the best known men in America.

I remember particularly well the meeting at Sheffield. I was billeted on a steel magnate, who I afterwards found was a distinguished member of the Sheffield plutocracy. I arrived at his door in a carriage, and when I got out, he came into the hall and inspected me carefully from head to foot.

I asked him what he was looking at, and he said he was looking at me to see if I would do.

“Well,” I said, “and what’s the verdict?”

“I think you’re a bit of all right,” he replied, whereupon, not to be outdone, I said, rather to his surprise I think, “you’re something of the same sort,” and so we made friends.

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He explained afterwards to me that at these gatherings, as he had had some very objectionable people billeted on him, and, as he had a wife and some lovely daughters, he had to be very careful. I assented by slowly nodding my head with a very grave face.

One of his diversions was shooting. He and one or two others paid £4,000 a year for the privilege of killing the pheasants at Chatsworth. They were not allowed near the house, but had to put up at an hotel; and were only allowed to kill so many birds, in certain preserves. They were not allowed to have any of the pheasants that they killed, for these were sent up to Leadenhall Market. As the pheasants were pretty tame, there was not even much sport; and altogether I thought my host paid rather dearly for his shoot. It was at this gathering of the British Medical Association that Sheffield displayed its lavish prodigality. Champagne flowed at every entertainment like water, and I have certainly seen on one afternoon in one garden at least half a score of half-emptied bottles standing about on the little tables.

The chief of our hosts was a very learned professor, who was credited with more letters after his name than he had in it. He was, strange to say, a very well dressed man, with a haughty and reserved manner. One day, proceeding to the station, he was stopped by a working man and the following dialogue ensued.

“Well, Maister, I’m right glad to see yer, you’re Professor Brown, I believe.”

“I can’t stop now,” said the don, trying to hurry on.

“But I want to talk to yer. You know a lot, don’t you, and have a lot of letters after your name?”

“Come, my man, none of your impudence.”

“But you don’t know who I am, and that my wife knows your wife. She does your washing.”

“I can’t stop another moment,” said the professor.

“Well, but you might. You know a lot, but you don’t know all.”

“I don’t suppose I do,” replied the professor with irritation. “I must go on.”

British Medical Association

“Ay, but there’s some things you don’t know which you ought to know.”

“Tell me one,” said the professor.

“Why, I’m wearing your shirt.”

Another gathering of the association was at Belfast, where Sir John Andrews received us. I called to see him one Sunday afternoon. Lady Andrews was a strict Sabbatarian, and she seemed somewhat confused when I asked where Sir John was. “He is out in the garden,” she replied. I pictured him sleeping in a deck chair with a handkerchief over his head. Far different indeed was the reality.

“I should like to see him,” I said, and Lady Andrews offered to come with me. The grounds were very extensive and included a glen, containing two or three small sheets of water, one above another. We walked along the paths for a long time and got no sight of Sir John. At last on the farthest water I saw a boat and two men in it, and feared it actually was Sir John “fushing” on the “Sawbuth.” As we got nearer I saw something very like fishing rods being rapidly stowed away, and when we got to the boat a friend of Sir John’s was gently sculling while the doctor was apparently dozing in the stern.

“Hallo!” I shouted, “what are you doing, Sir John?”

“Hallo!” he said, “I’m very glad to see you; just pull into the shore, Tom.”

When he got nearer I saw a basket by his side, and with a very stern voice, I said:

“What have you got in that basket, Sir John?”

“I’ll come back with you to the house,” he replied.

“You’ve not answered my question, Sir John,” I said still more sternly. “You have not yet told me what you have in the basket.”

Finding the case hopeless, Sir John slowly opened it and disclosed three small fish.

“I thought so,” I said with sorrow. “I’m afraid, Sir John, you’ve been fishing on the Sabbath Day.”

“The fact is,” was the reply, “Tom’s a great fisherman, and I was telling him the perch in this water are the same as those in the Sea of Galilee. He said he would

Behind the Brass Plate

like to see one, so we just got out the rod and caught these!"

I thought the defence very ingenious.

My life at Westbourne Terrace was now enlivened by an episode of almost international importance. A certain nurse, Kate Marsden, a lady of most remarkable gifts and commanding presence, called to see me one afternoon. I had heard from my sister in Russia that she was a great celebrity there, having lived for months with the lepers in Northern Siberia, at the risk of her life, with the intention of improving their dreadful condition. She had seen the Emperor more than once, and was a great friend of M. Popodonestkoff, the head of the Greek Church. Kate Marsden told me that from Russia she had proceeded to Vienna and greatly interested the old Emperor, then she went to Berlin and got the blessing of the Kaiser, and afterwards some of the smaller European monarchs. She wanted me to lend my two drawing-rooms for a large meeting on behalf of the lepers. At that time being on the Council of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and greatly struck by her devoted self-sacrifice, I had the pleasure of seeing her presented by Princess Christian with the gold jewel which was awarded to the nurse who had done the most distinguished service of the year. The Queen, hearing of this, sent for her to Windsor, where she received from her Majesty's hands an exquisite Order of Merit, designed by Sir John Gilbert, which was given by the Queen to those ladies she delighted to honour. Only three others so far had received it, of whom Mlle. Janotha, the Queen's pianist, was one. A little later on, in a halo of glory, Kate Marsden, with Princess Christian in the chair, spoke in my house to some three hundred people who were crowded in the rooms and on the staircase.

Just before the meeting a hansom drove rapidly up to the door, and I was confronted with a lady much concerned with public work, who implored me not to allow Miss Marsden to speak. She had found out she was a sworn Jesuit, sent over to pervert the Noble Families of England to the Roman faith!

British Medical Association

I said that all that I knew about her was that her father was a Presbyterian Lawyer, and I believed she was of the same faith.

Next morning I received a telegram from the head of the Charity Organisation Society, Capt. C. S. Loch, asking me to call and see him that day. I was received very politely, and Capt. Loch said: "I see Miss Marsden was speaking yesterday at your house; would you look at these?" pointing to a pile of newspapers. A large number were from Australia, all full of the lurid and extraordinary life of Miss Marsden in Sydney, when suffering from brain fever and severe injuries to her head and therefore not accountable for her actions. To make matters worse, some American spinster, evidently an insufferable busybody, having read these Australian papers, saw fit later to write to the Kings and Emperors of Europe as well as to our gracious Queen, sending them a brief summary of the misdeeds of Miss Marsden's Australian life, after she was prematurely dismissed from the Hospital.

No doubt the consternation in Europe was great, but personally I only know of its effects in our own country. Princess Christian was deeply annoyed at having awarded the Annual Medal of the R.B.N.A. to Miss Marsden. The Queen was furious and sent to White Lodge, Richmond, for the unfortunate Duchess of Teck, who had introduced Miss Marsden to her. What passed between the two ladies no one knows, but the result was that the Duchess took to her bed for a week, and wrote me an angry letter for introducing Miss Marsden to her.

I replied that I had never done so, and that it was entirely through *The Pall Mall Gazette* and Mr. W. T. Stead that she knew the lady. This gentleman, when he heard of the revelations of the C.O.S., wrote against Miss Marsden, and even went so far as to say she had never been further east than the Grand Hotel in Paris, and that the money she collected was not for lepers, all which was grossly untrue; as I possessed her original diary which she brought home in the soles of her boots.

The sequel is rather tragic. I saw Miss Marsden later,

Behind the Brass Plate

who explained that in earlier life she got a post as Sister in an Australian Hospital, and there found the Nursing and Medical Staffs hopelessly like an Augean Stable. Eventually through her sole instrumentality the whole of the Doctors and Nurses were dismissed and new Staffs took their place, she becoming Matron. (I do not, of course, vouch for the truth of any of the statements.) Unfortunately just after this she fell from the top of a ladder and sustained very serious brain injuries, with the result that, when discharged before she was cured, she was not in her right mind, and had lived a life totally at variance with her own principles. When she completely recovered, she was horrified, and resolved to devote the remainder of her life to a mission among the lepers. She not only went to Russia, but her well known book (*On Sledge and Horseback through Siberia*) will be remembered by many, and, as I say, I have still in my possession her private leper memoranda which she carried in the soles of her shoes. I told her that this past blemished life made it advisable that her work should be of a private nature. She agreed, and immediately went off to the lonely island where the American lepers are kept. Three years afterwards she appeared in my consulting room, and, on baring her chest, I found a large white patch of leprosy; and she quietly returned to the lepers whom she loved so much. I found many years after that she still lives in great poverty; and it has been one of the joys of my life to place her in greater comfort.

XIX

CUMBERLAND LODGE

AMONG my dearest friends at that time was a Colonel and Mrs. Gordon. He was equerry to the old Prince Christian, and lived at the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, a house built by George IV, and quite near Cumberland Lodge. The Colonel was a very abstemious man, but nevertheless he told me, with every appearance of veracity, that in the night by the light of the moon he had seen a procession of at least twelve rats, each with one of his white neckties in its mouth, running off with them to their holes. In the morning he found that a new purchase of these ties lying on the chair had also disappeared. There can be no doubt that there must have been a ball among the rodents that night.

Two features at Cumberland Lodge interested me—the one was Princess Victoria's catteries so beautifully kept, and the other was the great vine, second only, I believe, to that in Hampton Court. One of Colonel Gordon's sons was a great favourite with the Christians, and just at this time, when staying at a hunting centre near with some relatives, he was taken seriously ill. Princess Christian became very anxious about him, and found out that he was said to be suffering from continued fever, so she sent to me to know what continued fever was. I said it was an expression generally used to conceal our ignorance, so she begged me to go down and find out what Arthur was really suffering from. I pointed out I could hardly do that, as he was under the care of the local medical man, so she officially sent me to enquire on her behalf. When I arrived at the house I found the patient walking about, and on

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examination he was found to have a temperature of 104 degrees and to be in the third week of a bad attack of typhoid fever. I wired to the Princess, who very kindly sent two of her best nurses to the house, and then the trouble began. It appears that the doctor also was a great hunting man, and lent his horses to the young ladies of the house for their use, so that at all costs I was to keep in with him. This, however, was not an easy task, for only at the last did he accept my diagnosis of typhoid fever, wavering for a long time between phthisis and "continued fever."

To do justice to the patient, every morning what he said and prescribed was telegraphed to me in Harley Street, and the medicines had generally to be buried in the bottom of the garden. To make a long story short, the patient eventually recovered, but the principal nurse assured me that for years she had expected to die of typhoid fever, and had always avoided these cases. Now, however, she feared she had caught it.

Such a thing is so exceedingly rare that I laughed at her, and told her that I was sure she was all right. However, a short time afterwards, when staying down at Brighton, I got a message from the Princess saying that her nurse who had attended Arthur Gordon was dying in the Sussex County Hospital close by. Just then I had been reading of the wonderful curative powers of the mind in cases of typhoid fever. A Jesuit Father in Canada, when dying from it, had prayed to the image of the Virgin and recovered. Some years after he got a second attack, but this time, having become rather sceptical, he asserted his will-power to get well, and again recovered. I went to the hospital to see the nurse and found her very ill in a small room by herself, sinking right through the bed with weakness, but with her mind perfectly clear.

"Well, Nurse," I said, "I'm sorry to see you lying here like this."

"I told you, Doctor, how it would be, for I knew I should die when I was nursing Mr. Arthur."

"I remember you told me so, Nurse, but are you quite sure?"

Cumberland Lodge

"I've no doubt about it, Doctor, and it won't be long now."

"I should like to come to the funeral, Nurse," I said, "be sure and ask them to let me know when it will take place."

She looked dreadfully shocked. "You shouldn't talk like that," she said.

"Well," I replied, "if your death is quite certain, I don't see why I shouldn't."

"Well, I think it's quite sure," she said, "don't you, Doctor?"

"Well, no, I don't," I replied, "far from it. It's now just 11 o'clock, and if you were to make up your mind to recover I believe you would; but if you make up your mind to die, I believe you will."

"But my mind doesn't make any difference, Doctor."

"It makes all the difference," I replied. "Just now you are in that stage of weakness when the least thing will turn the balance to life or death. If you like to make up your mind now that you are determined to recover, and will use all the force you've got in that direction, I will help you all I can. You shall be moved out of this dreadful room, I will send you down some champagne, and everything shall be done to bring you back to health. Now, Nurse, which is it to be—die or live?"

"Live," she said, after gazing steadily at me.

"You mean it, Nurse?"

"I do," she replied, "and will do my best to recover."

She soon got perfectly well.

I should perhaps complete the story by telling the sequel. Some time afterwards, at the house of a Scotch Marchioness, I was speaking to a number of ladies of the power of the mind over the body, and mentioned this case. When I had finished, I was told the Marquess wished to see me in the library, before I went.

"That was a very remarkable story," he said, "that you told about that nurse, but I want to know if you think it possible you could help us. My wife is greatly interested in the World's Fair at Chicago, and has promised to build

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there a perfect Irish village. She went with her manager the other day to Blarney Castle to try and get the loan of the celebrated stone for her village. She did not succeed and, driving home, her manager caught a chill. He seems a very superstitious man, and is now lying in his bed at Bray, near Dublin, thinking he is dying, and it seemed to me the case was not unlike that of the Princess' nurse. I wonder if you could cure him."

"That," I replied, "is quite impossible to say until I have seen him. The cases may be altogether different."

"Could you cross over for me to-night by the mail, and see what you can do?" he asked.

It was rather sudden, but the case was evidently urgent, and finding it would be possible, I said I would. So next morning about 9 o'clock I found myself at the door of the strange house on the outskirts of Bray. I found a stout, middle-aged man in bed with a little pneumonia and a doctor from Dublin in attendance. I told him that if he would do as the nurses wished him for three or four days, I felt sure he would get perfectly well, and I greatly relieved his gloom by telling him of many such cases of recovery, and eventually left him confidently expecting to get well; which no doubt would have been the case had he not so bitterly resented being in the charge of women. When I returned to London I told the Marquess there was now every prospect of his speedy recovery. But, alas! I had neglected one precaution,—the residence of a doctor in the house to manage him. On the second day after I left he quarrelled with one of the nurses, and then, in a blind rage, he got out of bed, dressed himself, and no one being able to stop him, went out for a walk along the beach. A week afterwards he was dead, to my intense disappointment.

It will perhaps be remembered that all this happened during the reign of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, whose love of Balmoral was suddenly brought before me in Scotland, where I had gone to a friend's house to recover from the shock of the death of the Marchioness's manager. Strolling through the woods on the Dee side, I suddenly came upon the railway to Balmoral and a tiny

Cumberland Lodge

little disused station, which I found had been specially built for the Queen on her visit to my friend's house some years before.

On my return to London, however, she was recalled to my mind in a much more vivid manner which I must describe later.

XX

HYGIENE AND FIRST AID

IN 1884, I was living, as I have said, in a large house in Westbourne Terrace at the corner of Bishop's Road. Here I started very badly by throwing in mistake £20 into the fire, in the shape of two crumpled bank notes, whose numbers I did not know; this was my house warming! I soon found misfortunes never came singly, for I got reports from the servants of what they called "a faint smell," an expression which generally means drains. Of course I had had them put into thorough repair (at a cost running into three figures), and, I am afraid, equally of course at that time, little had been done. I had no plan of these drains, but a succession of experts, after tearing up the servants' hall and most of my basement, discovered that they ran immediately under the house. They were roughly constructed of brick, with every arrangement for leakage, and ended their noisome career in a cesspool immediately beneath the kitchen floor. Such was the house of an apostle of hygiene!

I think my wife must have been in some dreadful fire sometime in her early life, for she never would allow a bedroom door to be shut at night. She was very hospitable, and we always had friends staying with us. Being out all day, and often only coming home when all were in bed, I tried to discover who might be occupying our spare rooms. I tiptoed into each room and found I could recognise, on more than one occasion, the sleeping guest by the shape of his nose! I fear my habits were rather eccentric in more ways than one.

Turning to graver topics, all my adult life I have been obsessed with a determination to bring a knowledge of Hygiene

Hygiene and First Aid

to the common people. For this end I joined the National Health Society, where I lectured for twenty years, and examined the students. The remarkable lady at the head of it, the accomplished sister of Sir Ray Lankester, is well known in London Society and has made a wonderful success of her work.

My great project for the instruction of every woman in Hygiene now began to develop. I say every *woman*, because the man, poor ignorant creature, knows little of the health of his own children, and still less of the state of his own drains. It is the woman indeed who is the domestic guardian of the health of the nation. I therefore began lecturing to the educated classes and in Girls' High Schools on Hygiene, my object being to teach those who could themselves teach others. I also established a series of Hygienic Lectures at the National Health Society for ladies, which were attended by all classes from pupil teachers to duchesses and royal princesses. One of these, the Duchess of Albany, greatly distinguished herself at a babies' exhibition, by carrying out one of my great hobbies—which is that a baby's clothes should all be made to open the same way; either at the back or at the front, so that in dressing it the poor infant has not to be perpetually turned over like a pancake! The suit of clothes she designed was most admirable.

In the examination papers we had of course the usual mistakes. We inhaled oxygen and exhaled *carbolic* acid, our veins were full of *Venus* blood, which doubtless accounted for the maiden's charms. At times, alas! we suffered from *haricot* (varicose) veins.

By most strenuous efforts I succeeded in persuading the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to include hygiene in the local examinations for the first time in their history. We also inaugurated examinations in hygiene in Board Schools; not content with this, I wrote a series of twenty-four Penny Health Tracts for the People, which circulated in hundreds of thousands. I also joined the Sanitary Institute which, under the wonderful care of Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, did so much for the health of the people. I gave many lectures also on Hygiene to the London clergy, who

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I thought could disseminate the knowledge widely in their parishes. In the Archbishop's library at Lambeth Palace I was discoursing so earnestly on the dependence of all our human powers on the vegetable world, and stating that our mental and physical energy is practically derived from the cabbage and its relations, that a very clever clergyman present composed the following lines which I think are worth reproducing here :

THE CABBAGE

"The cabbage at the bottom of it all."—ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

" You think your body very much alive
While it's all the time a victim to decay,
And it's all that we can manage to contrive
To keep our flames from wasting right away.
Your heart is busy working as a pump,
That the ichor through your body may be whirled,
But the cabbage sits sedately on its stump,
And accumulates the force that moves the world.

At games you think you're very hard to beat,
When you gaily carry off the final ties,
Well, you may be pretty nimble on your feet,
But the cabbage ought of course to have the prize.
You may fancy you can warble like a bird,
In an Adelina Patti sort of style,
It was not your rich soprano that you heard,
But the cabbage that was singing all the while !

" You may set yourself your neighbour to improve,
And philanthropise in various little ways,
And a vote of thanks the ' Chair ' will doubtless move,
But the cabbage really merits all the praise.
You may spend your life in robbing someone's till,
Or in daring acts of villainy and crime,
And you'll duly find your way to Pentonville,
But the cabbage is the culprit all the time.

You couldn't keep life going for an hour—
You couldn't hunt, or shoot, or dance, or walk,
If the cabbage didn't sit and gather power
On its humble and unenterprising stalk.
It's the dynamo of science and of art,
It's the spring that works the figures great or small,
So we'll drink one hearty toast before we part—
TO THE CABBAGE AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL."

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The clergy to whom I used to lecture appeared to me, with regard to the jokes with which I occasionally enlivened my lectures, to be what the Scotchman called "a bit slow at the uptak!" I remember on one occasion, when speaking to some hundreds of them in the Church House, I said that by permission of the National Health Society their wives could come to the next lecture. "This," I said, "is evidently 'a trap to catch a sunbeam,'" thus mentioning the title of an exceedingly popular little book at the time, written by Mrs. S. C. Hall. My joke was received in gloomy silence, and I went on with my lecture. Suddenly in the midst of some important remarks I was startled by loud laughter breaking out all over the room. It had taken the clergy about three minutes to grasp the extraordinary picture of their wives as sunbeams!

Sometime before this I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Huxley, and now Professor Tyndall, in his rooms at the top of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, used to allow me to come up for long chats, and he lent me a beautiful set of tuning forks for my lectures on Hygiene.

The Girls' Own Paper was at that time, and still is, a very popular magazine, and Mr. Charles Peters, its genial editor, constantly inserted one of my hygienic papers. I remember well his being invited by a vegetarian patient of mine out to dinner. He was rather a gourmet, and had no idea of the nature of the banquet. His expression at the succession of weird dishes placed before him was indescribable. He had vegetable cutlets, the bone being composed of a curved stick of raw macaroni, while the meat was represented by a little mess of fried porridge. As course succeeded course his face got blacker and blacker and, I greatly regret to say, that before the end of the meal he lost his temper and suddenly left the banquet. I found afterwards he had gone to the Grosvenor Hotel close by and there consoled himself. To tamper with the digestive organ of the most amiable of men is a very risky proceeding indeed, and certainly not a laughing matter.

I think I held some of the largest ambulance classes ever established in London at the Paddington Baths, which in

Behind the Brass Plate

the winter were boarded over, so as to make a large hall. I had about a thousand to the Health Lectures which preceded them, and some three hundred at the classes. These were instructed by a large band of students from St. Mary's Hospital, both teachers and taught evidently greatly enjoying the mysteries of the triangular and other bandages. I greatly regret to say that in the case of one elderly gentleman the intense excitement of this occupation proved too much for him. After the class was over, at 10 o'clock at night he was discovered by a policeman in Oxford and Cambridge Terrace vigorously bandaging a lamp-post, with reversed spirals. Being told to desist, he went home, where his sister-in-law had charge of his six motherless children. He found them waiting up for him in the dining-room, and tried to bandage one of the children's legs; but she fled away screeching. He then chased his sister-in-law around the table to bandage her, but she also escaped, and nothing was left for him to bandage but four legs of the dining-room table before he was taken to an Asylum. The novel delights of this drama of First Aid, with himself in a star part, proved too much for his equilibrium.

About this time I wrote a book (*Travels in the Interior*) describing the journeys of a boy and girl, become miraculously small, through the body of their uncle. This was weirdly, beautifully, and discreetly illustrated under my direction, with views of our interior by Harry Furniss. Of this work *The Illustrated London News* said: "We defy Mr. Rider Haggard or M. Jules Verne to invent the equal of this fictitious story and travels. I may add the physiology of it was so accurate that it served as a text-book for commencing students at St. Mary's Hospital."

XXI

FAMILY NOTES

My eldest sister is the well known head in India of most of the Soldiers' Homes. My second sister, as I have said, married one of the partners at Coutts.' With regard to my own family, I think I should recall a remarkable fact that my two eldest children, a girl and a boy, were both born on the anniversary of my wedding day. My only son was in the Mountain Artillery in India. When he went out I made him promise me he would drink no water, as then it was a sure carrier of typhoid; however, when shooting bears in Kashmir, he drank some water and died of typhoid fever; he is buried in Srinagar. One of his most remarkable friends was the charming daughter of the Queen of the Sandwich Isles.

My eldest daughter was a great horsewoman, but being thrown when rough-riding, got a depressed fracture of the skull, on which no surgeon would operate, and from which she eventually died, after some years of great suffering. During the whole of this dreadful time, I went through agonies of torture. The result with me was to lift my eyes completely from earth to heaven, and find my only consolation there. A nurse at the time told me a strange remark that a New Zealand patient made concerning myself: "That is the saddest man I have ever met. I know it because he is always joking."

When my daughter had been ill a fortnight her nurse came to me and said she thought I would like to know she had become a Christian. "Why, what were you when you came?"

"I was an atheist, Doctor."

Behind the Brass Plate

"I suppose your patient has been speaking to you?"

"No, she never said a word, but she is the only absolutely contented girl I ever met, and I couldn't stand it, so I asked for her secret, and now I'm a Christian." I consider this incident one of the most remarkable I have met with.

My youngest daughter married an officer in the artillery.

Some time ago the War-office, to lessen the bursting of steel guns, appointed a skilled officer to examine the quality of all steel cast in executing Government contracts for guns at Sheffield. The government laws are very strict, and he was allowed to receive no presents from the rich steel magnates; nor could he ever sleep a night at any of their houses.

Armed with a steel punch bearing the Government stamp, which was changed every day, he would go down to the works, and stamp it on some part of a glowing mass of steel, worth many thousands of pounds. The firm was then obliged to cut out the piece of steel bearing this mark, and send it up to his office, where he had a machine of such extraordinary power that it could grip each end of the steel, and gradually pull it asunder into two pieces, thus registering its toughness. Part was then sent up to London for the chemical test. This office was a recent establishment, and since then no guns thus tested have burst.

My wife's elder sister, who saw the apparition described on page 81, was married to Sir Adam Scott Reid, an Indian officer, who greatly distinguished himself in the Burmese campaign.

I was much struck by the prevailing ignorance of elementary physiology when a young friend of mine, a clever society girl, got married. I heard afterwards that in the carriage when they left on the wedding tour the bride, with tears in her eyes, besought her husband not to take out one of her ribs which "she was sure would be very painful."

"But why should I take out a rib?" asked Charlie.

"To make a child," said the girl. "I have always to lose a rib for every child."

"But how do you know that?" asked Charlie gravely.

"Why, you've only to look at grandmother," said the

Family Notes

girl, "look how she stoops. She has lost seven ribs and she stoops most on the right because she has had four sons and only three daughters!!"

I found ideas about ribs were not confined to clever girls, for at that time I was instructing some skippers of the Deep Sea Mission (of which I was one of the six founders) in anatomy, by means of a skeleton. Coming in late one evening, I found them poring over it, and one of them looking up said "Be this a male or a female, sir?" "Well," I replied, "sometimes it is rather difficult to tell." "But you can always count the ribs, sir," said the man, "for Adam had one less than Eve." He was evidently under the impression that the condition was perpetuated to this day.

XXII

MRS. VINCENT AND THE QUEEN

THIS may be a good place for a few stories connected with the Royal Family, beginning with Queen Victoria—the Duchess of Lancaster, my own county, of which it has been said not without truth that “what Lancashire thinks to-day, England will do to-morrow.” Here is a beautiful story about this good Queen.

I was visiting Maria Vincent, an aged widow living in the second floor back, in a poor street near the Harrow Road. I found her in the depths of poverty, and she declared she had no friends.

“What,” I said, “not the Vicar?”

No, she had never seen him.

“What about the doctor?” I asked.

Oh, she didn’t hold with doctors.

“Stuff and nonsense, Maria,” I replied, “You *must* think of some friend who can help you, or you’ll be dead this winter. Now find one by next Wednesday, or I’ll never come to see you again.”

At my next call I said, “Well, Maria, have you found a friend?”

“Well,” she said, “I lay awake all last night and I thought there might be one.”

“Who is it?” I said.

“Gord,” she replied.

“God,” I said, “How do you make that out, Maria?”

“Well,” she said, “as I lay awake I thought, there’s Gord; He’s kept me alive seventy-two winters, and perhaps He can manage one more.”

Mrs. Vincent and the Queen

“Well, perhaps He can, but you must find some earthly friend. Can’t you think of any?”

And then after a pause she said slowly, “There might be one.” (There was always one.)

“Who is it?” I said.

“The Queen,” she replied.

“What! Queen Victoria?”

“Yes,” she said, “I used to live on Southsea Common, and the Queen with her Mother used to row up and down in front of my house with a gallant young coxswain by her side; but the poor young fellow was took with brain fever, and I nursed him in my house till he died, and then the Duchess of Kent, she came with a beautiful Indian shawl from the Queen, a present for all the care I had taken of the poor sailor. But lor, she’s forgot all about it, it’s so long ago.”

I wasn’t quite so sure, so when I got home I wrote the story to the Queen at Balmoral, and received a most gracious reply saying “The Queen was much touched with the picture of her happy girlhood, and remembered all the incidents, and enclosed an order for several pounds, and she would like to know when Maria Vincent required more.”

I took this letter with me to the second floor back, and asked Maria if she could read writing.

“Lor, sir, I’m a scholar, I can read writing if I put my specs. on,” and she produced a pair of rusty iron ones.

I handed her the Queen’s letter, and said that I thought it would interest her. She took it with trembling hands, and when she had finished the first page, gave me a look I can never forget! The sunshine of her happy smile was shining from her battered face, through a mist of tears—“the sunshine through the rain,” and she said:

“Oh, sir, oh, sir! she has not forgotten me!”

And then those lines came to me about a mother’s tender care—

“Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will He remember me.”

“Yes,” I said, “the Queen has not forgotten you, and has sent you some money. Can you sign your name?”

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"I'm a scholar," replied the old lady indignantly, "I don't make my mark, I signs my name."

So I handed her the Queen's money order, and told her how to cash it in the Harrow Road.

"Yes," she said, "I know the office well, and there's a mighty cheeky young feller there, too."

I heard afterwards what happened. She put on her old shawl and black bonnet, signed her name, and when the "cheeky young feller" asked her "Who sends this?" she stared at him and said "Queen Victoria." And then he passed her a handful of sovereigns. She stowed them away and went into the great emporium opposite, and proceeded to paint the town red. She wanted a bonnet, and a supercilious shopwalker pointed her to a few remnants on the counter; but she would have none of them; and doubted if the shop had any hats good enough for her.

"You are aware," said the shopwalker in a last effort to crush her, "that this is a cash house."

"I always pay cash for everything I buy," said Maria, without a blush.

He became deferential, and showed her upstairs, where half a dozen young ladies tried to dazzle her with various confections. At last one of them declared that a blue toque with a circle of pink blush roses on wires round the edge would just suit her style of beauty. Maria agreed, and crowned her rags with the gorgeous bonnet. She then bought a magnificent shawl of many colours, gay Austrian blankets for her bed, and every sort of provision that she could think of. She then wanted a pair of boots. "None of your common sort—they must be 'and sewn.'" She paid for everything and marched home to her second floor back, and there she sat in majesty in her rocking chair—the toque on her head, the shawl on her back, and the hand-sewn boots well displayed.

Meanwhile errand-boys fought their way up the stairs, crowded with women, with fresh parcels every five minutes. The excitement was intense.

At last one bold Irishwoman ventured to knock at her door to inquire after Maria's "browntitus." When she

Mrs. Vincent and the Queen

opened the door and saw the magnificent figure, she exclaimed, "Oh my! what a bonnet! Must have cost a sight of money!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Vincent indifferently, "them things do cost money."

"Ah! That nice gentleman that comes to see you?"

"No," replied Maria, with scorn, "'tain't him!"

"And might I inquire who it may be?"

"The Queen," said Maria casually.

"Ho! Queen Wictoriar?"

"Oh yes," said Maria with a bored look, "me and she's old friends," absolutely bursting all the time with pride.

Can you see her sitting there? And can we forget that we too have one great Friend who never forgets us, in Whose beauty we should be arrayed, and Whose friendship should be the pride of our life?

After the Queen had sent another money order, I called again on Maria. "Well," I said, "any more friends?"

Maria looked up shyly, and said once more, "There might be one."

"And who is that?" I asked, little expecting the answer.

"The Empress of the French," said Mrs. Vincent, with dignity. "When the old gentleman (Napoleon III) died at Chislehurst I was so sorry for the poor lady that I wrote her a letter with a little poem in—but lor! she's forgot all about it."

So I went home once more, and wrote to the Empress Eugénie, and like the Queen, she replied: "She had greatly valued the letter, which she remembered well," and enclosed a post-office order for several pounds. Maria Vincent had but two friends on earth. But one was a Queen and the other an Empress, and she wanted for nothing as long as she lived.

XXIII

THE QUEEN AND THE DEEP SEA MISSION

BEING one of the six founders of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, I took an active part in its proceedings. At that time we had just launched our Hospital Ship for the North Sea, completely fitted out to perform most operations on the deep without bringing the patients back to land. We were very proud of her and the Queen expressed a wish, equivalent to a command, to see her before she was used, and that the vessel should be brought round to Cowes for her inspection. The secretary gave orders for the boat to be sent from Yarmouth, and asked me to show it to the Queen. I accordingly left Waterloo at five o'clock in the morning, and walked round the shore from Southampton West to the steamer. Just then a cab drove up, with a gentleman on the box in a cap, muffler, frock coat, and slippers, who was said to represent the London Press. From the inside, besides the secretary—an exceedingly dapper young man emerged—the artist of *The Graphic* and *Illustrated News*.

We all embarked, and drawing near to Cowes saw with our glasses Captain Goldsmid, of the *Alberta*, with a Royal launch awaiting our arrival. My first painful duty was to place our Press representative in the care of Captain Goldsmid, as he was, even at that early hour, somewhat exhilarated. So the captain put him in a boat with orders that he was to be rowed about and not allowed to land until the inspection was over. The three of us were taken over to the Queen's yard at East Cowes, and Captain Goldsmid very naturally asked the secretary whereabouts the Hospital Ship was lying. The secretary, however, did not know. The boat had been ordered to Cowes, and he presumed she was there.

The Queen and the Mission

“How do you expect to find her?” inquired the captain.

The secretary again did not know, so when we had reported by telephone to Sir Henry Ponsonby at Osborne House that we had arrived, Captain Goldsmid asked what we proposed to do. Seeing clearly we still did not know, he very kindly came to the rescue, and sent a boat up the River Medina, the launch into the Roads, and the yacht *Elfin* down the Solent to hunt for the missing boat. In half an hour they all came back saying that *The Queen Victoria* could not be found. By this time the secretary very naturally had got almost frantic, as Captain Goldsmid explained to him that the Queen expected to inspect the Hospital Ship at eleven o'clock.

Eventually we had to tell our dreadful plight to Sir Henry Ponsonby, who, after telephoning Portsmouth, at last sent us the joyful news that Sir Edmund Commerell had found the boat and was sending *The Queen Victoria* to Osborne Bay in charge of an Admiralty tug. Our launch, with a small boat in tow, was then brought round, and away we went to the bay to meet our ship. On the shore were the Empress of Germany and her two daughters, violently waving their parasols to our boat. So we sent a sailor with the dinghy to the shore to bring them to the launch; but just as the Empress was stepping into the boat, two equerries galloped up and spoke to her. The boat came back with the message that the Queen had (doubtless under advice) postponed the inspection till the next day. We now turned our eyes to Portsmouth, and there was the fussy tug with *The Queen Victoria*—a most gruesome sight—behind her. The topmast was hanging over the side, bulwarks were shattered and the ship a wreck. We found she had been caught in a gale, and had been lying in Portsmouth to refit for four days. We towed her to Cowes and put the fear of the Queen into the hearts of the shipbuilders to such purpose that at eleven o'clock next morning she was at Osborne Bay all spick and span.

To attend to my practice perforce I returned to town, and in my place Sir Frederick Treves went down the next day to Portsmouth. Being told there by wire he must cross by an Admiralty tug to Osborne, he got over to Gosport with some difficulty, and eventually arrived at the Admiralty Yard.

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“What name?” said the Orderly in waiting, and his card was sent in to Sir Edmund Commerell, and he was told to enter. With some difficulty Sir Frederick explained he wanted an Admiralty tug to take him to Osborne Bay. Sir Edmund, much irritated by the events of the day before, became very indignant.

“We have no tugs for private gentlemen,” he said, “you should have crossed by the Ryde steamer.”

“But it’s just gone,” said Treves meekly.

“Well, you’ve a chance still,” said Sir Edmund. “The Queen’s yacht *Elfin* is at the Victualling Yard, and will take you straight across if you hurry up.”

So Sir Frederick dashed off into the rain and arrived in a state of exhaustion only to see the *Elfin* just leaving her berth. There being no hope in this quarter, he in despair returned to the Admiralty Yard, and, undeterred by some uncomplimentary remarks from Sir Edmund which he overheard when his name was sent in, once more declared “he must be transported to Osborne Bay by the Queen’s orders”. Unable to swim or fly, he “looked to Sir Edmund to transport him”. This gentleman at last, though himself transported with rage, telephoned up and down for a torpedo boat. But alas! none had steam up, and his final advice to Sir Frederick was to go to the George Hotel, and get the best breakfast he could, and take the first train back to London; which he did; and no one but the secretary showed the Queen and the Prince of Wales over the Hospital Ship.

XXIV

OTHER ROYAL STORIES

I SHALL not easily forget the Queen's Jubilee. I had to see a patient, who I found on that day was commanding the troops at St. Paul's Cathedral; and as I walked, a solitary figure, down the whole length of the crowded route, in spite of the frantic efforts of the police to stop me, I was enthusiastically cheered by the thousands of spectators. In the evening, dining with a Scotch lady, she asked me to take her two young daughters to see the illuminations. I rashly accepted the task, and started from Hyde Park Corner fiercely grasping the girls by their arms, when we were swiftly and easily swept along by the living current as far as St. James's Street. Here, however, it divided, and I had to get out of the Piccadilly stream. I projected one girl into the St. James's Street torrent and she was at once carried away, we followed her; but to my horror I found that the arm which I was still gripping belonged to a stout and unknown lady. I dropped it as if it were red-hot, and finding the other girl, we dived into the rapids towards a tossing white frock I knew. When the three of us, after being nearly upset by the violent eddies at Charing Cross, got safely into the Strand, I met a friend, and the crush here was so awful that he and I from Charing Cross to St. Paul's Cathedral progressed sideways like crabs with our outstretched hands against the shops, and made a tunnel along which the girls crept. Some heavy tossing in the City swept us into a restaurant at 2 a.m., where we had supper; and then availing ourselves of favourable currents, at length reached the Mansion House station and returned west, packed like standing sardines, but with our heads still on at about 3 a.m.

Behind the Brass Plate

At one time I was supposed closely to resemble King Edward VII. Visiting at Malvern one day, the station master sent up to the house where I was staying to ask if the King, whom he saw arrive at the station, was making any long stay in Malvern. On another occasion when I was inspecting a hospital, the rumour was that the King had just walked through. The third time was at a restaurant, when at lunch the proprietor sent a waiter to find out discreetly if I were the King.

I must not forget two stories of His Majesty's *bonhomie*. One afternoon when Sir F. Treves was spending the week-end at Sandringham, King Edward was smoking in the lounge, and Lord Salisbury, who was getting a little blind, was prowling round looking at the photographs. At last he picked up one of the King, and examining it at the window, remarked, "Poor old Buller, how he's gone off!" The King thoroughly enjoyed the joke.

At another time when an old friend was in the officers' hospital at Osborne, the King very kindly came up and chatted to him in bed. My friend happened to be a clever caricaturist, and as soon as the King was gone, made a realistic sketch in colours of himself, his hair on end, sitting up in bed with the King bending over with him projecting eyes and the most fatuous smile. Princess Ena, now the Queen of Spain, managed to abstract this, and showed it to her mother, Princess Beatrice, through whom it reached the King—but nothing happened.

Another friend of mine had the *entrée* to the grounds of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes Castle, and the King, observing a scar on his wrist, asked what had caused it.

"That was done by a conger-eel, in Cornwall, sir."

"But I did not know that eels could bite," said King Edward.

"Oh yes, sir," replied my friend, "they can not only bite but bark like dogs."

"Well," said the King, "when I go hunting in the Scilly Isles I will have a pack of conger-eels."

At White Lodge, Richmond Park, I had the privilege of knowing the Tecks, my brother-in-law, a partner at Coutts', being their finance comptroller. It was at White Lodge that I met that wonderful woman, Madame Bricka, who was

Other Royal Stories

successively the governess of our Queen, and afterwards of her children, all of whom owe very much to her wise and Christian influence. Later on, when at Osborne Naval College, I was struck with the Queen's very intense interest in the young Princes, who were eagerly competing in the Sports, and whom I had the pleasure of addressing the next day—Palm Sunday—on some of the wonders of Palestine. On another occasion I was much interested, when spending the week-end at Claremont, to see what wonderful proficiency the Royal party had obtained at gymnastics. Fired by the exploits of the ladies on the parallel bars, I could not do less, as an old gymnast, but show off on the horizontal bar, and also, despite my somewhat advanced age, attempt the giant swing. Every bone in my body seemed to be dislocated, and the ladies' applause was somewhat dearly bought. In fact, I could not move easily for weeks afterwards. We had a quiet evening after our exertions, as was only natural, an equerry turning the handle of the mechanical piano most of the evening, a performance I have also seen at another Royal house—of course before the days of pianolas.

I heard a pretty story the other day connected with King George, from my friend the Vicar of a Clifton church. He had one little girl who was worshipped by her parents and always called Queen Mary. One night her mother found her pressed tight against the railings at one side of her cot.

"Don't lie there, Queen Mary," she said, "come into the middle of the bed and make yourself comfortable." But Mary never stirred.

"Come along, dear," said her mother.

"Oh no, Mother," Queen Mary replied, "I could not lie there—*that is George's place.*"

I am now interested in a Mission Hall in the west of London known as Carton Hall, close by Druce's, in Baker Street, which has a most interesting history—being none other than the French refugee church built for the Royal immigrants during the French Revolution and used by them ever since. The Duke of Angoulême and many well-known French Royalties constantly worshipped there; and it was

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here the Prince Imperial made his last Communion before his fatal journey to Africa.

Abroad, the only Prince known to our family was Thurn and Taxis, whom I remember chiefly on account of his vast estates of white beetroots grown for sugar, and his atrocious murder at the hands of the Bolsheviks.

XXV

PALESTINE IN 1904

LEAVING *Royalty*, I now turn to a very different theme in my journeys to Palestine. I went out first in 1904, for the World's Sunday School Convention on the Mount of Olives. We chartered a large German liner which was refitted for us as first-class passengers throughout. We embarked at Marseilles—of all days of the year on Good Friday—with all our baggage emblazoned with the star and crescent, instead of the Christian Cross.

Travelling down to Marseilles we had a carriage to ourselves, and thanks to two hammocks slung crosswise, one below the other, together with the two racks and two seats, all six got a good night's rest. We found on board our magnificent ship over seventy parsons of all denominations, headed by an Archdeacon, and services or lectures of various sorts were going on every day. This, however, was nothing compared to the American contingent which was crossing the Atlantic at the same time. They numbered 1,500 Sunday School delegates including three millionaires and a hundred parsons. Five services of different denominations were held by them every Sunday during the voyage, and I don't know how many Sunday Schools.

As I have already said, we began badly with a start on Good Friday and the crescent as our ensign. It was not surprising, therefore, when we reached Easter Sunday, that at the morning service, conducted by the Archdeacon, I noticed the steward hurriedly whispering to him, and shortly afterwards he announced, in a deep clerical voice that, as Stromboli was now in sight in full eruption, the rest of the service would be adjourned for one hour!

Behind the Brass Plate

Naples was a decided disappointment. The bay might have passed muster, had it not been that the cluster of factory chimneys and the rain reminded us of Manchester. We passed safely through the whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis, and eventually reached Alexandria. The food, the jam, and the passengers were all wonderful. We had apricots and duck, pineapples and roast beef, pears and mutton. The jam consisted of whole candied fruit with large chunks of melons and pineapples all floating in syrup. The lay passengers included three gorgeous ladies in white satin helmets, one tiny ditto in a gigantic cloth cap, and two small clean men in very bright green checks. These last were immediately dubbed Tweedledum and Tweedledee. They were from Cambridge and had embarked without any knowledge that ours was a Sunday School ship. I found them one day in the smoking-room in a most disconsolate condition, declaring they could not stick it another day, and must get off at Naples. I asked for the cause of their distress, and they were voluble.

They had never been on such a ship, it was absolutely nothing but Bibles. When they walked about the deck there were sitting all over the place men and women reading their Bibles! Not even ordinary Bibles, but those nasty ones with limp covers, and they talked of nothing but the "Holy Land," which they evidently thought almost indecent. "As for the services and parsons," they could not trust themselves to speak.

I tried to cheer them up, and pointed out that if they wished they could avoid the offensive sights and sounds by shutting themselves up in the smoking-room till they got to Egypt, but Tweedledum declared it was too stuffy.

"Well, cheer up, old man," I said rather wickedly, "it's only a foretaste of heaven." It is only fair to add that by degrees the lively pair gradually overcame their fear of the limp Bibles, and on their return with us to England organised all the entertainments, and became exceedingly popular.

One of the *Padrés* was a Dr. Parkinson, a decided wit as well as a most learned and spiritual man. He told us a story about his son who was a curate in Clifton. A friend

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of the doctor's was his guardian, and he wrote saying the son had just been appointed to take the Bible class at a large school for young ladies. Dr. Parkinson was horrified, for he knew how susceptible his son was, and feared an early marriage, so he wrote back an angry letter. "There's nothing to be afraid of," was the reply, "for there are so many of them, and the boy's safety is in Numbers." Dr. Parkinson at once wired: "You are quite wrong—his only safety is in Exodus."

We went first of all to Beyrout, behind which, on the slopes of the Lebanon, is the Hospital for Mental Diseases, with which I have been intimately connected from its beginning. Its work is very wonderful, for it is the only hospital of its description, except at Constantinople, in the Near East. Previous to its establishment, throughout many of the monasteries the Bible text, "This kind goeth not out save by prayer and fasting," appears to have been distorted by the monks, who understood it to mean that while they did the praying, the patient, generally chained to a wall in some cellar, had to do the fasting. The gratitude of the whole country at the beneficent work done by our hospital was so great that it was the only mission work in the whole of the country that continued without interruption throughout the war. Thousands were massacred on every side, but the hospital was untouched. Dr. Watson Smith, the medical superintendent, told me recently that if he had been an infidel when he was appointed, he would have been a firm believer by now, from witnessing the extraordinary Providences of the last six years.

When I inspected the patients I saw an uncouth giant amongst them, and was told he was a son of Anak. I said I thought they had all died hundreds of years ago. But the doctor told me that there were isolated cases of survivors that came to the hospital, and they all had six fingers and six toes. I counted them and found twenty-four digits in all.

We landed in the Holy Land at Jaffa, close by the traditional rock where Andromeda was chained and rescued by Perseus. This rock is just beyond the reputed house where

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Peter lodged with Simon the Tanner; in such wise were fact and fable mingled. I must pause here for one moment to emphasise the immense importance of first-hand knowledge. From my childhood I had read all about Palestine both in and out of the Bible. I had seen countless pictures of it, but the whole were not equal to standing for five minutes on the soil itself. From that moment I possessed it in a way I never did before. No doubt with the increased facilities now afforded by the "Milk and Honey" express to Jerusalem from Cairo, tourists will be multiplied exceedingly. Speaking for one moment only to those who go to view the sacred sites, I would say it is absolutely essential that they take their faith and Bible knowledge with them, for they will not find either in the Holy Land. By far the best book to reproduce the Palestine of the days of Christ is *The Holy Land* in two volumes by Hepworth Dixon. These should be bought abroad in the Tauchnitz edition.

What I resented most of all in the guide books was that none of them mentioned the cactus or prickly pear which over-runs the Holy Land to-day. I have already alluded to our sacrilegious start on Good Friday, with our sacrilegious labels on our luggage, and our sacrilegious desertion of the service on Easter Sunday, so that no one will be surprised to hear that in Palestine we found it impossible to give thanks for our meals. This ridiculous position was, I suppose, due to the fact that it was no one's business, so when we reached Nazareth we had a special committee to decide what to do. But alas! we could not agree on what blessing should be said, and once again the matter was left to the individual. It was not until we were at breakfast one morning in the Franciscan Monastery at Jerusalem that the difficulty was solved. There were a hundred or two of us at breakfast, and at one end of a long table was a Roman Catholic Bishop with twelve priests from South America. Before food they all stood up and chanted a Latin grace. One of our clergy observed them with great interest, and, hammering on the table with his knife, said we could not do better than follow their example, so we all rose and said grace, but alas! for some reason it was never repeated!

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At Tiberias, I occupied a "Prophet's Chamber" on the roof of the Monastery overlooking the lake. There was then a dispute between Gladstone and Huxley in the Nineteenth Century on the Gadarene Swine. Professor Huxley showed that Gadara was twelve miles from the lake, a long journey for the Swine, and that a plain of some hundred yards or more all round the lake lay between the steep hills and the water, so that no drowning was possible. In the morning, however, with my Zeiss glass, I made out a large cliff on the shore at Gerasa (Gadara) exactly opposite, standing right in the water. I found this was the only "steep place" that did so, and curiously enough it was at the very spot where the miracle was said to take place! I had the pleasure, also, here of eating for breakfast that remarkable perch called the *Chromus Simonis* which brought the piece of silver in its mouth. I saw one with its young in its mouth, and I believe it is the only fish that naturally carries things like a dog. The other place where it has been found is in a small lake in Africa, near Lake Nyassa, which suggests that in pre-historic times there was a water communication right across Uganda between the two spots, nearly 3,000 miles apart.

I regret to say regarding our party that many of our costumes reminded me of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*, the dresses of whose pilgrims seemed to me almost sacrilegious. I must not speak of the ladies, but several of the clergy defiled the landscape with the tall British silk hat. One divine, however, I saw saved from a violent death by this headgear. We always drove about Palestine at a gallop in some twenty-eight victorias with two or three horses abreast, but never on the roads if it could be helped. They were so awful that in preference we drove over the fields, hedges, ditches, and all, as in a steeplechase. On one of these occasions the divine was thrown off the box on to his head, but his top hat, acting like an accordion, saved his life.

We did not venture on the camels, whose supercilious and sneering expression chilled our courage, as they looked round at us with supreme contempt. I am told the reason given is that while Mahomedans know ninety-nine

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names of "Allah", the camel knows the hundredth and won't tell it.

When we got to Jerusalem we joined the American contingent, and numbered between two and three thousand. Immense tents were erected on the Mount of Olives, north of Gethsemane. The Governor of Jerusalem had made great preparations for our arrival by having the streets irrigated and all the lepers and beggars banished from the city. At our great conference, the Samaritan High Priest gave us a splendid address. He was a most impressive figure, with his long white beard, and as I talked to him he pulled a bundle of tracts out of his pocket and begged me to circulate them in London. I found that they were an eloquent repetition of the words of the Samaritan Woman in the Gospel of St. John. The High Priest strongly urged that Gerizim, and not Jerusalem, was the place for men to worship God!

I made great friends with the daughters of Zion in their Convent by the "Ecce Homo" Arch. They showed me the Roman tessellated pavement in the guard-room of the time of Christ, now twelve feet below the surface. I also saw the marks of the game of chequers played by the soldiers, and the ruts made by the chariot wheels through the central arch.

Perhaps the most wonderful sight was from the roof of the Franciscan Monastery behind the hotel in David Street. Here I saw two sights I can never forget. It was sunset, and looking east, with my back to the sun, I saw the mist rising up out of the Jordan Valley for some fifty miles, while above it, apparently floating in the air one above another, were the most gorgeous bands of violet, incandescent crimson, lemon yellow, and deep orange, formed by the sun on the horizontal strata of the Mountains of Moab. The other sight was to the north, where just beyond the Damascus Gate lay an enormous skull, the dome of which was Gordon's Calvary, the much derided "Green hill" (which after all is green and is a hill). Below, the broken ridge of the nose and the two eye sockets were plainly seen; the one to the right being the far-famed cave of Jeremiah, and certainly existing from the time of Christ. Seen from this standpoint there was no longer any room for doubt.

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We returned to Cairo in our own magnificent liner, and filled all the hotels there, winding up with a unique performance at Sheppard's Hotel, where the whole 2,000 of us filled the garden, ground floor rooms and balconies, holding each other's hands and singing the well known hymn (written by Fawcett, an Englishman)—“Blest be the tie that binds.” When we left, the hotels closed, it being the end of the season, and we took the head staff of Sheppard's home with us on the boat.

XXVI

PALESTINE IN 1911

It was seven years before I visited the Holy Land again. This time we were a private party of sixteen people carefully selected for harmony. Our dragoman was the proprietor of the Mount Olivet Hotel, who was not only a great archæologist and Arabic scholar, but a personal friend of most men of influence in the Holy Land. My object in going was to try to form an itinerary of the journeys of Christ, similar to those of St. Paul. The P. & O. boat soon brought us to Egypt over a calm and sapphire sea. We found Mena House Hotel at the Pyramids very fascinating, for our bedrooms looked out over the illimitable desert. Here I saw, to my surprise, that the Sphinx had beneath its paws one of the oldest subterranean temples in Egypt. Here, too, the party had its first camel ride, but as I suffered from a recently broken leg, I was mounted on a small black donkey, that wonderful beast which leads all the camels in the east. Wherever you go you see the same sight—an enormous Arab mounted on a microscopic black ass whose tail is fastened by a cord to a camel's nose behind, whose tail in like manner is attached to the next camel, and so on through the whole string. The ungainly beasts seemed perfectly satisfied to follow their tiny leader anywhere, and will not move without him.

In Egypt I found a solution to the Riddle of the Sphinx. In the circle of the Zodiac the sign of the Virgin is next to that of the Lion, and originally the twelve signs began with the former and ended with the latter. The Sphinx, with its human head in front and lion's body behind, appears to unite these two figures, and in the Zodiac, at Denderah on the Upper Nile, a Sphinx is actually placed between these two

Palestine in 1911

signs. So the Sphinx shows where the circle began and ended in 2,000 B.C.

We landed in Palestine at Jaffa. One of our party was a stout and elderly lady of most intrepid courage. All through Palestine, in a black satin dress, whatever the hour—even at 4 a.m.—there she was, spick and span, waiting at the door for the start. When tossing off Jaffa, this portly and impressive figure was dropped in a sling into the Arab boat (which was rising and falling some twenty feet below) in a most undignified manner, as Cook's baggage number one. Number One and myself, with my game leg, were accommodated with two palanquins. These were high boxes precariously balanced between two donkeys—one in front, the other behind. It was a terrifying though fascinating sight to see Lady C.'s palanquin balanced at all sorts of impossible angles, as the donkeys climbed over the rocks and gullies of Samaria. Lady C. had taken her bonnet off and hung it inside her box which, rolling like a ship in a heavy swell, made it fly out at the window at intervals. At last, to my horror, the inevitable catastrophe occurred, and the whole thing tumbled over, dragging the donkeys over with it, while out of the box rolled the black and dauntless form of Lady C. down the hill like a gigantic football. Lame as I was, I scrambled down to the rescue, but the lady was already calmly returning up the hill in perfect trim, not in the least perturbed, to re-enter her palanquin. We crossed the Vale of Esdraelon, knee-deep in gigantic anemonies of every brilliant colour, to the Gateway of Nain, where we lunched and I had another vision. Once more I saw the Lord of Life with a large crowd meet the King of Terrors as the funeral of the widow's only son came out of the town at this very spot. One could absolutely realise the death-like stillness that fell on the two companies as they met, and hear in the clear air of Galilee the words of Almighty power ring forth: "Young man, I say unto thee arise." Tabor was just in front, and we all had to climb it on horseback in the broiling sun. We arrived dead beat at the Monastery at the top, over the top of which was inscribed in Latin the gracious invitation: "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." Before, however, we could dismount, a company

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of monks came out, each one with a goblet of wine in his hands—wine made from their own vineyards—and besought us to drink. Not one refused, although we had teetotallers among us. I think they were rather struck with the story I had been telling them of our former Palestine party, two of whom died through drinking the water. As Lady C. gratefully quaffed her goblet, I heard her murmur something about putting new wine into old bottles. In connection with drinking water, I shall never forget the righteous indignation of Mr. Arthur Sutton, the well known benefactor of Eastern Missionaries, when he saw me, a doctor, eating lettuce at the *table d'hôte* at the Hotel Continental at Cairo, which he explained by pointing out that in Cairo either to clean your teeth or eat salad was simply asking for typhoid fever.

It was well known to all our party that the Transfiguration did *not* take place on Tabor, but on a spur of Hermon, fifty miles away. Nevertheless the monks, with true conservatism, begged us to dismount, and inspect the three Tabernacles that had been built for Christ, Moses, and Elias. As a Bible student I could not stand this, and ventured to suggest that the Tabernacles were never built. "But they are here," said the monk, "at the top of the hill." "That settles it," I replied in despair; and we all got off and walked to the spot. Sure enough there were the three ruins, but what attracted me most was the profusion of lovely bee-orchids, looking exactly like large humble bees on the ground. At our supper we resolved to give our hosts a treat, and having in our party a complete quartette, and remembering the failure in our first expedition to say a proper grace, we all stood up and chanted a lovely thanksgiving. The monks were full of admiration, and still more so, when, at the close of the meal, we gave them another piece. As we were writing our letters later on they all came into the room in a body and began to sing with a jarring anachronism, selections from *Carmen*. We found Tiberias in a state of great perturbation, owing to some Arab ruffians who had barbarously robbed and then fired at two ladies driving down to Tiberias.

After being nearly drowned the next day near Capernaum in one of those sudden storms that come down in an instant on

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the calm sea, we set sail for Semak, at the bottom of the lake—the station for Damascus. Before leaving the Sea of Galilee I must remark on the colour of its water. That of the Mediterranean, as we all know, is a deep sapphire blue, the Sea of Galilee is a beautiful light sky blue, while the Dead Sea is a royal blue, the colour of Reckitt's Powder.

The humour of the East was much to the fore at the station, where we found the time-table did not indicate any fixed time for the trains to start but the number of hours after the sunrise on each day, which of course varied every twenty-four hours. No one seemed to know when the train would come, and we amused ourselves for hours chasing lizards, and watching the curious groups of travellers. On the platform against the wall were seated the four wives of a magnificent Bedouin who strolled up and down like a turkey cock. We stopped at the junction half way to Damascus for refreshments, and found it was none other than Edrei, the former capital of Og, King of Bashan, some few thousand years before. The contrast between the buildings in Damascus and Jerusalem was very striking. The new houses in the latter are all built in a most solid manner of dressed stone, while in Damascus they are still run up in the craziest fashion of flimsy boards and plaster. The whole city had a tumbledown appearance. At Baalbeck our wonder reached its highest pitch; and to this day I cannot imagine any way in which it could have been built. We had with us a great Government contractor accustomed to dynamics of every kind; but in the quarries, whence the temple stones were taken, three of them which were not required for the building nearly a mile away, yet remained (one still attached to the rock). Our contractor was speechless. Standing by one stone as long as a cricket pitch, 8 ft. broad and 10 ft. high and reputed to weigh over 1,200 tons, he at last declared that no power yet discovered, nor any combinations of force, could lift that stone and transport it to yonder temple a mile away. And yet in that Temple we found stones very similar in size, so beautifully laid without mortar that even now a penknife could not be inserted where they joined. I believe there is no building on earth presenting the problems of Baalbeck. The building of the Pyramids, of

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the great tombs, or the great dam of Assouan, seem all possible—Baalbeck alone seems impossible, and perhaps also the ruins of Karnac.

Baalbeck, however, is not remarkable alone for its gigantic stones, but for its 400 pillars of red syenite, some 6 feet in diameter, and monoliths 20 feet long; which I am told could not be procured nearer than above the second cataract in Egypt. How these were got down the Nile, through the Mediterranean, and over the Lebanon mountains, surpasses my comprehension. On the other hand, at the entrance to the Temple of Bacchus are stone carvings so minute that their beauty is brought out by a magnifying glass. One representing an encampment in an oasis of the desert with tiny sheep and palm trees was a gem. Inside, my Arab guide showed me, with intense scorn, how this wonderful Temple had been defiled by a large notice on the wall to the effect that the Kaiser had honoured it with a visit in such and such a year. But I must leave this unique marvel and its unparalleled situation.

We returned to Damascus along the banks of the Abana, and the next day explored Damascus, and recalled Mark Twain's instance of the accuracy of the Scripture which speaks of the street "which is called Straight". Scripture does not assert that it *was* straight, it being the shape of a dog's hind leg, but simply that it was so called.

When we returned from Damascus to Nazareth, and once more entered the Holy Land as we crossed the Jordan, one felt unexpectedly in a surprising way the atmosphere of home. In Damascus, as at Cairo, we had been out in the world of men. In Palestine we felt at home with Christ, for the atmosphere of His Presence seems more or less to pervade the country west of the Jordan. At Nazareth the usual false sites were pointed out to us, and I should like here to record the vote of thanks that I passed to their manufacturers. You are told a certain stone is all that is left of Joseph's workshop or Mary's house, which is probably entirely untrue. But if it wasn't that stone, it was certainly another very like it, there or thereabouts, and so long as you have something to look at and from which to get your vision

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of the sacred past, it does not seem to me to matter much whether it is the actual stone or not.

On Sunday morning, with a devout friend I went up to the small Greek Temple which faces Nazareth on a little hill to the south whose back overlooks the great flowery plain of Esdraelon. We read together, our eyes fixed on Nazareth, the whole story of the Annunciation, and asked ourselves in all seriousness did we believe it? To our surprise we found it was much more difficult to accept the story at Nazareth than in London. Could we really believe that out of yonder blue heaven the Angel Gabriel descended from God, and spoke to one of those brown Nazareth girls in one of the little houses on that hill, and that she eventually became the Mother of none other than that sinless Man who was also Very God, and the Saviour of the world? To reason, it seemed incredible, and we had to step out on naked faith in the inspired Record; for here at Nazareth there is nothing to speak to us of the Divine—all is intensely human. It is quite otherwise at Jerusalem. I consider Nazareth alone tends to make a man a Unitarian; it is Jerusalem that, on the contrary, helps one to be a Christian. I was still puzzled why Christ lived here for thirty years. The Protestant Chaplain explained it. He showed that being a village of no fame, it did not possess a Rabbinical School, and Christ was thus saved from being educated in the tradition of the Pharisees. He then took me to the hill top behind the town, and lying there on something very like heather, where Christ must have spent hundreds of hours, I saw spread out before me north, east, south, and west, the land of Palestine and the scenes of many of the Bible records. There can be no doubt that Nazareth was chosen for the boyhood of Christ with infinite wisdom. From Nazareth we went to Carmel, and, deviating for some reason from the usual track, came upon two hyenas eating a dead camel. The smell rose up to heaven, but the hyenas, after glaring at us, slowly trotted off. The odour is truly indescribable, and like nothing else on earth; all Europeans detest it, but curiously enough the natives of India love it. An officer told me that when he marched a native regiment up to the top of a mountain

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pass, he saw that the front ranks, sniffing with great glee, seemed to lose all their fatigue and marched briskly forward. Just then, as he rode up, he got full in the face an appalling whiff of dead camel which nearly suffocated him. The regiment, however, as they passed by the carcase, inhaled the fragrance, which I believe is known in India as "Camellia", with great delight. We passed through Haifa, and ascended the winding road that leads to the fortified monastery at the top. This is the home of the Carmelites, a very remarkable body claiming direct descent from the Prophet Elijah. Like him, they dress in long brown mantles, they neither smoke nor drink, believing the Prophet to be free from these practices, and curiously enough, believing him also to have no musical attainments, sing all their services in monotone. For hundreds of years they existed as a School of the Prophets; at Pentecost, however, some of their number being up at Jerusalem, they embraced Christianity. In the Middle Ages, besieged by the Turks, their sufferings were terrible, and for over a hundred years they had to live in caves in the face of the cliffs, their provisions being let down by ropes. When their monastery was restored, it was rebuilt like a fortress, and surrounded by a high stone wall. From this tradition it may be imagined what a lofty standpoint the Carmelites occupy who, though nominally belonging to the Church of Rome, look down upon such mushroom orders as the Franciscans, Dominicans, etc., with contempt. Under the modern rule, a Monk is only allowed to spend one year of his life on Mount Carmel: whatever their rank in the outer world, there is no distinction here. The one who waited on us and did out our rooms was a most charming man, and had just come from a high position in Dublin; where he had been engaged in a Temperance Crusade. I asked if we could see the monks' rooms, and was told that we could, but that no lady was admitted under the rank of a princess. Unfortunately this did not include any of our party. However, I went up into the principal monk's room and found he was writing the Life of St. Theresa, having just returned from Ireland. I noticed in his little library, to my surprise, Charles Spurgeon's *Treasury of David*, and pointed it out

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to him. "Yes," he said, "it is a very interesting book, but rather shallow." These monks conform to the Prophet Elijah in every way except prophesying.

From the edge of the cliff one looks down over the great sea, and in the strip of green at one's foot is seen the great nunnery of the Carmelite Sisters, who, in direct opposition to the active lives of the Carmelite monks, never leave the enclosure in which eventually they are buried. Their religious work consists of prayer for the Carmelite Order scattered throughout the world.

XXVII

PALESTINE IN LONDON

SOON after this, I returned to Westbourne Terrace, and it was not long before I became actively engaged in the exciting work of reproducing Palestine life and customs in the Agricultural Hall in London. This undertaking, which lasted three weeks, was a perfect marvel of success. Several times the doors had to be closed by the police, the hall being over-crowded to a dangerous extent, which I was told was unparalleled in its history. Never at any Royal Tournament or Cattle Show had so many people been admitted within its walls; and in spite of our entirely exceptional expenses, which included turning part of the hall into a ploughed field, with yokes of oxen ploughing in it, the hire, at great cost, of a string of camels, and the heavy indemnifications of the caterer for the non-sale of alcoholic drinks, we were enabled to hand over to Sir John Kennaway a cheque for £12,000, representing the net profits of three weeks. Not one penny was spent in advertising anywhere, but the knowledge of it spread so fast that trains of thousands of excursionists came from seaside resorts.

The exhibition was opened by the Bishop of London, to whom I strongly urged that inasmuch as the Bible was an eastern book, no clergy should be allowed to preach who had not spent at least three months in Palestine. "An admirable suggestion," he said, "which shall at once be adopted. Of course you will bear the expense." To me the most affecting exhibit was an exact model of a carpenter's house in Nazareth, which helped me to realise the surroundings in which Christ lived when on earth. There was also a full sized model of a synagogue; also of Pilate's Judgment

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Hall with a replica of his judgment seat, made by Maple and Co., from an old print in the British Museum. In the gallery one day I found a perplexed damsel, who was in charge of the Bible plants and animals, almost in tears. Opposite to her was a very determined man, who having found in one of the Minor Prophets an animal called a "Pygarg", fiercely demanded to be shown it, declaring that he had paid his money at the entrance for this purpose! There was an enormous raised map of Palestine, a very realistic market place, the new tomb, Jacob's Well, two large lecture halls in both of which crowded costume and other lectures by distinguished authorities succeeded one another without a break from morning to night. Besides the camels and the oxen, there were splendid donkeys to be had. There were lectures all day in a large Bedouin tent, and processions with Eastern songs and instruments, marching up and down the street. A full-sized model of the Tabernacle was erected (we believe for the first time in history), which proved an object of great interest to the Jews in London, and they sent a deputation specially requesting that no foot should be allowed to enter the Holy of Holies, which we granted and rigidly observed.

Many girls from the east end came with pockets full of silver which they spent entirely on sixpenny camel rides. It was an instructive sight to see a queue of people, four abreast, reaching the whole length of the Agricultural Hall, patiently waiting their turn to enter the Tabernacle enclosure, for which a special fee was charged, to hear a lecture by a learned lady on the Jewish burnt offerings. They were by no means pious old ladies, but gay young men and their sweethearts of all classes. £1,500 was cleared by the Tabernacle alone; but I must not say more about this unique exhibition save only that I have never seen London so keenly interested, and evidently enjoying herself, in such a manner, as during the three weeks "Palestine" was open.

XXVIII

HOME AND TEMPERANCE STORIES

I HAD a large Spanish mastiff at this time almost as big as a small donkey, but as gentle as a lamb. I found, however, my practice amongst elderly patients steadily declining; for "Chica" (the little one) strolled about the waiting room trying to make love to the old ladies. Expecting to be devoured, they sat perfectly still, but never came again. No explanations availed, and I was obliged to get rid of "Chica".

I had a patient at Bushey at this time, and one day dined with Professor Herkomer, who had a remarkable villa there, built by various members of his own family entirely in the German way. All the ironwork, which was very beautiful, was made by his brother. The frieze consisted of gigantic females, painted by Herkomer, apparently sitting on the edge of the cornice with their legs dangling down the walls.

With regard to alcohol, my own habits were strictly temperate, though I was not a teetotaller; and I used to speak a good deal on the physiological and psychological effects of alcohol. My mother was a strict teetotaller, and yet I regret to say that hers was the only drawing-room I could not walk across. She gave me at lunch some very old elder wine which evidently had fermented and was equal to a strong liqueur. It seemed to me a very good temperance beverage; so I asked her to send me six bottles. I drank three or four glasses at lunch, but in the drawing-room to my horror I found it impossible to walk steadily. I fear it is possible that my mother's was not the only alcoholic temperance drink. But I had further trouble in the Temperance Cause, for there happened to be a man called A.

Home and Temperance Stories

Schofield, who in some American town had been made M.D. and was a temperance lecturer in the west end. He was a small, under-sized man, and yet to my intense disgust more than one of my patients declared they had heard me give a delightful temperance lecture, which was really given by my double.

The trouble came to a climax when we were temporarily living at Woolwich; for my son, who was a Cadet at the Shop, arrived one morning with *The Morning Post* in a state of great indignation, and showed us the following advertisement in the agony column: "I, A. Schofield, M.D., will no longer be responsible for the debts of my wife."

"Well, Dad," he said, "if you can't pay all mother's debts, you've no need to advertise it in *The Morning Post*. I've been ragged to-day all over the Shop."

"My dear Sidney," I said, "it is not I who put that notice in, it must be that temperance rascal in London."

So I wrote at once to the lecturer and told him I would not stand it any longer—such a double was a perfect nuisance, and England was too small for the two of us; so I suggested we should go to Ostend, and settle our differences on the sands. I enclosed the advertisement. A letter came back saying that the advertisement was not his, that his wife and himself had been greatly distressed by it, and suggested that we should join forces and hunt the rascal down. But we never found him.

One more temperance story, and I have done. The Greers were a very hospitable family who lived on the north side of Regent's Park in a beautiful home called Grove Lodge. Being invited to lunch one day, I found myself one of a large party amongst whom were several of my friends. Sitting next to me at the table was a well known man, generally called "Long Grubb" because his brother was rather short. The party seemed to be very gay, champagne and other wines being handed freely round, to say nothing of stout and beer. No one but myself appeared to take water. For a time I steadily refused all the butler brought round. At last he came with a bottle of claret, so to satisfy him I said

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"All right, you can pour me out a glass." Hardly had I done so than I saw Grubb's eyes fixed upon it.

"What's the matter?" I said, "is the wine bad?"

"No," he said, "it isn't that, but I *am* surprised at you."

"What's the matter?" I said, in some indignation.

"Why," he said, "that's claret you've got."

"Well," I said, "what if it is? You are drinking champagne, and the next man has a glass of stout, and there is not a water drink to be seen."

"Oh," he said, "don't you understand? These are all temperance drinks; you're the only drunkard at the table! Didn't you know this luncheon was given to try some new teetotal beverages?"

"I did not," I replied, "and I drink my claret with a clear conscience."

XXIX

MY FIRST BALL

I AM no dancer, but my first ball in London was rather out of the common. I received a card one day from the daughter of one of our tobacco millionaires, who lived in a Palace at the West End, saying Lady —— was at home on a certain evening, and in the corner the single word “music”. As it was the occasion of the daughter’s coming of age, and I had known her from a child, I determined to go. When the hall door was thrown open, I found a row of powdered flunkeys ready to take my hat, etc., and was ushered into the large drawing-room, with its floor polished like glass and the Blue Hungarian band all ready in an alcove. My young friend and her brother saw my amazement, and explained with some difficulty that their parents had given them *carte blanche* for this one occasion, of which they had taken full advantage. Hence the arrangements which I knew were very far from the views of their very Evangelical parents. Just then Sir —— came up, and greeted me with the words: “Do you see what my children have done? Did you ever hear of such cheek in your life? But come here to the window—it is just like Cremorne.” I went, and there was the garden covered with innumerable fairy lights, spelling out the heroine’s name in a gay device. On the lawn was a large ball supper-tent.

“Isn’t it awful?” said Sir —— at my elbow, “we’ve never had such a thing here in our lives.”

“Where is Lady ——?” I said.

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“She is sitting in the hall under the stairs, and does not know what to do.”

Just then the doors were opened, and in walked Archdeacon Sinclair. When he saw the band he stopped short, like a terrier when it spies a rat.

“What does this mean?” he said, in a deep bass voice, as the baronet came up to shake hands.

“It’s only a dance,” I interposed, “given in honour of K.’s twenty-first birthday.”

“Dance!” he said in a towering rage, looking at his card, “I call it perfectly disgraceful!”

The fact was that he had just been engaged in a hot controversy with Marie Corelli, in which she declared that all the London clergy spent their time at card parties and in ball rooms; which was strenuously contradicted by the Archdeacon, hence his wrath. The doors opened again, and in came two well known sisters of a very Evangelical peer. They stared in amazement at the room. Feeling rather wicked, while Sir ——— was soothing the Archdeacon, I greeted them effusively, and asked if I might have the first dance with one of them.

“Dance! Dance!” they said, very much like the Archdeacon, “I *am* surprised at Lady ——— allowing such a thing.”

“It’s only the children,” I said, “and we are going to have an indignation meeting in the garden.” So I led them out with the Archdeacon to the coloured lights and seated them comfortably, several other non-dancers soon joining us. And while the ball was going on, we there discussed a subject of extreme interest to the Archdeacon—whether girls under thirty should be employed as barmaids.”

I noticed Dr. Sinclair’s attention soon became fixed on the supper-tent.

“Do you think we might go in and have some supper?” he said timidly.

“Certainly not!” I replied; “That’s for the dancers.”

However, he became so hungry that I had to relent.

My First Ball

After supper I returned to the ball-room, and there met a well known Christian friend who was high on the staff of our leading evening newspaper. I asked her very severely what she had been doing. She replied: "Dancing."

"How dare you?" I said. "Now you shall do penance. You shall meet me at Torrey's Gospel Tent in the Strand to-morrow night at 7.0."

"I will," she said. She did, and I placed her upon the platform between the Japanese Ambassador and the evangelical peer I've already alluded to. The discourse was as monotonous as a gramophone, and my friend reported in her newspaper next day that she did not feel a thrill; but when she saw rows of seats cleared for inquirers, and hundreds of strong men pressing forward to take their places, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she was deeply affected by the unseen power that was so strongly felt.

Shortly after I was at an evening party, and the first lady who came up to me was my friend. She said: "Come and sit here, a most extraordinary thing has happened to me. I was greatly affected the other night after that tent service when I went up to my room, and I said to myself—'You're a pretty rotten Christian, it's time you made a change.' So I got my Bible and read a book right through. I then knelt down to pray that I might be of some good to somebody. But all the time there sounded in my ears the word 'Horn, Horn, Horn,' and I went to sleep at last to the same sound. Next morning at the office I sent for a clerk, and asked him if he knew anything about 'Horn,'—was it the name of a man or some new instrument? Would he find out. He came back and said the only 'Horn' he could find was spelt with an 'e' and was Sylvester Horne, the pastor of Whitfield's Church in the Tottenham Court Road. So I wrote to him and told him that when I was praying the night before, his name was continually sounding in my ears. 'Was there any Christian work I could do for him?' He wrote back saying that mine was 'the most remarkable letter he'd ever received.' He and his Deacons had been in earnest

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prayer for weeks for someone to teach a large class of young ladies from Maple's and Shoolbred's, for whom they could find no one. "Of course," said my friend, "I at once volunteered, and so I hope we've got some real good out of Kathleen's ball."

XXX

MR. STEAD AND OTHERS

AMONGST minor matters I may mention my extreme fondness for pure vocal harmony. I was a member for over twenty years of the two leading Glee Clubs in London.

My wife, about this time, thinking that she would like to go into some active trade, was installed by me with a friend in a laundry; which I bought for them on account of its having its own spring of pure water. My wife soon got tired of the work, but the other lady persevered, until now it has become a very large affair and perhaps the first laundry in London, and is managed solely by herself.

The Bishop of London's garden parties at Fulham Palace were a great interest to me, not only on account of the numerous friends one met, but because of the beautiful gardens, where I saw for the first time absolutely black pansies, like pieces of crape, without the slightest trace of purple.

About this time Mr. Stead came to lunch one day—to speak about a wonderful book he was bringing out about the London life and adventures of a Mrs. Morris, a young friend of his. He appeared in a cloth cap, a frock coat, carpet slippers, and generally a very nondescript and easy costume; and immediately after lunch lay down on the sofa, whence he discoursed to us. His descriptions of Chicago, however, became so lurid that the servants and my wife both left the room. He then explained to me the details of this remarkable book which was to be published

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simultaneously in the various capitals of the world. He called on me because I'd been instrumental in helping Mrs. Morris when in great trouble. I told him that her tales were perfectly true, and he went away satisfied. But his book was never published.

Mrs. Morris was one of the most extraordinary women I ever met. She came to me one night, saying Mr. William Whiteley was prosecuting her the next day for stealing some boots. She then gave me her history. It appears that her parents (who afterwards were found not to be her parents) married her in South Africa to a young doctor, but she left him after the service at the church door, and had never seen him since. She ran away to London, and in trying to get a living, met with all the adventures that Mr. Stead had put in his book. Her supposed parents eventually found her, and she lived with them in Bayswater. She was subject to fits, and declared she was quite unconscious of having stolen the boots. So I attended the Police Court the next day and got her off, and ever after I was "the good Doctor."

She wrote for Mr. Stead all those penny abridgments of *Robinson Crusoe* and other works that were on the book-stalls at the time. One day Mr. Stead, in a church at Wimbledon, saw her come in, walk up the aisle, and sit down near the pulpit. He noticed that she had a hymn book, and also that she put no money in the collection. He followed her out of church to ask her to lunch, but she had disappeared and he gave up the search. Next day he called in Talbot Road and told her mother, who opened the door, about her visit to Wimbledon. Her mother said it was impossible, for she had been two days in bed with a bad cold, and she called the doctor down, who was upstairs, to prove her words. Mr. Stead was greatly perplexed, and put the whole matter into the hands of Mr. Frank Podmore, one of the heads of the Society of Psychical Research, who eventually sent Mr. Stead the following feeble conclusion: "That inasmuch as a person could not be in two places at the same time, there must be some mistake somewhere." Soon after this, having a great skill in designing, Mrs. Morris was employed by Liberty's

Mr. Stead and Others

and by Maples' in designing dresses and cretonnes, and soon had about twenty girls working under her. She was a conspicuous figure in Bayswater, always wearing a large black picture hat, but eventually she threw herself out of a window from the third story. I have never discovered who she really was.

XXXI

A STRANGE NIGHT CALL

I GOT a good many night calls at this time, and some I remember very well.

About three o'clock one morning, the night-bell rang furiously, and, hastily putting on an ulster, I ran down and opened the side door. In rushed an enormous man with a long red beard, gasping out "Oh, my God! oh, my God! give me a chair!"

I produced one, upon which he sat and continued his exclamations.

"Who are you?" I said, "and what do you want?"

"What?" he said, "don't you know me? I'm Doctor Moss. I've just come home."

Now Mrs. Moss was a very distinguished woman, and a great friend of Mrs. Schofield's. She was a Teacher of Mathematics, and got high fees in all the Girls' Schools and Colleges round. We understood her husband was away travelling.

"Well?" I said, "and what's the matter?"

"Matter!" he said, "Oh, my God! oh, my God! I came home to-night, about 6 o'clock, and found the table covered with examination papers; and my poor wife worked up to 10 o'clock correcting them. She went to bed worn out, and looked very ill. I awoke in the night, and touching her hand, found it as cold as ice. She was dead! Oh, my God! oh, my God! That wonderful woman! She was everything to me!"

"How did she die so suddenly?" I asked.

"Oh, it was her heart from which she had suffered for years. But what am I to do? I don't know where to bury her,"

A Strange Night Call

"Oh," I said, "go to William Whiteley; but you'll want a certificate."

"That's the only part I can manage," he said, "but I came home without a penny. My wife had all the money and I don't know where she keeps it."

"If that's all," I replied, "I can lend you some to go on with," and I gave him several pounds, and told him to be sure to let me know the day of the funeral and I would send the carriage. When he'd gone, I told my wife of the death of her great friend. The Monday following at 6 a.m. the night-bell pealed again, and down I went, and in rushed the great big man with the red beard, dripping with rain, and gasping out, "Oh, my God! Oh my God! have you got a chair?"

When he was seated, he groaned heavily, and seemed in great distress.

"Well," I said, "how have you got on?"

"Ah!" he replied, "it's easy for you to talk like that—you haven't lost the greatest angel on earth. What I shall do I know not."

"When is the funeral?" I asked.

"To-morrow at 3," he said. "It's all arranged, and I gave Whiteley your money. Have you got a few shillings you can lend me for this cab?"

So I gave him thirty shillings and away he went. Deeply suspicious, I went upstairs and said: "I believe Dr. Moss has killed his wife. I wonder if you would mind going to the house to-morrow morning, and ask to see the body before the coffin is closed; and if you see any blue marks round her neck, I'll stop the funeral." Being very strong-minded, I knew my wife would not object.

I ordered the carriage with crape on the horses and whip for 3 o'clock. The next day at 11 in the morning, Mrs. Schofield knocked at the door of the house, and asked if she could possibly see Mrs. Moss. The girl said she would ask, and showed her into the drawing-room.

A little rain was falling, and my wife was standing at the window when the door slowly and softly opened, and the dead woman walked into the room.

Behind the Brass Plate

My wife, hardly knowing what to say, stammered, "I called to see you, dear, hearing you were not very well."

"I'm so glad you did," replied the corpse, "I've had a slight cold." Then seeing my wife's troubled face, she said: "Have you seen my husband?"

"No."

"Has Dr. Schofield seen him?"

"Yes."

"Has he borrowed any money from him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my God! that's what he's always doing!"

"I think you should know," said my wife, "that our carriage is coming for your funeral at 3 o'clock!"

However, at four o'clock that afternoon I faced the wretched man and his wife, who were at tea, and found he was a confirmed drunkard; and not only had he spent all my money, but had actually called at a milkman's on the second morning, and borrowed ten shillings there for his cab.

I made him leave the country at once on pain of prosecution, and shortly after received a letter from the West Indies asking if I would lend him some diagrams, as he was lecturing on health! I think I ought to add that this story, in common with all others, however incredible, is strictly true, and just as it happened.

XXXII

A FUNNY STORY

As I have already said in my earlier stories, I am a Lancashire man, and am very fond of the dry humour of the north.

There was a very famous Canon Bardsley at this time in Manchester who, as the result of illness, was afflicted with a most extraordinary red bulbous nose. Going in a third-class carriage one day to lecture at Bacup, he found himself sitting opposite to an ill-favoured working man, who remarked it was a nice day, and then asked how far the Canon was going.

"To Bacup," was the reply.

"Ah'm goin' as fur as that," said the man, "but ah wish you could come on to th' next station."

"What for?" said the Canon.

"Well, my wife will be there. I do want you to see my wife."

"But I tell you that I am lecturing at Bacup."

"Eh, I wish you could come on," persisted the man.

"But what's all this about?" said the Canon, roused to curiosity.

"Well, Maester, it's just this. My wife says that I'm the ugliest man that God Almighty ever made, but eh! *I wish she could see thee!*"

XXXIII

NORTHCLIFFE AND "THE DAILY MAIL."

AT one time a friend of mine was assistant Commissioner of the Police at Scotland Yard. He saw one day an irreverent use of a Bible text in *The Daily Mail* and, being an earnest Christian, he sent round a polite note to Lord Northcliffe to ask him to call, which he promptly did. Then Sir —— told him of what he had seen, and said that he had always noted the high tone of Lord Northcliffe's press, and hoped he should not have to change his opinion.

Lord Northcliffe protested entire ignorance, and implied that *The Daily Mail* was a paper he seldom read, and, after apologising, turned round at the door and said:

"I'm very glad it was you, Sir ——, who read that, and not my Mother. She'd have been down at the office in a cab, with a thick stick and, old as I am, would have beaten me severely."

This was not my only acquaintance with *The Daily Mail*, which a little later reviewed my book on *The Mental Factor in Medicine* in such an admirable way in a column and a half that I determined to lay out some money to try and benefit the members of my own profession, who at that time were utterly ignorant of the "power of the mind in medicine." I therefore ordered thirty thousand copies of *The Daily Mail*, but they were not to be had. As I was determined to get them, they started the presses again, and sent my order up in a large two horse van. I put small tables all over my drawing-room, and engaged an evening staff from Whiteley's to mark, fold, and address the papers to every Doctor in the Kingdom. It was a tremendous task and I often regretted having undertaken it; though eventually it was satisfactorily done.

XXXIV

STORIES OF WESTBOURNE TERRACE

I WAS living at this time in a very tall house in Westbourne Terrace at the corner of Bishop's Road, and was busy writing when my house was struck by lightning, and I was quite unaware of the damage until I saw a great crowd in Bishop's Road. I found the whole of the street was blocked by the fall of my entire stack of chimneys. In the kitchen the lightning ran all round the walls, tearing off the paper and leaving a deep furrow, no one, however, being injured.

Shortly afterwards I had another shock. One night I watched to my surprise the fire engines driving up one after another and stopping in front of my house, against which the scaling ladders were being applied, and by the time I got downstairs a great helmeted fireman was looking in at the cook's attic window. She was having a bath, and it appears had lighted a large fire in the room to dry herself; and this had caused such a ruddy glow on the ceiling that word was sent round that my house was "alight." A little "baksheesh" promptly settled the matter.

A very devout friend of mine, becoming anxious about his son—who, having kicked over the traces, spent his time playing the banjo in public houses—sent to know if I would take him into my house while he pursued his studies at St. Mary's Hospital. I said I would, and determined on an original mode of cure.

He arrived with a very defiant air, determined to stand no "pi-jaw", which we were equally determined not to give him. We never asked after his soul, nor sang any hymns, nor asked him to prayers; but after dinner inquired about

Behind the Brass Plate

his performances on the banjo, and hoped he had brought it with him.

He was staggered, but eventually fetched it down and very timidly gave us an admirable imitation of church bells which he thought would please such a pious family. This we welcomed so uproariously that eventually he gave us one or two "coon" songs. It was not, however, until the next night that he gave us his masterpiece—"Mrs. Gubbins' Parlour Boarders"—and he was petrified at our deafening applause. Even on Sunday we let him go where he liked, and displayed the greatest indifference about his soul. This he began to resent, and at last became anxious about it himself; and to make a long story short, became an entirely reformed character. He married a Christian lady in his own rank, and is now a prosperous physician.

Whenever I wanted money for any charitable purpose, I had only to drive to St. Paul's Churchyard and enter the offices of Mr. Thomas Stone, a most remarkable philanthropist. He was almost a millionaire, and lived in a small house at Blackheath. He was in his office at nine every morning—not, like everyone else, for the purpose of making money, but for giving it away. Every week so many hundreds in cash were placed in his safe, which had to be emptied by Saturday, cheques being used for his larger charities. Every case was strictly inquired into and no impostors allowed. At one o'clock every day he had a chop in an eating-house, and then went to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which he was a Governor, and to which he had given a Convalescent Home. He was the only man besides the chaplain who was allowed to sit in the wards and talk to the patients, and he and his large Bible were well known all through the building.

One afternoon, sitting by the bedside of a poor widow, he heard such a wonderful story of what Barnardo had done for her children, that next morning he sent him a cheque for £5,000.

I was such an old friend that I had only to ask for as many pounds as I wished. His son, who has lately died, followed closely in his father's steps.

Stories of Westbourne Terrace

The brother of Professor Gamgee was another remarkable friend of mine, who was always driving up in a hansom cab, having just returned from Berlin or elsewhere, where the Kaiser or someone else had taken up a new invention of his, by which he would realise a fortune; meanwhile "could I lend him ten shillings?" I regret to say he induced me to pay for a few shares in one of his companies, after having given me hundreds in some of his others. I don't think the lot were worth a shilling.

XXXV

SOME PUBLIC MEN

I DID not know many public men intimately, but the following stories respecting one or two are, I think, new.

Beerbohm Tree was walking down Piccadilly one day when he met a friend, evidently in deep despair, some of whose plays he had produced.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Tree. "You look awful."

"So would you," rejoined his friend, "if you were in my shoes."

"Why, what's up?" asked Tree.

"I had just finished a new play for you, and left it in my study to get my hat, when my little grandson who was playing in the room took it up and threw it into the fire, and I have no copy."

"Why, I didn't know he could read," said Tree.

Toole at this time lived in a detached house in Maida Vale with a nice little garden behind. One day, having invited some French savants to lunch, he determined on a little joke, and going off to Covent Garden, bought the finest fruits of all sorts that he could obtain—peaches, pears, plums of every kind. He carefully tied these on to various dwarf bushes in his garden. After lunch he took his French friends out to smoke; and as they strolled up and down, one of them excitedly exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu! Regardez là!*" pointing to a magnificent peach hanging two inches from the ground. They called Toole's languid attention to it in great excitement.

"*Ah, oui!*" said Toole, "we always grow them like that in England."

Some Public Men

As they passed along, pears, plums, nectarines, and apricots met their astounded eyes, while their untranslatable exclamations filled the air, Toole quietly but mendaciously explaining the principles of English fruit growing. He said he found it much more economical than having large trees.

Another amusing story came to me from a well-known Archdeacon. He received an invitation for a week end from the Marquis of Exeter, which but for his wife he would have refused, as he had no new clothes. She, however, managed to press an old suit into shape, but the waistcoat proved far too small for his portly figure, which had mostly "gone before". His wife was equal to the occasion, and let in a large V-shaped piece behind, unfortunately of a different colour, assuring him it would never be seen. The Archdeacon was not so sure, but still he went.

He passed through the dinner all right, and retired to his room in triumph. Here, however, a dreadful thought struck him—one of those supercilious flunkeys would surely carry off his clothes in the morning to brush them, and the wretched waistcoat would become the joke of the servants' hall. He seized the offending garment and eventually found a hiding place by flinging it on the top of the wardrobe. Early next morning the footman came up with his morning tea; but the Archdeacon was fast asleep. After taking up the cleric's clothes and looking in vain for the waistcoat, he left the room, and the Archdeacon breathed a sigh of relief. But again the door opened and again the footman found the guest peacefully sleeping. He crawled under the bed, and looked everywhere he could think of, and went out once more, to the Archdeacon's delight. But all was not over. The reverend doctor had hardly drunk his tea, when again the door softly opened, and the butler appeared, determined to find the waistcoat. But again the visitor was fast asleep. His portmanteau and every drawer were opened in vain, and the vanquished butler had to beat a retreat. The Archdeacon jumped out of bed and locked the door, and then tiptoed on a chair and with great difficulty retrieved his waistcoat.

Behind the Brass Plate

As he came down to breakfast after his adventures, he had to walk between all the servants, lined up in the hall, waiting for prayers. As he passed the men, the unfortunate Arch-deacon saw the butler nudge the footman, and heard him say in a hoarse whisper: "He sleeps in it."

XXXVI

AN ADVENTURE AT HULL

A VERY similar adventure occurred to me, when called down to Hull to lecture at the Philosophical Institute on "The Unconscious Mind."

At Hull they take lectures very seriously, and attend in large numbers in full evening dress. I was to be the guest of the chairman, an Admiral of renown, and drove up to his house. A sad-looking parlour-maid opened the door and, before I entered, told me in a low voice that the poor Admiral had just lost his wife.

I was for driving off at once to the hotel, but she said the Admiral would not hear of it, and was still determined to be my chairman. So I was softly shown upstairs, past a closed door, where the maid said the Admiral was sitting in great grief. In a state of awe I crept up the stairs, and she shut me in my room to change.

When I unpacked, I discovered to my horror that there was no dress waistcoat. I did not know what to do, for I could not appeal to the Admiral when he was in such grief. My only chance was the parlour-maid whom I always call "Mary." Alas! there was no bell in my room, so I softly opened the door and kept whispering "Mary" on the landing, but no one came. I then crept down the stairs, saying "Mary" all the time, and then I saw the closed door behind which the Admiral was in great grief. My heart was in my mouth, as I stepped past it, in my stockings, as light as thistle-down.

I softly opened one of the doors and found myself in the butler's pantry. The next door was the kitchen, where I caused a great sensation standing like a ghost in the door-

Behind the Brass Plate

way and softly calling, "Mary." She followed me upstairs and I fervently besought her for an old dress waistcoat of the Admiral's for one night only. To my dismay she told me that he always wore his uniform at night, but, moved by my deep distress, thought there was an old dress suit of his early days.

She returned with the waistcoat, and I at length dressed, with a waist like a wasp, in a state of most painful compression, and seated myself cautiously at dinner, where the Admiral in silent grief presided. "No soup, thanks," I said, almost breathless, but ventured to try a little fish. Although I ate very little, I was getting distinctly tighter, and reached the Lecture Hall in a very precarious condition.

When, however, I warmed to my theme, all else was forgotten, until I was recalled to earth by loud ripping sounds, and saw the waistcoat hanging in front of me, some inches from the body. I persevered manfully and received much applause, but I have never been to Hull since.

XXXVII

STORIES OF BISHOPS

I HAVE always had something of a weakness for Bishops, and greatly admired Westcott. One day, as he was walking peacefully down the main street of Bishop Auckland, he was suddenly stopped by a hot Gospeller, who, greatly daring, asked him if he was saved. To his amazement, instead of being devoured on the spot, the Bishop leaned comfortably on his stick, and with a pleasant smile said: "That is a most interesting question. But do you mean 'sōsthetai' or 'sesōsmenos'? for there is a great difference." The man fled for his life.

A Dean who was at Oxford with him told me that Westcott was explaining a difficult point in one of his lectures to a number of undergraduates, when one of them exclaimed: "Oh, thank you, sir, you've made everything perfectly clear." "Oh! not quite that surely," said Westcott. After his death, with some difficulty Bishop Moule was appointed; though several of the Council thought he was hardly a great enough scholar to succeed Westcott. One man indeed went so far as to point out it took a good many moles to make a waistcoat.

I was staying later at Auckland Castle and Bishop Moule took me to see Durham Cathedral. I there saw in a high tower a most wonderful sight—the actual revolution of the earth. From the top of the circular tower hung a single steel pianoforte wire, with a ten pound weight suspended at the bottom, forming a gigantic pendulum. A circular staircase went round the walls, and the weight was tied up against it by a bit of worsted. Standing on the stair-case and cutting the worsted, the weight swung right across to the other side, and backwards and forwards like a

Behind the Brass Plate

pendulum. Instead of, however, returning to our feet, it gradually went to one side more and more each time it returned. The solution of the problem was that we were actually seeing the movement of the earth; for while the pendulum was really swinging in the same straight line, we, and the staircase, and England and the world were slowly turning round it. It was a most awe-inspiring sight.

When at breakfast next morning at Auckland Castle, an event almost equally extraordinary took place. There were about a dozen at table, the Bishop at one end and Mrs. Westcott at the other, pouring out coffee. I was near her, quietly eating ham and eggs, when she launched a thunderbolt at my head.

"Dr. Schofield," she said, before the whole party, holding the coffee pot in her hand, "can you tell me why my thoughts wander so much at private prayer?"

I glanced at the Bishop, and, taking the bull by the horns, replied: "I suppose it's because you don't think of what you are saying."

"But why don't I?" said the lady, "I try to."

"There are probably three reasons," I replied. "Most likely you say your prayers in the same place and at the same time and in similar words. Under these circumstances, it is very difficult to be fully conscious, and the thoughts wander."

"But my room is not big enough," she said, "to say them in a different place each morning."

"Ah," said the Bishop, greatly interested, "I get out of the difficulty by saying mine all about the garden."

"Well," I said, "Mrs. Westcott has started a real difficulty. Only last week a clergyman came to me and declared he was going out of his mind. The Sunday before, when reading the Litany, he turned over two pages by mistake, and only noticed it when he came to the end too soon. Greatly shocked, he continued the service with difficulty, and when it was over, said to the curate, 'wasn't it awful?'"

"What?' was the reply.

"Why I left out a great part of the Litany."

Stories of Bishops

“‘I did not notice it,’ said the Curate, but I’ll call the Churchwardens.’ ‘And then,’ said the clergyman, ‘from what they said and other testimony, it was proved that I had read the whole Litany. I must be going mad!’

“‘Not at all,’ I said, ‘we often say grace unconsciously and then want to say it again.’”

“But doesn’t this tell against our Church of England services?” said the Bishop gravely.

“I’m afraid it does,” I said, “for it is with great difficulty that words often repeated are done so in full consciousness and purpose.”

The situation was growing tense, but the Bishop’s Chaplain, sitting next to me, came to the rescue.

“Don’t you think, Dr. Schofield, that if we say the same thing a hundred times, we may see something in it the last time that we never saw before?”

“Of course,” I replied with relief, and the subject dropped.

XXXVIII

DR. KIDD AND PREBENDARY CARLILE

DR. KIDD, Lord Beaconsfield's well known homeopathic physician, was an old friend of mine. He lived at Kidbrook Park, Blackheath, and at eighty years of age, with his snow-white hair and his active habits, was a remarkable figure. His eyesight was extraordinary, for he could then read several words of a Testament the size of a postage stamp. He took a small glass of champagne at each meal, and his prolonged life was due to the anxious care of his beautiful young second wife, and his somewhat aged family. The whole scene strongly recalled Maxwell's remarkable story of *The Guarded Flame*.

At this period, Prebendary Carlile, of the Church Army, was rising into fame, and his beautiful church of St. Mary-at-Hill, containing some of Grinling Gibbons's best work, was a wonderful sight on Sunday evenings, which I used often to take country cousins to see. The church was near Billingsgate, and the proceedings commenced with a procession to all the slums and public houses near, which attracted numbers into the church, the centre of which was strictly reserved for two hundred men of the lowest type. There was a large choir of ladies in college caps, there was a brass band, a huge organ, a piano near the pulpit, and a large gramophone. A sheet hung in the middle of the Church for a magic lantern, while the pulpit was occupied by the Prebendary with a silver trombone, two or three women, and perhaps one or two boys. After a grand procession round the church by the clergy, the brass band, and the choir, a series of imposing pictures was thrown upon the sheet, followed by the whole church service in proper order in

Prebendary Carlile

successive slides. A lady perhaps then obliged with a sacred song at the piano, or a gramophone might give us in nasal tones a short sermon by the Bishop of London, Mr. Carlile giving an accompaniment when needed with his trombone. His own remarkable sermon then followed on some topic of the day—the Boat Race, the Derby, or some recent murder. Seeing an M.P. in the congregation, he would ask him to rise and give his Christian experience. He spied me more than once in my pew, and asked me to rise and give the audience some of my death-bed experiences. I regretted I could not oblige him as my patients seldom died.

The collection was then announced, and Carlile said, “You men in the middle needn’t look so glum, for my Churchwardens are coming round to give you buttons. Put as many as you can into the plate, for I get a penny for every twelve.

After the service a certain number of the men were washed in large empty wine bins, lined with lead, in the church-house adjoining. They were then given a good supper, one of our Royal Princesses being frequently present.

This was certainly one of the wonders of London. Another, which some of my readers may remember, was the Miracle Play enacted in the vast arena of Olympia, the whole of which was changed into a cathedral, and a large statue of the Virgin was displayed, which performed the most wonderful miracles, to the amazement of most and the scandal of a few.

XXXIII

STORIES OF FRIENDS

I HAD a friend in Nottinghamshire, called Colonel Ward. He was a remarkable old warrior, and the owner of great collieries. When measles was raging in the village, he offered half-a-crown to whichever of his six boys could catch it first. They tore off to the most infected cottages, and soon became sneezing and spotty. So he shut them all up in an attic, very proud of having got rid of the nuisance so quickly—such was the darkness of those days. A great diversion at Debdale Hall, where this occurred, was, when there was a new footman, to have tea in the maze, where there was a table and some very comfortable chairs. Sitting there, we watched the perplexed young man with his tray wandering round and round in despair. Of course there was a cosy on the tea-pot. All the family were absurdly small eaters, and when staying with the daughters, at their cottage, I have actually had to get out of the window of my ground floor bedroom in the night, and knock up the baker in the village, being absolutely starving. The exasperating point was that they had a large number of cats and pigs which were fed to excess before our eyes.

Lady Macpherson Grant was one of my earnest workers in hygiene, and when staying with her in the Highlands at Ballindalloch Castle (well known to our late King), she and Sir George erected a large tent on the lawn and actually built a wooden bridge across the Spey that everyone in the neighbourhood might hear my discourse on preventible disease.

Stories of Friends

My friends at Carstairs House, near the well-known Scotch Junction, invited me there, and I had the pleasure of riding to the house in a perfect toy railway, which started behind the station and ran some six miles through the grounds. There was a beautiful little engine, two little carriages, and a van for luggage. When the train arrived near the house there was a branch line, leading to the lower regions and coal cellars, while the main line swept up to the front door, where we arrived in state. My host told me that some predecessors of ours were not so fortunate. It was a party of distinguished savants from Edinburgh, and, the points being wrong, they were all landed at the coal cellars.

My host was a great authority on the "fourth dimension," in which I was much interested, and wrote a book about it: and we had some very learned, if inconclusive conversations. In a lighter vein, he told us a good many old chestnuts which I venture to recall, as after all some chestnuts are not bad eating, if there are not too many of them.

This story of my host's was about a lady in Florence who, entertaining two English cavalry officers at dinner, and finding them more at home with their knives and forks than with their tongues, and remembering the recent discovery of some of the artist's works, asked one of them if he cared for Botticelli. He looked at his friend, and then at the ceiling for inspiration, and then at his plate, and at last said he thought he preferred Chianti. His companion scowled and the conversation dropped. Later, as they were going home, he turned on the unfortunate man in a fury, and asked him what sort of an ass he called himself?

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Didn't you hear Lady—ask if you cared for Botticelli?"

"Course I did. Do you think I'm deaf?" said the mystified man.

"And you said you preferred Chianti!"

"So I do," replied the victim stubbornly.

Behind the Brass Plate

"Why you ass! you ought to be in the nursery—last time I take *you* out to dinner; Botticelli is not a wine."

"What is it then?"

"Why, it's a sort of cheese."

To come back to truth. It was my privilege to know the owners of Noseley Hall, in Leicestershire. The present owner was then a boy, and is now Sir Arthur Hazlerigg. I saw there the list of the Council that condemned Charles I to death, of which "Hazelrigge" was a prominent member. Cromwell often stayed at Noseley, and his trail was everywhere to be seen. The beautiful Church (all defaced) was opposite the Hall door.

At Painswick, near Stroud, I plunged still further back into history, and saw the little known rite of church clipping. The Bishop came over, the village band attended, and these and the choir and every single child in the village marched three times round the Church. They then sat on the grass, and the Bishop gave them an eloquent address from an outside pulpit. The children next stood in a circle all round the church, about three yards away from it, and all joined hands. They then commenced singing, and marched up to the church wall, closely embracing (or clipping) it. This was done three times. The ceremony can still be seen in two or three places in England.

The Painswick Feast is most interesting, and is probably of Roman or earlier origin. Before the 12th century Painswick was only called Wick from Vicus—a village, and Wick Street still exists. Painswick Feast is kept on September 19th. I was staying there one year at this date, and at lunch a large pie was set before me to carve. Most of the company came to me for some pie, but when I cut the crust I came across some hard substance which I thought was a bone, and when I brought the contents out with a spoon it was full of china dogs of all sizes, as was the whole pie. This was the famous puppy-dog pie, supposed to be the descendant of the Roman Lupercalia or the Festival of

Stories of Friends

the Wolf Son. The sacrifices used to consist of young dogs and goats, when young men in goatskins used to rush through the village. The church "clipping" is supposed to be a part of the same feast when they used to embrace the altar. This account is Bowdlerized!

XL

LONDON, CHINA, AND BALMACARRA

I CAME across in London an extraordinary and somewhat obscene company of ladies in South Kensington, who were worshippers of Isis. Lady ——, an old friend of mine, was, I regret to say, a member of this community. For some reason or another she asked me to lecture to the Society on the Unconscious Mind. I, knowing nothing of this body's practices, consented.

When I arrived at the house, near Sloane Square, I was refused admittance on the ground that no gentlemen were ever allowed in. When I explained that I came by special invitation, I entered a large double drawing-room, full of the worshippers of Isis. After the lecture, came tea, and it was there I discovered that the Society was for the abolition of the male sex, though not of children. The general language used made me caution my friend that unless the Society was dissolved, the house would probably be soon raided by the police.

Travelling now far afield, it was at this time that my cousin, a sister of Lord Rochdale's, and her beautiful son were most cruelly murdered by the Boxers in China. The circumstances were ghastly and cannot be described.

I also had shocks at home, for my two eldest children died soon after each other—the boy from drinking water when in the Mountain Artillery and shooting bears in Cashmere, where he is buried, the girl from her injury. My wife was away nursing my only surviving child, and, left alone in Westbourne Terrace, I never went upstairs—sleeping on the sofa in the dining-room for three years.

London, China, and Balmacarra

One summer I went to see some friends at Balmacarra on Loch Alsh. I came straight from London and found a gay party had assembled. Next morning I found them all shooting at an old hat which they had stuck on a stick in the sand. They begged me to try my skill, which I did, but most fortunately all of us were bad shots, for I found the hat was my own.

It was here I met with Mrs. McKay. She was a Miss Anstruther, a member of the family of the Mackenzies of Kintail, very eccentric county magnates, and was President of the Scottish School of Wood Carving. Staying at Loch Carron, she became much interested in the crofters, many of whom lived in hovels near. Her boatman who rowed her about was one of these, and he told her such tales of their misery that she determined to sacrifice all to help them. She therefore proposed to him in the boat; and he, poor man, not daring to refuse the "leddy," consented, and she became Mrs. McKay, and lived each summer in the neighbouring village of Doornish, while every winter she became Miss Anstruther again of the School of Wood Carving.

One day we drove over in two carriages and pair to see Mrs. McKay. At the outskirts of the village we passed her, dressed as a crofter and carrying a huge creel of peat on her back. Entering her house, we saw in a side room Mr. McKay stolidly eating his dinner. It was currently reported that the marriage had proved rather too much for his mental balance.

Mrs. McKay was delighted to see us, and entertained us most gracefully in her drawing-room which was filled with beautiful carvings.

XLI

GOLF STORIES

I ALSO took up golf during this time, and became an enthusiastic admirer of James Braid, whom I followed about everywhere. I went down a good deal to Harlech, and was there introduced to an extraordinary millionaire, the manager of "Kodaks"; who built a palace on the hillside so large that the north and south wings each had its own staff of servants, and talked through a telephone; a huge ballroom connected the two. The owner was an ardent follower of Tolstoi and Prince Kuropatkin, and was a very mild anarchist. He kept hundreds of workmen employed for many months, making terraced gardens on the hillside. At his balls he used to invite all the visitors at the hotels and the townspeople indiscriminately, and as none of them knew each other, the proceedings were rather stiff; though a loud mechanical orchestra was playing all the evening. I stayed with him for a week, and at his special request gave a lecture in the ballroom on Palestine, which was his own surprising choice, seeing I was told that he believed in nothing in particular. I told him also so many stories that at the close he made a speech on his "racy friend". This being myself, and the audience thinking he said "racing"—I was known as the "Pink 'un" ever afterwards. In the middle of my visit he suddenly left us in a magnificent motor car, to go on a visit to a Tolstoi colony, where they live in a state of nature, in a very unnatural and scanty dress.

One year I had the greatest difficulty in getting to Harlech. The railway strike was on, and the Great Western had stopped running any trains at all. But there was one train at 10 p.m. from Euston. When I got to the station, soon after 9, I

Golf Stories

found the yard full of cannon. Not a porter was to be seen, but the clerks and passengers in shirt sleeves were wheeling the luggage up and down. There was no train at 10 o'clock, but a little before 12 one slowly drew up, and we started on our adventurous journey. A soldier or two was in each signal box that we passed, and we often stopped to see if the points had been tampered with. At the stations there was only the solitary figure of the station-master—but eventually we arrived, many hours late.

At this time the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, was the best hated man in England. The detestation of his panel system was intense—the squires and the doctors alike hated him; and even the cabmen declared that if they had known who it was they would never have driven him. I take to myself some small credit for having at that time declared that we would yet see statues (which are still in the future) erected in his honour. He spent a week at Harlech and golfed every day. There is nothing of the snob about Lloyd George; for he took his relatives round (who were more or less working men) without the slightest shame; but not a soul in the club spoke to him, though he had all his meals there. I told one of the officials, whom I knew well, the next day, that it was rather low to bring politics into a Golf Club. “My dear fellow, it’s nothing to do with politics, but the beggar (it was thus that he dared to speak of the Chancellor!) disputes his green fees.”

It was soon after this that I fear I nearly closed Lloyd George’s earthly career. He had just driven over the “Castle Hill” and I was following. On the top of the hill my caddie was perched to signal when it was all clear on the other side. He moved his hand, meaning Lloyd George was still there. I mistook the signal and drove a very high ball which buried itself by the side of the Chancellor. He was bareheaded, and unless his skull was thicker than is generally reported, the ball might have done serious damage. I told the story next week to one of our best known Bishops and he began: “I wish——”

“Stop!” I said, “don’t say any more or you may regret it.”

Behind the Brass Plate

The Earl of Winchilsea was the leading magnate of the neighbourhood, and was much liked. He was always spick and span, and looked every inch a nobleman. To outward appearance his son, Lord Maidstone, appeared hardly worthy of such a father. His hair generally stuck out through rents in his old straw hat, and his jacket was unusually out at the elbows. His dishevelled appearance emboldened many strangers to play with him. One of them came up to me afterwards and said "he was the most h'affable nobleman he had ever met," and he was known as the "h'affable nobleman" ever afterwards. I remember one day Lord Winchilsea was standing by the golf house, and, being short-sighted, was peering at some stout figures in enormous checks who were playing in the distance. He asked the secretary what they were. Without any hesitation Pott grossly maligned these respectable Birmingham gentleman.

"My lord," he said, "those are the sort of things you find under stones at the seaside."

When I first came to Harlech I brought a worse foozler than myself with me. One day I asked our girl caddie if she had ever seen worse players. "Never in all my life," she replied with deep conviction.

I took the same friend, who was a very polite gentleman, up to Scotland with me; and shall never forget his extreme embarrassment when a drunken Highlander insisted on his "tasting" out of his bottle. When it was refused, he took another dram of whisky himself, and carefully wiping the top of the bottle with his dirty hand, offered it again. My polite friend bowed, but again turned his head away. This comedy continued at intervals till the man at last got out. Lossiemouth, where we at length arrived, was a terrible ordeal. Not only was I known in the hotel as "Mr. Hovis", having written an article in favour of that bread; but at the tee when my turn came I had a gallery of some twenty very renowned but impatient golfers. With a great effort I topped the ball about three yards and felt very miserable. I never got a handicap, but enjoyed the game in a way that no professional can.

The two greatest relaxations for oppressed brain workers

Golf Stories

are golf, and for indoors jigzaw puzzles. While engaged with either all care goes, and the mind is delightfully relaxed. Foolish people may urge that both are waste of time. I can only say that if brain workers wasted a little more time in such ways, they would do much more work.

On my London links I once played in a fog so dense that at every stroke the ball disappeared through a white wall. It got so thick that we soon were absolutely lost as well as the ball and, after wandering about for hours, were only rescued from an untimely fate by the secretary coming to look for us.

My last golf story is about some links in the West of England. I was staying with a clergyman, and my partner had just left for town, when I walked a little man, the new Baptist Minister. Wanting a partner, I asked him if he was a golfer and was free that afternoon. He said he was, and then volunteered that he was a plus-four man. As I was about minus twenty, I suddenly remembered that I was engaged that afternoon. Alas! years afterwards I learned that he was not only a great boaster, but a great liar and a very poor golfer.

XLII

OBERAMMERGAU

IN 1900, 1910 and 1923 I was at Oberammergau at the Passion Play. Two centuries ago the village was decimated by the plague; and the inhabitants vowed that they would produce the play every ten years, if the disease was stopped; and the promise has been kept ever since. The train from Munich ran alongside the Starnberg Sea, where Ludwig II drowned himself. The play is given in a large theatre; the stage being in the open air with the mountains as a background. The Oberammergauers are a most remarkable folk. In the village there is neither crime nor police. There is no drunkenness, they all go forth to their labours until the evening, which is spent in innocent amusements. Their habits are Arcadian, the atmosphere is Utopian. The neighbouring village of Partenkirchen is full of drunkenness and the average crime and immorality. What is the reason for the difference?

I can only ascribe it to their great familiarity with the Bible. It cannot be their religion, for the people of Partenkirchen are equally devout Catholics. A leading member of our Embassy at Berlin has spent his holidays here for many years for the pure joy in living in Arcadia. I know the inhabitants very intimately, having stopped there a fortnight when there was no play. I was made a member of their principal drinking club, which was held in a beer cellar where the Arcadian simplicity was fully carried out. Sitting with their wives and sweethearts on beer barrels and forms, they drank nothing but the light white wine of the country, frequently diluted with soda water, and the light Munich beer. There was no drunkenness as they sang the harmonious folk part-songs and beautiful chorales in men's

Oberammergau

voices. The play began each morning at 8 a.m., and continued till after four with a break for lunch.

The best time to see it was when there were very few foreign visitors present. I have sat there and seen the enthralled peasants with the tears running down their cheeks with the pathos of the drama of the only story which the Bishop of London says it's worth spending one's life in telling. I always stayed at the house of Oscar Zwinck, who much embarrassed me by meeting the train, and kissing me on both cheeks. The last time I was there he told me that Edward VII was coming to our rooms a little later, but, alas! a letter came from his secretary shortly before his death saying he was now too ill and must give up the visit. As he had already seen the Passion Play this desire to come again was remarkable.

On one visit we had a distinguished artist with us who, after inspecting the mountains, the peasants, and the play, found the only thing worth painting was a French ormolu clock in one of the cottages. I never stayed to see the actual crucifixion. One afternoon when I was sketching near the theatre I suddenly heard a cry as of a large pack of wolves: "Away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him!" which made me faintly realise what an awful scene the trial before Pilate must have really been. One day I drove the artist over to Linderhof. This barbarous gem of Ludwig II consists of six rooms only, each one reputed to cost a million. One was entirely blue satin and oxydised silver, another crimson damask and solid gold. Our artist, however, sat on the door step and absolutely refused to enter, lest her taste should be corrupted. Wagner was a constant visitor here, and we went to the vast caverns in the grounds where his plays were acted before King Ludwig II alone. There was the blue lake, and the boat, and the swan of Lohengrin.

From Oberammergau I went on to Austria to stay above Lienz at Schloss Weissenstein, the fortified castle of an Austrian Baron, who allowed a few literary or artistic paying guests to stay there in the summer, he always presiding at the head of his table, his dogs by his side. It was quite an experience to be driven across the moat and under the portcullis to the ancient stronghold, erected against the Wends,

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who were then over-running Europe. Our sitting-room, indeed, was built by the Emperor Severus, 50 B.C. Wolves howled in the neighbouring forest, and all round stood the needles of the Dolomites. The village of Windisch-Mattrei lay three hundred feet below us, and in its little church the sacristan staggered me by showing me some bones of the Saviour. "But," I objected, "He rose again from the dead." This was no difficulty to the sacristan. "Yes, He did," was the reply, "and these are His bones." I couldn't stand this, and told the Priest, but he also did not quite see my point and said, "They had long been accepted as genuine, but perhaps there might be some mistake."

XLIII

A TOUR IN IRELAND

I WILL now turn to Ireland, and may venture to recall a trip of my early days. I went on a boating tour with two friends on the lakes and rivers of Ireland. We took the boats over to Belfast, and thence by canal to Lough Neagh, and there encamped for the night on the shore. Some ruffianly-looking fellows came along, but proved to be nothing worse than fishermen, who sold us some excellent trout. It rained heavily in the night, and when we emptied out the water from the covered end of our skiff we forgot to replace the cork. When crossing some miles from land, we found it was gradually filling, and we were sitting nearly level with the water. We hailed the canoe, which was away duck-shooting, and got ready for capsizing. We took off our boots and tied them to the boat, fastened all we could, and over we went. I swam to the front and put the nose of the boat under my arm, my brother to the back, but unfortunately on the same side; so the boat rolled over on the top of us. He then went to the other side, and we proceeded, slowly swimming. By this time the canoe came up, and threw me a line which I wound round my finger; and the canoe helped us by towing, nearly cutting my finger to the bone. I think we should have been drowned, but for a yacht which came to our rescue, as it had got very rough. We found our boat a good deal knocked about when we got to the other side, and meeting a Belfast barge put both boats on board and sent them back to England, continuing our journey on foot. We made for a village about six miles off, and became objects of great suspicion, as pedestrians are unknown in Ireland. We had, however, a little white dog with us which we called "John

Behind the Brass Plate

Bright " to conciliate the Fenians, of whom Ireland was then full. When we got to the village we found the hotel shut up altogether, and too exhausted to go further, rang the bell of the largest house (a farmer's) that we could see. It was opened by the farmer's lame daughter, who, seeing a white dog and three strange figures in grey flannel standing on the step, prepared to close the door, saying her father was out. But I told her of our dreadful plight, and she very reluctantly let us in to wait her father's return; removing, however, a bundle of silver spoons off the table. I looked at the books in the room, and found a small one of my own. The farmer then came in, and said we must go on at once to the next town, eight miles off, where there was an inn. When I pointed out my book on the table, what a wonderful change took place! He gave us his daughter's bedroom, with an enormous bed in which three could sleep, some distance apart. We had a hearty supper, and then came family prayers with all the farm servants. We first sang the well-known hymn, "How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds," but when we came to the last verse the farmer abruptly said, "We will not sing this verse, as none of us mean to do it, and I hate singing what is untrue!" The verse began:

"Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath."

Next morning our shoes were beautifully polished by the daughter, and we had our porridge and cream, and then talked about going. "But won't you stay for breakfast?" said the farmer. We thought we had just had it; but in came such a supply of ham and eggs, sausages, and jam that we began again. He then took us into the orchard, and loaded us with ripe fruit. Meanwhile his gig was at the door, and he drove us and our bags to the hotel in the next town. I have corresponded with him since for years, and sent him many more books.

When we got to the sea, and my brother was sketching the coast, we found ourselves suddenly surrounded by the police, and my brother was arrested as a Fenian. We tried to prove that we were not, but found it very difficult, and

A Tour in Ireland

were marched off to the police-station. The young officer, however, saw the joke, reprimanded his men and set us free. But we heard afterwards that for the whole of the next week we were shadowed by the police. Arrived at Ballina, and having some friends there, and our money running very short, we managed to borrow a couple of pounds to get to Athlone, where our next remittance awaited us. When we arrived there we had only half-a-crown left, so we hurried off to the Post Office for our letter. There it was, but empty, our parents saying that they were sending the money to Limerick instead—our next destination—as it was not long since they sent the last, evidently not grasping the fact that pedestrians had railway expenses. We did not want to stop at Athlone, running up an hotel bill till our money came, but wanted to get on to Killarney. The question was how to do it? The first thing obviously was to get rid of our useless half-crown, which was clearly no real help to us; so we left our luggage at the station, spent 2s. for a sail on the lake, and gave the remaining sixpence to a beggar. We then returned to the station absolutely penniless, and sat in a row on the platform. The station-master walking up and down eyed us suspiciously, and at length asked us what we wanted. We informed him that it was three tickets for Limerick, and asked if there was a train.

“There is a slow passenger train soon to Limerick,” he said, “and you can go by that. Come along to the booking-office.”

“But we’ve got no money,” I said, “till we get to Limerick.”

“Oh, that doesn’t matter,” said the station-master, “I’ll give you the tickets, and put your luggage in charge of the Guard, and you can pay for them when you get it out at Limerick.”

We thus got our tickets, but to our disgust he insisted on giving us one for “John Bright” as well. We arrived at Limerick Station, a mile from the town at 6.45, jumped into a car to reach the Post Office before it shut. As we got there the doors were closing, but we forced our way in only to hear that the clerks had all left. Penniless and luggageless, we had to find an hotel, and came to the conclusion that our

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best chance was to enter and overawe some Temperance Hotel! We despaired of the others. So we swaggered into one, demanded three rooms in a loud voice, ordered a sumptuous dinner from the landlord, and rang our bells violently for hot water. We concluded it would not be wise next morning for all to leave the hotel together, so, leaving my brother as hostage, we tore up to the Post Office, got our precious letter, repaid our loan from Ballina, redeemed our luggage from pawn, and paid our hotel bill; by which time we had very little left. We took the steamer down the Shannon, to within five miles of Tralee, the station for Killarney, and when we left the boat had exactly six shillings in our pockets. The passengers all trooped up to the hotel for lunch, while we spent a shilling on a large loaf which we ate dry, sitting on our luggage.

We hired a car for five shillings to take us to the station, and I shall never forget the string of curses that overwhelmed us when our Jehu found we had not a penny left for tips. We went to the station-master, but as we did not want to part with our luggage, and had no money, we offered our three overcoats for the three tickets. The station-master first of all explained that nothing but a butter train was going that afternoon, and then carefully examined our coats and came erroneously to the conclusion that they were not worth the price of three tickets, so we had to pawn our luggage again. Feeling the want of more food, we collected all the stamps we had and changed them for pennies at the booking office, and having a packet of Cadbury's cocoa left from our boat stores, sat in the waiting-room, eating it dry in spoonfuls, and washing it down with ginger beer. We were soon locked up in our butter van in complete darkness; and were banged and rolled and tumbled about till we reached the goods yard at Killarney, and then we ran across to the passenger station.

Fortunately for us, the mail train from Dublin had just arrived, and, mixing with the passengers, we put on our penniless swagger, and inspected the porters from the various hotels. We found one labelled "Post Office", and as we had to wait a week for our letter, thought we could not do better than select him, and so entered his 'bus, never, being

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pedestrians, dreaming of walking. The landlord greeted us effusively, being unable to see the contents of our purses. We then selected three good rooms, ordered dinner in half-an-hour, and began ringing for hot water again. When it came, we asked the maid indignantly for our luggage; and demanded how she expected gentlemen to dress for dinner without any clothes? We told her to have it at our doors in a quarter of an hour, and if there was anything to pay to have it put in the bill. How it was discovered we never knew, but it came, and soon we swaggered down to dinner; after which we strolled round the shops feeling absolutely proof against all temptation, not having literally one penny between us. As we were there to enjoy ourselves, however, and finding that boats, rowers, provisions, and even a fiddler could all be put down in the bill, we ordered the lot for the next morning. We enjoyed ourselves well enough for a couple of days, the only drawback to our happiness being that "John Bright" was continually being lost at the front door, and being brought round for sale at the kitchen door. Of course we had to buy him back, putting the amount down in the bill. We now wished to ascend Carrantoul, the highest mountain by the lakes, where the golden eagle had its nest, but this required (for pedestrians) ponies, which could not be put in the bill, though the food could. So, becoming desperate, we called the landlord into the room after dinner, and explained to him our penniless condition, saying that we hoped to get a letter soon which would pay his bill. Having dined himself, and seeing honesty stamped upon our faces, on learning we wanted ponies for the morrow, he opened his purse and said: "Gentlemen, help yourselves." As it was full of sovereigns, I did so pretty freely, and regret to say that when the letter came it did not nearly meet our bill, so we had to wait until a further amount arrived to free us.

XLIV

RECENT IRISH STORIES

RETURNING to more recent times and adult life, I went to see a friend in George Birmingham's country in the far west. When I reached the station there was no one to meet me; so I had to take an ass-cart, and drove up in style to Rosturk Castle. My friend had three motors, carriages, and a beautiful yacht, but I came by the wrong train. Standing by the cannon on the terrace, and looking over Westport Bay and the mountains around, we had a glorious view of the wild west. Several of the 300 lovely islands belonged to my host, and we cruised among them in his yacht and picnicked all about the bay. Every year he had a gathering of the scattered Irish clergy in an iron building he erected in his grounds, some miles away in a rhododendron wood; while they were all comfortably lodged at his expense in the large hotel near. The loneliness and often poverty of these men is inconceivable, and they greatly valued this annual gathering. One of them that I knew had twenty-five parishioners in all, scattered over a very large area. His vicarage was off the main road, five miles up a lonely lane, and he only left it once a year to attend the Convention.

I was on another Irish visit a little later to a well-known peer. At church there was a sort of peer's gallery. He sat in a large chair in the middle, and his household and guests on either side, with a row or two of servants behind. The tips at this house were very well organised; all being kept in a money box till Christmas, when they were divided. One unfortunate young man left without tipping the butler, but he was soon brought to book by our hostess, and Lady——, his mother, had to send the money promptly.

Recent Irish Stories

This matter of tips was taken up still more seriously by the Duchess of Bedford. I found in my bedroom at Woburn a strongly worded notice that no tips must be given, the servants being paid special wages. The Duchess told me that she had done this because she had found so many young men entirely prevented from accepting invitations to Scotch shootings on account of the enormous tips to the game-keepers.

To return to Ireland, my next visit was to the north; and I was much impressed by the march of the Ulster Orangemen in July. There were hundreds of them covered with fantastic badges and armed in various ways; but all with such hard, stern faces and compressed lips that they looked terrible men to meet. Another thing that made me feel cold was the tremendous roll of about twenty of their big drums. The difference between these men and the ordinary happy-go-lucky Paddy was indescribable, but is now well known.

My last visit to Ireland was a motor tour which I took with my wife round the island in my *laudalette*. We had a nice run to Evesham, then to Llangollen, and then to Holyhead. The car and chauffeur crossed by the North Wall, while we went by the mail to the Shelbourne Hotel in Dublin. This proved a failure, as my wife would not be parted from her small dog, and there were ructions. We wound up with a visit in the far west to Rosturk Castle, and once more met all the lonely clerics.

XLV

FAITH-HEALING

LEAVING Ireland, we may now turn to quite another subject in which I am greatly interested, generally known as "Faith-healing". Some of our great Missionary Societies were much perturbed by the fact that several of their missionaries, in trying their hand at healing, were clearly beaten by the native witch-doctors. This greatly puzzled those at home, and they engaged me to investigate the whole subject, which I did; and after three years wrote my book on *Faith-Healing*. My brother, who had thrown up a brilliant position in London to become a missionary in China, told me that some temples were full of rejected crutches, splints, and bandages, left as thank-offerings by those who had been healed. I went to Zurich to see the work of Dorothea Trüdel (now succeeded by Pastor Zeller), and was delighted with the whole tone of this great centre of faith-healing. At eleven each day, all the patients were brought into the large hall, and presented by name one by one with their ailments to their heavenly Father; who was humbly asked to do as He saw best for each one. This is in favourable contrast to the general tone in England, where the patient is told that it is want of faith on his part if his disease—consumption, cancer, and the like—does not disappear. This plunges many sincere Christians into great misery, and is, I think, the wrong attitude to take. Before I left, the pastor said: "I think I ought to tell you that the devil heals just as many at the other end of the lake." I got a great shock, for I had had a general idea that the healer was God, and faith merely the link. I found those at the end of the lake were cured by writing their diseases on parchment, and putting it inside the bark of a famous oak-tree,

Faith-Healing

followed by dances and incantations. I also found that genuine cures were effected here, as well as elsewhere by relics of all sorts, by heathen idols, etc., as truly as by the highest conception of the Divine Power in England; and it was gradually forced upon me *against my wish* that *physical* healing was effected by the power of the faith itself, and *not by that of the object on which it rested*. If it were the latter I should have to attribute the same power to idols as to God. This statement received its necessary qualification at the hands of a French savant, who, when I showed him at some length that faith-healing was not effected by the object believed in, but entirely *par le foi*, replied with great truth "*Quelquefois.*"

The healing power of faith seemed to me to consist, as a general rule, in the stimulation of the *vis medicatrix naturae*, or the powers of the unconscious mind. All this refers to *physical* healing only; in spiritual healing the power is derived from the object of the faith, so that practically, to the man, all depends finally on the worthiness of the object. Faith in every case seems to be put in action by suggestion, the limits of whose power is unknown. If the above seems nebulous, it only shows we are still learners. Anyhow a medical council has recently been sitting for three years together with distinguished members of the Church, and came to the similar conclusion—that practically all such cures were effected by faith stimulated by suggestion. The only exception to this seems to be in certain people who have the gift of healing. I have known several such, whose touch removed pain and cured minor ailments. Mr. Hickson, of the Society of Immanuel, has had this power all his life. As a boy his touch could take away pain. My mother, suffering from rodent ulcer of the eye, unable to take opium in any form, and getting no relief from Hutchinson, Treves, and others was kept absolutely free from pain, till she died, by his wonderful touch once a day. When he was away for two or three days the pain was as bad as ever. She had no special faith, the power was physical and was solely in the man. Another with this gift was a popular portrait painter, whose work was in the Academy. He came to me one morning in Harley Street to complain

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bitterly of this gift. He said he never asked for it, and had no desire to heal anybody, but wherever he went people were cured. Coming from New York, one dying man in his cabin was restored to health; and he told me he was often asked out to dinner by a friend, a City merchant, in order to heal somebody. "Could I take the power away by some operation?" This merchant in the City was a friend of mine, and he assured me that the story was perfectly true, and that this artist had the power to take away every sort of pain. Observing that actual touch was always required, I came to the conclusion that certain individuals had thus the power of stimulating the unconscious mind. I should have gone to Lourdes, but meeting Lord Denbigh's son, found it unnecessary. He was a doctor, and opened a dispensary in Paris, and being an earnest Catholic, was allowed to examine all the patients going to Lourdes. He found one case of curved spine which was covered with splints and bandages; without which the girl declared she could not move. He then went to Lourdes and opened a dispensary there. The chief cure that year was the girl with the spine, who had then thrown away all her bandages and stood erect before him. In Paris he had diagnosed the case as hysterical curvature, and it was undoubtedly cured by suggestion.

XLVI

BLIND MARTHA AND EVERSON

IN Bayswater Blind Martha was a well-known figure, with her stick and white dog. One day I found she had disappeared from her corner. As a little girl her diseased eyes had been treated at the Ophthalmic Hospital and at Moorfields. They could do no more, and she was blind. This I tested by calling at various shops where she dealt. They had tried her by leaving money about on the counter, and serving her with the wrong article. One day a "Colonel" of the Salvation Army, with a gift of healing for which he made no charge, came to the Portobello Road Barracks. Blind Martha gave away her stick and dog, and declared she was going to receive her sight. With several other girls who came for healing she was placed on the platform. The "Colonel" came up to her, and rubbed the closed eyeballs round and round several times. In full expectation of seeing she then opened her eyes, and found she could. She told me that her greatest wonder was to see that people's heads were so small. My mother then heard of her, and taught her to read, and eventually got her a post as nurse girl to two infants. I called to see her and found she was out with them in the perambulator—pretty good evidence I think that she who was blind could now see. I determined to find out what had really happened to Blind Martha, and took her to two very distinguished oculists.

No. I, having heard her story, examined her carefully, and showed me a white membrane at the inner corner of the eyes, and told me that when she was blind this membrane had covered the eye-ball; but that the man had broken it up by his rubbing, making it shrink up into the corner, and thus she could see. He could not, however, tell me why this

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simple operation was not performed at Moorfields long ago! Not quite satisfied, I went to No. 2, told him my problem and its solution. "Whoever told you that stuff?" he said, "I never heard such nonsense in my life. Whatever happened that could not be the solution." He then carefully examined the girl and said the only answer he could give was that "before the 'Colonel' operated, she could see better than she thought she could, and that now she could not see as well as she imagined!" which to me was somewhat unsatisfactory, and I am still waiting to know if this cure can be accounted for by mere suggestion. It seems as if there must be something more in it.

Another case, known all over England and still more remarkable, was that of Everson, a man in Yorkshire who was under the care of Dr. Snell (the great oculist) at Leeds for suppurating eyes, until returning with a friend both of them declared that the diseased eyeballs dropped out on the ground. At any rate he resided for some years over a chemist's shop in Grimsby, and used to come down to the shop that people might put their fingers into the empty eye sockets, proving that he had no eyeballs; and hundreds of people did so. I believe some of Lord Curzon's family were much interested in this case, which many well-known men went to Grimsby to see. One Day the same "Colonel" of the Salvation Army, who cured Blind Martha, came to Grimsby, and Everson went to have his eyesight restored. Next morning he could see perfectly, and said that the empty eye sockets were now quite warm with the new eye-balls.

He now married a very nice young woman, and became a very diligent student of his Bible. Colonel Bridgeman sent for him up to London that I might examine his new eyes. I found he had a pair of small bright blue eyes,* and that he could see well, but on careful examination found the pupils were fixed, and had been diseased. I suggested that Jonathan Hutchinson, the greatest authority on such

* I do not vouch for the absence of the eyeballs, nor can I explain the apparently empty sockets. Dr. Snell, an old friend, was dead before the miracle. I only know he was blind and now could see, but with diseased eyes. I therefore lay no stress on the "new eyes".

Blind Martha and Everson

cases, should be sent for. Everson went down to Brighton to speak there and stayed with Dr. Washington Moon. He failed to keep the appointment I had made for him, saying he could see quite well and that was enough for him. Shortly after he died of rapid consumption. This case also requires solution.

The case of Dorothy Kerin, of Torquay, is perhaps the most authentic, being certified all through by medical men there and by some leading physicians in Harley Street, one of whom, Dr. Murray Leslie, wrote a full account of the case. The girl, dying in bed, from which she had not moved for months, of consumption, suddenly rose, went downstairs, made a hearty meal, and has been well ever since. I met her in London quite well, and there was no known suggestion in the case, which for many reasons remains a mystery.

The reluctance to call these "miracles" must not be put down altogether to dislike to acknowledge the supernatural, but largely to a wish not to take the name of God in vain; and to account as done by Divine power what, after all, may be due to natural causes.

XLVII

SOME MEDICAL STORIES

It is time, however, to return to more medical matters. I was greatly struck with the financial difference between the physician and surgeon, of equal skill and fame. The former has nothing but his small consultation fee, and an occasional journey into the country; while the latter in addition to this has fifty to a hundred guineas for each operation. A distinguished surgeon, a friend of mine, told me he had determined now to take things easy and to restrict himself to one operation a day. As each of these was a hundred guineas, his reduced income was over £30,000 a year. In this light physicians are comparative paupers, but I must quit finance and return to my little, but true medical stories.

I had two very curious cases in one week—one, a young lady who was always washing herself, and another a banker, who would not wash at all. The young lady was married, and was brought to me by her husband, who complained that his wife was absolutely useless to him, as she did nothing but wash. So I called her in and examined her hands, which were like those of a laundry woman.

“Why do you wash so much?” I asked.

Her reply was remarkable, clearly illustrating G. K. Chesterton’s well-known aphorism that “pure reason is only found in asylums.”

“To keep myself clean,” she said. “All the furniture and everything in the room is covered with germs, so when I touch anything my hands are covered, therefore I wash my hands, so I am always at it.”

What could I say? Fortunately enough she had some slight ailment for which I prescribed, and the husband wrote me

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gratefully that the medicine had done her much good, and she did not wash nearly so often.

It was the banker's wife who consulted me about the other case, and she said it had become impossible to live with her husband in the same house, but that he was quite willing to do anything I suggested. I put him in a Nursing Home and asked him why he never washed. His reply was: "Because it was such a dirty world, and he would have to be always at it once he started."

So I got a vigorous young medical student to wash him from head to foot night and morning, until at last he got to like it, or else got so sick of the cure that he did it for himself.

I was suddenly called to Brighton one evening by a young lady who absolutely refused to let her mother be buried until I had proved that she was dead. (She wouldn't trust anyone in Brighton!) The body had been lying in the house for days, and the girl was much pleased when I showed her that the usual tests—the mirror, etc.—were unreliable. As she would not leave the room, but insisted on seeing everything, I showed her two tests which were infallible, and at last the lady was buried.

To be buried alive is a shocking thing. In Lancashire, I remember, a man was following his wife's funeral, when, as is customary in the North, as they left the town the horses began to trot, and rounding a sharp corner, the hearse overturned, the door burst open, the coffin shot into the road, the lid flew up, and by the time the horrified husband reached it, his wife was moving in the coffin. He lifted her out and took her back in the carriage with him with very mixed feelings; for they had not led a happy life. Some time after she died again, and the funeral started once more, but this time the husband was more wary, and when the horses began to trot, he was half-way out of the window shouting to the driver of the hearse to "mind that corner". I cannot, however, vouch for the common report that on her tombstone he placed these words: "Tears will not restore her, therefore I weep." Nor the statement that when his wife's mother was lying at death's door, he besought the doctor to try and pull her through.

Behind the Brass Plate

I had a very curious case of an admiral who, receiving a letter informing him that he had been passed over for promotion, was suddenly seized with diabetes. He went to Dr. Pavy, but all dieting, etc., failed to cure him, which fortunately I afterwards managed to do quite empirically by a current of strong electricity. At this time I was increasingly impressed with the value of the doctor himself, as compared with his prescription. I found that the most successful doctor was by no means the cleverest one, but the one who inspired most confidence, and succeeded in making the patient, who very likely had been told elsewhere that there was nothing the matter with him, feel that at last he was understood. My greatest help in this was Charles Reade's novel, *Put Yourself in His Place*, a story of a doctor in Sheffield who always tried to do so with his patients. I therefore always tried to take the patient's standpoint, and saw that however ridiculous his statements might appear,* they were painfully true from his point of view, and recalled Dr. Sutton's wise epigrams at the London Hospital :

"If a man is so ill as to say he is ill when he is not ill, he must be very ill indeed."

"That a disease of the imagination is not an imaginary disease, but may, and sometimes does, kill the patient."

Interviews, therefore, otherwise most wearisome, were no tax upon my patience, because I was in the patient's place. I take it that any success I have had has been mainly due to this.

The personal value of the physician to which I have alluded is of great importance. Some doctors are an actual tonic in themselves, while others are almost like a dose of strychnine. I met Prince Christian's equerry in Harley Street, looking so ghastly that I asked him what was the matter, and found he had practically received a sentence of death by being abruptly told of the condition of his heart, which we all knew. Another, the son of a cousin of the Queen of Holland, became a nerve patient of mine, though in perfect health the week before. The Countess told me his illness

* One lady sorrowfully informed me that her liver had stopped at five that morning.

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dated from a visit he paid to a very gloomy and alarming physician.

One day I was suddenly summoned to the North of England by one of its wealthy magnates, whose wife was dying, and had been given up by the local doctors. I drove down St. James's Street to Berry's, and bought a couple of bottles of brandy a hundred years old, and some other *in extremis* foods. I found the patient apparently dying, her respiration being long drawn sighs, her condition unconscious, her hands feebly picking at the bedclothes. I made two mixtures, one intensely nutritious, and the other a powerful stimulant for the heart, and gave a spoonful or so of each alternately every hour, to the great indignation of her sisters that the invalid was not allowed to die in peace. They declared nothing would induce them to have me for their doctor. They then continued their packing, for they knew their sister must die that night. All through the night the treatment was continued with little whiffs of oxygen and other remedies. The lady recovered, and lived for years. A church was built on a Scotch estate as a thank-offering, and one hundred pounds was sent to me for my poor patients.

Not long after one of these very sisters wired for me from Scotland to come at once, for her baby was dying. I found extensive hemorrhage going on for which neither doctor nor nurse could account. I was completely at fault, and did not find the cause until, searching about the nursery, I opened a cupboard and found a nicely iced birthday cake, made for an older child. The nursemaid had given bits of the icing off this cake to soothe the baby, and thus caused all the trouble.

A patient of mine in Praed Street was suffering from an incurable but painless disease, and Sir Frederick Treves told him he had about a fortnight to live. This did not seem to interest him much, and when I asked if he would like to see any of his relatives, he said he thought he had seen enough of them. He asked me, however, if there was time to go a little trip to the country before he died; and when I thought there wasn't, said "that all he wished for then was a little more salt in his beef tea."

I have found the same indifference to death at my hospital.

Behind the Brass Plate

Patients there about to die are greatly interested in what hymns shall be sung at their funerals, and who shall have their beds when they are gone, but not in much else. A cousin of mine, the senior surgeon at Guy's, astonished me in a similar manner by his intense interest in a house he was building, but which he could never see.

One day in Scotland I was visiting some old friends, the family of a well-known General of the Indian Mutiny, and as I was going away the mother said that her invalid daughter, whom I had never met, would like to see me. I found a thin, white invalid, on a bed, who went out once a day in an invalid couch drawn by a pony, and had long since been pronounced incurable. With a sparkle in her eye she said she would come up to London if I would cure her. I said I would try.

She dismissed her doctors and carriage and pony, and by incredible efforts reached the Nursing Home alive. I told her that her nerves and her stomach were now her masters and in league to kill her, but that, relying on her ancestral fighting qualities, we would conquer them between us. We did, but it was due to her infallible courage that we succeeded. She is now, after nearly twenty years, one of our strongest workers in London.

A very different case walked into my consulting room one day. He was a tall, handsome young man belonging to a well-known county family. I asked him what was the matter, and he told me at once that it was all his parents' fault that he had come to see me at all.

"Why, what have they done?" said I.

"Sent me to a boys' school," he replied, with a very injured look. "You see," he continued, "I am an only son, and with me the title would die out, so I must marry."

"Then why don't you?" I asked.

"Surely, Dr. Schofield, you as an honourable man would not wish me to marry without falling in love?"

"Certainly not," I said with decision, looking very virtuous, "but what has this to do with a boys' school?"

"Why, Dr. Schofield, you know perfectly well that if I had been sent to a mixed school, I could have had plenty of practice in falling in love and could now do it perfectly."

Some Medical Stories

“Well,” I said encouragingly, “there’s still hope. If you’d only come yesterday, there were about twenty most beautiful and accomplished young ladies here for a post of companion to a patient of mine. They were all tall and graceful.”

“Now, Dr. Schofield,” he said with exasperated patience, “you will surely allow that a man may have his own tastes as to beauty; tall girls do not appeal to me, I prefer them short and broad and stocky, with blue eyes and flaxen hair.”

“Well,” I said, “have you tried to find them?”

“Yes, he replied, “I have been twice to Norway: the first time there was nothing, and I have just returned from my second visit. I found a nice girl, but she could not possibly marry into our rank of life.”

“Well,” I said still cheerful, “go to the borders of the Black Forest, where I believe you will find many of the Barons have your exact type of daughter.” He went, and I have never seen him since.

I have been in five houses in Harley Street, and at No. 19 my rooms used to be Sir Morell Mackenzie’s, and there can still be seen the stained glass window presented to him by the Kaiser’s father when he attended him in Germany.

LXVIII

CURES AND FAILURES

AMONGST my appointments I was, and still am, honorary physician to the Church Army, who have great faith in my powers. I had to teach them to speak in public, and to do this, had first to teach them to breathe. I laid them down on a sofa, and taught them to use the diaphragm. I created much amusement by placing a Prayer Book on their front, and seeing how many inches they could raise it by drawing in their breath. Prebendary Carlile was under my care with a serious breakdown, and I ordered him at once to the Riviera, and at the request of one of our Princesses, arranged with the Doctor there to send me a reliable weekly report of his progress.

All was fixed and he started, but I got no reports. I wrote to the Doctor, and then paid a call to an old friend in South Kensington. I was chatting with her, when the door opened, and in walked Carlile, who had gone away it is true, but not farther than her house. I made him see his sin, for which he tried to atone, by constantly declaring at bazaars, etc., that he owed his life to me!

One morning a cousin of mine came into my room in great distress about her daughter—a fine girl of twenty, just about to be married. She had complained of a pain above her left knee, and a bony cancer was discovered by a well-known surgeon near, requiring immediate amputation.

“Why do you come to me?” I asked, “I am not a surgeon, and there seems nothing else for it.”

“Oh,” she said, “I thought you might hit on something.”

“Well,” I replied, “I’ll see what I can do. Send the girl in.”

Cures and Failures

I certainly found a good deal of pain above the left knee, but could not quite make out the tumour: so I took her down to Allen and Hanbury's, and had the leg X-rayed from three different angles.

I found the surgeon had mainly depended on a similar photograph sent him by the local Doctor, which showed a large spiky tumour.

In two or three days my cousin returned with this photograph, and my photographs also arrived showing a perfectly healthy leg, while the other photograph showed a horrible growth from the thigh-bone. I was puzzled, but as the operation was the next day, felt that something should be done at once, so I took both photographs to Allen and Hanbury's and told them they had taken the wrong leg. This they absolutely denied, so I showed them the two photographs.

"Don't you know what this is?" asked the operator, pointing to the ragged tumour. "This photograph has been taken on a dirty plate, and that 'tumour' is a dried drop of water that has fallen on it."

I stopped the operation, the girl married, and when she writes to me she always signs herself, "Your affectionate leg."

Another leg story which may be given here I got at first-hand.

A well-known Countess when in the country broke her leg. To the local Surgeon it appeared a simple matter, and he promptly put it up in plaster of Paris. When the Countess came to London, she felt a good deal of pain in the leg, and sent for London's most justly renowned surgeon. He could see nothing with the plaster of Paris on, and after removing it found the leg was not broken at all, that the pain was caused by the pressure, and that all that the patient wanted was some good massage.

The Earl, a little sceptical, asked if it should not be X-rayed, but the Surgeon said the case was so obvious that it was not required. He sent his masseuse, and after some days the leg began to bend in the middle of the shin, and couldn't be used at all. The Earl then sent for Professor Ogston from Aberdeen. He promptly X-rayed it, and showed an ordinary fracture, which had united, but was rubbed apart again by the massage.

Behind the Brass Plate

There was nothing for it now but to cut down on the broken bones, and fix them together with silver wire; the Countess, however, went lame for the rest of her days.

I have myself found that Surgeons are not infallible; for being run over, and being assured by the Senior Surgeon of one of our largest hospitals that no bone was broken, and that I would be well in a fortnight, I demanded only fifty guineas for compensation. I soon got well enough to be X-rayed, and the leg was then found to be broken in five places, and I was four months getting well, and ought to have had 500 guineas. All this proves to me that before bones were X-rayed, there must have been hundreds of undiscovered fractures.

I have mentioned one or two remarkable cures, and here recall that Jonathan Hutchinson, our well-known skin specialist, was himself taken in by a patient of mine, who made sores on her legs every morning for the pleasure of puzzling the doctors. I think she went to every dermatologist in London. But Jonathan Hutchinson labelled the disease as a very rare variety of porrigo, and had a coloured plate made of it for a volume on skin disease.

It was Sir Frederick Treves who discovered that she was a malingerer, and eventually she came to me for disordered nerves.

Sir T. Lauder Brunton was proudest of a case of gout which he cured by two glasses of port every day.

One of my patients was Lord——, a famous huntsman, who had been thrown on his head from his gig in Australia, and could not mount a horse since nor ride in a Cab. I had to cure his nerves, and got him at last to go with me in a Hansom Cab through the most crowded streets, telling the man to gallop wherever he could. I also taught him to ride again, and it was very affecting to find that the man who led him round the riding school was an old Whipper-in of his hounds. He then went to Scotland with a young medical student, whom I sent to complete his cure.

He asked me down to his Castle in the Highlands, and it was there I saw a relic of Trafalgar, belonging to the ship his grandfather had commanded. It was an enormous mahogany

Cures and Failures

box of liqueurs, containing about fifty varieties! The navy did itself well in those days!

Another curious case came from the Stock Exchange, which my patient had given up attending on account of a dreadful habit of blushing. I put him in a Nursing Home with a pretty nurse, and orders to keep him perpetually on the blush, on pain of dismissal. This she did effectually, and he got so tired of it, that he was soon cured. But he also wanted to be married, having £30,000 a year, and the show place of the country, and being perfectly sick of the two maiden aunts with whom he lived; so he put the case into my hands, only stipulating that the lady must be able to take the lead in the County, but must never try to rule him. I had many applicants, but none whom I could trust to fulfil the last clause. Eventually he took matters into his own hands and got married to somebody.

I had a very curious case of a lady who could walk half-way across Harley Street, but would be run over sooner than walk the other half, though she would cross it with me. But I had to teach her to do it alone. I tried hypnotism, but Doctor Bramwell had no success, and the case was never cured.

Another man, a well-known classical coach, could not walk across any open spaces, or under high buildings, and to reach his pupils' houses had to go such a long way round that he came up to London to be cured. I drove him to Hyde Park and placed an assistant the other end of a long path across the grass, and told him to walk to him. He entreated me to come with him, and said he would certainly die in the middle, but I started him off.

When he reached the middle he stopped dead. I ran up to him, and found him trembling from head to foot, and covered with perspiration. So I led him across and repeated the task next day. In a week he had lost his fear, and returned home perfectly cured.

It struck me as a very curious fact that physicians do not as a rule attend their own families, or prescribe for themselves, and I discovered that there was a general practitioner in the next street, mainly for the purpose of attending Specialists.

Behind the Brass Plate

Another curious fact was the *Daily Mail* report, at a time when Doctors were everywhere preaching the Gospel of the open window, that nearly every window in Harley Street was shut. It is indeed, I fear, notorious that Doctors seldom practise what they preach.

Shall I be thought too frivolous by my graver-minded readers if I speak of the therapeutic value of the button-hole? For over thirty years I have worn one, and found it of considerable value to my nerve patients. The interest as to what flower I would wear, and the possibility of getting a present of it, if they had made any great advance, proved a healthy stimulant. In those early days I considered the women-doctors were partly unsexed by their profession, and a somewhat unpleasant hybrid was the result. Such is no longer the case, and our women doctors are mostly as graceful and feminine as any others of their sex.

XLIX

STORIES OF CRIME

FOR twenty years I was Surgeon to the head-quarters of a police division, besides being an active member of two Purity Societies, each one presided over by a Bishop. I found London much more moral than when I was a boy. Then I was taken to see Dr. Kahn's most immoral wax-work exhibition near Regent Street, which flourished for years, and corrupted thousands. The other day in Oxford Street I saw a similar, but much superior, exhibition that must have cost some thousands to produce, to which boys and girls were admitted indiscriminately. Next day was one of my Purity Committees, and I mentioned this new show. Within twenty-four hours two police vans had carried off the whole stock, which has not been seen since. Just before the War the purity of London was remarkable. Immoral publications could not be found upon the bookstalls. The "procuring" of young girls from the large shops during the dinner hour was completely done away with, and indecent pictures were almost impossible to obtain. This was, to no small extent, due to Mr. Stead's terrible exposure in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the trade in young girls carried on in London. I was employed by the Home Office to investigate these cases, and furnish the Government with some very remarkable facts. No doubt Mr. Stead's action was in many respects ill-advised, and some of his statements could not be proved, but on the whole it was a successful effort to benefit London.

I was very much amused at a drawing-room meeting one afternoon, hearing Lady —— give a list of the virtues of her pet burglar. "He was such a gentleman, and so kind to his family; but unfortunately, poor man, he did not burgle well,

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and often got locked up." On one occasion she had taken care of his family for him, and got a severe scolding when he came out of prison for daring to interfere with his children.

A peculiar deception was in vogue about 1900. One morning a very fashionable girl came to consult me. Her name was Vere-de-Vere. When she had gone I discovered a gold pencil case had vanished. I went to the door, but could not see her in the Street. So I went up to the Police Station, and on telling of my loss and the name of my patient, they congratulated me on not having caught her. "If you had," they said, "it would have cost you at least fifty pounds for false arrest. You will find the pencil in your room," and so I did behind my desk. They then told me of a recent case. A man took a greengrocer's shop in the north of London, and in three months established a large and flourishing business. One Saturday morning, leaving the shop in charge, he dressed up as a gentleman, and marched into the largest goldsmith's shop in Regent Street, and asked to see some diamond rings. He was shown a magnificent collection, but thought he would like a ring with sapphires in it, so the shopman went to fetch another tray, and as he was returning he saw the customer walking out of the shop. Glancing over the diamond tray he found the best ring missing, so he rushed out of the shop and round the corner, and at the far end of the street saw the man turning another corner. With some difficulty he seized him, and then there was a terrible struggle. The man, protesting his innocence, was most indignant, and said he only left the shop because he remembered an engagement. Several police carried him off to Vine Street struggling all the way, and being Saturday, after they had searched him and found nothing, he was kept in the lock-up till Monday. Curiously enough, *the scene was fully reported in the evening papers*. On Monday before the Magistrate a gentleman from the shop attended, and with most profound apologies said the ring had been found beside the counter on the floor, so the prisoner was dismissed without a stain upon his character. Two months afterwards the firm received a letter from some strange lawyers detailing the arrest, and saying their client's business

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was ruined, and demanding the compensation of £400, and the jewellers were very glad to get off with £300.

Another very curious case was when I was called to the Police Court to give evidence respecting a swell mobman, who was charged with assaulting the police. I testified that I found the sergeant very badly bruised. But the mobman had a counter-charge, that he had been struck on the head by the constable, and brought two witnesses, who testified that the Sergeant brought his baton down on his forehead with all his might. I then examined the prisoner and found a horrid cut, but just underneath his eye-brow, so that it could not have been caused by any downward blow. The case was then adjourned to the Sessions, and again the swell mobman testified as to his injuries. All witnesses were then ordered out of Court, and his two witnesses were brought in one by one, and still swore it was done by the Sergeant's baton.

"How was it done?" asked the Judge, thinking to catch them, but they took advantage of my evidence.

"It wasn't this way, my lord," each man repeated like a parrot, making a downward sweep with his arms, "but this way," swinging them up with great force.

"Any further evidence, Doctor?" said the Judge.

So I said that, since the Police Court trial, I had been to the little street where the arrest and struggle took place, and had there observed a blind window-sill with a stain on it, which I examined very carefully, and found some short hairs and some dried blood. It was quite clear that the prisoner must have fallen down, and struck his eyebrow against the sill, causing the injury.

After proceeding on the main charge, which was that of diamond stealing, an Inspector was asked if the man was known to the Police.

"Yes," was the reply, "I last met him at the Duchess of——'s ball."

"What was he doing?" asked the Judge.

"Dancing," was the astounding reply, "with a lady covered with diamonds."

"And what were you doing, Inspector?"

"I was dancing after him."

Behind the Brass Plate

“How did you manage that?”

“Well, I had to keep my eye on him, and I found a young lady, and as we followed him round I kept a close eye on him.”

Such are the scenes in upper-class drawing-rooms in London!

Another experience of the Police at this time is rather amusing. One Sunday afternoon an Inspector called at my house, and asked me to come up to the Police Station at once. When I arrived there two richly dressed ladies were sitting against the wall on a narrow bench together with an R.C. nun. Kneeling on the ground in front of them was a gorgeous little old lady, who got up on my entrance and became very voluble. Waving her hand to the three ladies she said, “These are my three darters, Sir, (bad cess to you girls). I came over to England to make me sowl, and here these three girls upset me altogether.”

I asked the ladies what was the matter, and from them, and from other sources, I derived the following:

They belonged to an obscure, though very wealthy, Irish family, and the nun had entered and endowed her aunt's convent in Norfolk, and all would have gone well if it had not been for “Salutaris” which had just then appeared as a new mineral water. “Salutaris” means health, but alas! occurs in the Roman Missal as salvation. (*O salutaris hostia*). The nun was delighted, and from that moment she must have a fresh bottle of Salutaris before her, every time she told her beads.

Just then her two sisters came on a long visit to their aunt, and they also must have a bottle of Salutaris at their prayers, and so the aunt frequently saw the three on a bench in the garden saying their prayers with a bottle before each. She frowned so much on the three that they determined to escape from the convent.

It is true they could have walked out of the front door, but there is no romance in that, so the nun got a cold and got the silly young Doctor to order her to stay in her room a few days. Here the plot was hatched, and the nun's sheets were tied together and fastened to the bed-post, and the fat

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sister "Josy" went down in her night-gown first. Unfortunately she slipped and went through the roof of the greenhouse and cut her leg severely, which afterwards took me a week to heal. She hastily bound it up, and helped her thin sister down, and then the nun fully dressed descended with dignity. Throwing cloaks over their nightdresses they fled across the fields to the Protestant Rectory and roused up the clergyman.

The Rector, greatly embarrassed, sent them on the next morning to their mother in Bayswater, and her anger at their sudden arrival can be well imagined. Believing their aunt was hot on their track, they put all their jewellery and valuables into a small handbag, ready for instant flight. On the Sunday that I saw them, when at Mass they thought they saw their aunt in the Church, so they left, followed by their mother, jumped into a 'bus, and came to the Police Station; here they put themselves under the protection of the Queen, and utterly refused to leave the place. It was in vain I pointed out to them that the only beds her Majesty provided for her loyal subjects were at the Workhouse.

They said they would go there, so on that quiet Sunday afternoon there could be seen driving up the Harrow Road four cabs. The first with the nun and two Inspectors, and the next with Josy and a Sergeant, the third, the thin one, and a Sergeant, and last the mother and myself. At the Workhouse I placed them in three separate wards in bed, and when I went to visit Josy in her workhouse nightdress, and asked if she was comfortable, her manners allowed her to put out her tongue and spit at me. The nun, however, stood against the wall between two beds and refused to allow anyone to come near her.

Downstairs I found the Master of the Workhouse absolutely bewildered. On his desk were spread out diamond and ruby parures, pearls, watches and rings of many sorts, and he was making a list of them before locking them up in the safe. Next morning I drove up again with the mother, four nurses, and four cabs, and found everything in the most dreadful disorder. It appears that after I left the young workhouse doctor arrived, knowing nothing of the dangerous

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nature of the three sisters, ordered all three to be in the same ward, and when Josy and the thin one entered it, they made a dash for the nun, and the three stood together glaring at the nurses. The Sister of the ward happened to be out of her little room, and the moment Josy spied it, the three made a united rush and got inside and turned the key. All was quiet that night, but about 6 o'clock a.m. a dreadful noise was heard.

The window would not open, and they had taken off their shoes and smashed the lower sash to pieces, for they were determined to get out, and catch the Irish Mail at Euston.

There was a water pipe close by, as it was only two storeys from the ground. Josy thought they might manage to get down, so she got out in her nightdress and started climbing down, but by this time a number of officials had gathered below, and Josy, ashamed of the sight she presented, crawled back into the room.

When my cavalcade arrived I took four men into the ward, smashed the door open, and put the nun and the two nurses in the first cab, while we followed with the rest. I put the sisters in two separate houses in Westbourne Terrace, and they soon recovered while I was healing Josy's leg, and their brother took them back to Ireland. The nun I put in a room at the top of my own house with her two nurses, and a good supply of Salutaris.

She was very sweet and gentle, but would only eat what she chose herself out of the larder. She always made her tea by filling the teapot with warm water and dropping in it five tea-leaves for the five wounds of Christ.

I had constantly to drive her to the Oratory for confession, and as she was a wealthy member of the church had to take her to see Cardinal Manning, at Westminster. The first time I met him, he did not want to see the nun, but I told him of her importance, and so he went. When he came back he could hardly speak, she told him she knew Cardinal Manning well, and that he who had entered was a bare-faced impostor. Cardinal Manning was most indignant.

"Very well," she said, "tell me what Cardinal Manning was doing on the 4th June two years ago, for I know very well."

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And in the end she almost persuaded him that he wasn't himself.

A month afterwards she had to see him again, and it was very much worse. Of course, she began by calling him an impostor, which he denied; so then, with cold cruelty, she asked him, "Where was the soul of Joseph Wood?"

Those who have read the Cardinal's life will remember that the night before he joined the R.C. Church he was with a dying man in a hospital, and he could not give him the extreme Unction; so he was haunted by the question, what had become of Joseph Wood's soul?

The nun got better, and made a thank-offering of a beautiful Altar Cloth to the Convent at Harrow, where I drove her; and her brother then took her back to Ireland.

My most gruesome case with the Police is almost too horrible. About three o'clock one morning a violent peal brought me downstairs, and two Inspectors of Police drove me off in a hansom to No. 4 in one of our most fashionable squares. They knocked at the door, which was opened by a sergeant. The house was full of police. I was told there was a dead woman at the foot of the kitchen stairs, and I was to find out if she had been murdered. I shall never forget what followed. I found a body lying without any clothes whatever, with a skin as brown as any Indian's. I could not go near it, as it was now a living mass of vermin, she having been lying dead in the house undiscovered for four days. Finding in a room at the top of the stairs an empty whisky bottle, and hearing her extraordinary history, I came to the conclusion that she had killed herself by falling down the stone stairs when drunk. She was the daughter of a Dublin inn-keeper, and had become the mistress of an Austrian prince, a friend of our royal family, who had given her the beautiful house in the square. Finding she had an incurable sore on her leg, which must in time end in her death, she appears to have adopted the following amazing course. She dismissed all the servants, after they had packed up all the bedding and covered up the furniture. She then took off all her clothes, and lived for four years in an absolute state of nudity—and this in the midst of the West End. Her provisions

Behind the Brass Plate

were left regularly every morning, and if she had to open the door she threw a thick shawl over her head and shoulders. No one ever entered the house, and the Prince had given her up. I found two large, mouldy mutton chops, and discovered they were for an enormous black cat, who alone kept her company. Upstairs in the drawing-room was where she slept by the fire on some rugs stretched on the floor. Beside her was a large basket, lined with more rugs in which the cat slept.

That such a savage life could be carried on in London in one of our fashionable squares for years seems impossible, but is true. Still more remarkable is the fact that, so far as I know, no word of this story has ever appeared in any newspaper, and it is now told for the first time.

The police notified the family in Dublin, who hastened over, hearing she had left a lot of money. None however could be found, and it wasn't until the house was cleared out that, packed away behind a book-case, with hundreds of newspapers, bank notes of every kind were found, mounting up to a large sum. Outwardly the house had a very smart appearance, as the florist kept it decked with beautiful flowers, and no one guessed the ghastly tragedy enacted within. I have told this story with great reticence, for as it is, it's quite horrible enough, and fuller details are impossible.

I was witness some time ago of a remarkable fraud in a most unlikely place, a village near Gloucester. There was a local flower show in the squire's park, and one of the villagers took all the first prizes, with cucumbers two feet long, gooseberries the size of plums, currants like grapes, potatoes like a child's head, and raspberries the size of strawberries. The Vicar, with whom I was staying, was hopelessly mystified, for the man was nothing of a gardener, and had only a strip of ground on the side of a hill; however, his was the best fruit, and he walked off with a considerable sum of money. The Vicar and I determined to have a look at this wonderful garden, and next morning stood at his gate. He cordially asked us in, and said he supposed we had come to see some of his fruit; so we asked to see his cucumbers. He took us to a small

Stories of Crime

frame, and there lying amongst some straw was an enormous specimen.

“Had he any of those giant potatoes?”

“Well,” he said, “he would look and see.”

So he took his fork and led us to a very small patch; put it into the ground, and up came what looked like a baby’s head.

“Had he any giant gooseberries?”

He thought there were two or three, and led us to some poor looking bushes, from which, however, hung a few enormous specimens. Further up the hill were some withered-looking raspberry canes, and we found on them also fruit as large as in the show. We eventually left the garden, still very much puzzled as to how such enormous fruit could grow on such a miserable patch. The Vicar asked me if I was satisfied. I said I was not, and then suddenly remembered we hadn’t seen the currants.

“Well,” he said, “we’ve seen all the rest.”

“Never mind,” I replied, “we may find out something; so back we went, and the man seemed a bit upset.

“We have never seen the currants,” I said, “have you got any?”

“A few,” he replied. “Come this way,” and he led us to three or four bushes, looking very bare and miserable; still, currants the size of small grapes were hanging from them.

The Vicar, satisfied, was walking away with the man, but I remained behind, and stooping down, examined one or two of the bunches. I found they were carefully tied on with green silk. We then went over the other fruit, and it was all the same. At last with great difficulty we got the story out of the man. He had a brother who was head gardener to Earl ——, who had a mania for growing over-sized fruit. His brother had brought over a barrow-load for the show, and he had kept a few for his garden in case anyone should call. Needless to say he was deprived of all the prizes, and had to leave the village.

I once was asked to speak to all the prisoners at Holloway, which at that time was full of Suffragettes. It was a curious experience, and became rather alarming when I saw a furious female rushing at me with a broom, closely pursued by a

Behind the Brass Plate

warder, who fortunately caught her before she broke my head.

My last reminiscence under this head is very extraordinary.

In the North of England there was a famous private school for boys. The Master was a great philanthropist, and held a high position on the Town Council, and also in the Church. The school had an extraordinary reputation for morality; no bad word was ever heard in it. Some half-dozen of my relatives were boarders there, and I recommended many others, sons of men in very high positions, till I should say at least one third of the school were my nominees. Driving in a hansom one day with my wife, we gave the Master a lift for a short distance, and when he got out my wife said to me:

“That is the most wicked man I’ve ever met.”

I asked her what made her say such a dreadful thing of such a good man.

Her only reply was, “I know it, I feel it.”

Some ten years after this, curiously enough, he came up to London, and actually offered to give me his school, as he was tired of it. As his fees were very high, this was a most generous offer, for the school was always full. About a year after this, one of the old schoolboys who had married, came to me about his lungs, and when he was going away, for some reason or another, he actually told me the true story of this sink of iniquity. The school had been systematically corrupted by the head-master himself for the last twenty years, and no one seems to have told! I at once wired for the head-master, who was spending his holidays in Cornwall, to come up to Town. He, after much shuffling, eventually appeared in my consulting room. I told him that I had corroborated evidence as to the indecent orgies at his school, and this, to a man whom up to then, for many years, I had regarded as a pattern of goodness!

He blustered and denied everything, so as I was so deeply involved, so many boys being my nominees, I passed him on a piece of paper three most damning questions, and told him that if he did not write “yes” to each of them and sign his name, I should at once put him in the hands of the police, when he would probably get penal servitude. If, however, he did

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sign it, I would give him twenty-four hours' grace in which to leave the country for ever. My brother-in-law, whose relatives were scholars, was present as a witness. After much fuming and threatening, he eventually acknowledged all three charges and signed his name. He then left in a furious rage, and tore down to the Isle of Wight, where some of his principal patrons lived. He warned them that I had lost my reason, and told them to pay no attention to any letters they might get from me; and then he left the country for Hong Kong, where he lived till he died.

Some time after I summoned the parents of the boys I had recommended the school to, and told them all. Never have I seen such a sight—strong men in tears in their agony of grief. I also went down to Lord Cross, and succeeded on this evidence in getting him to extend his act for the protection of young girls to boys as well.

A similar school existed years ago near Slough, to which boys from the highest families in England went, which was purged by my friend, Colonel G. G. Gordon, Equerry to Prince Christian. All public schoolmasters have to face the trouble, with, I believe, considerable success.

L

GAMGEE, PANKHURST, AND LADY JANE

SOME readers will remember Mr. Gamgee and his many companies. When he died he left me the secret of how to boil flannels in soap without shrinking them with a view to replacing my losses. Hitherto no flannels had been boiled with soap, so this was a new departure. I sold the secret to William Whiteley, who had just built a large washing factory. I must explain that the value of the invention was that hitherto no flannels worn next the skin in contagious diseases could be really disinfected in the wash, but were sent back with all the germs and spores alive that required boiling to kill them. Soon after I got a request from Whiteley to see flannels boiled by this process at his laundry.

I found my special copper full of dirty cricketing things which the foreman told me were worth a hundred pounds, and that Mr. Whiteley would look to me for the money if the things were spoiled. I felt so confident of success that I agreed. The flannels were boiled for fifteen minutes with my special soap and came out exactly as they went in. I may add that previously Whiteley had boiled in the ordinary way some blankets of his with the result they were absolutely destroyed; not only shrunk, but reduced to a sort of pulp.

One day, when writing on the "Mind of a Woman", I interviewed Sylvia Pankhurst. To my surprise, instead of living in comfort, I found her in a small house in a squalid street in the far N.E. of London, occupying two rooms on the first floor, with a large dog as her sole protector. She showed me a former haunt of vice close by, called "The Miners' Arms", which was now a crêche for small babies, and which she had re-christened "The Mothers' Arms". Behind the

Lady Jane Taylor

house, which was full of her clerks, she had a large sewing factory for girls out of work. While I was there an M.P. brought one of the foreign Ambassadors to see her; and so I retired.

The brothers Wood, who for so many years have carried on the "Young Life Campaign" all over England, were friends of mine; and the elder one, being consumptive, was told he had only six months to live, and so determining to make the most of it, preached every day in Hyde Park and elsewhere, and got perfectly well. I got into sad trouble with him one day when I took a party of friends to Ealing to hear him in the Victoria Hall. Requiring some dinner first, and finding no suitable hotel, we went to a large caterers, and had an excellent meal; but, alas, the sweet was a large sponge cake soaked in rum, of which we all partook. We had reserved seats in the Hall close by the platform. Mr. Wood had begun his discourse, but shortly after our arrival he began sniffing at the very rum odours we were unconsciously exhaling. Of course we were above suspicion, but he stopped his discourse, and began launching thunder bolts at inebriates, specially condemning those who drank champagne at night only to get real pain in the morning; but the source of the odour was still a great mystery, until at last I had to confess our guilt.

Lady Jane Taylor was another old friend—a most remarkable woman—who died at the age of ninety, and who was hand and glove with many social leaders. She was always having drawing-room meetings at her house, with such audiences as were never seen elsewhere. When I spoke there I had usually a front row of veterans, running between eighty and ninety years of age, with the "upper ten" meekly packed behind. She employed special agents to discover the various centres of real devil-worship which exist in London, chiefly South of the Thames, and of whose procedure I have full details.

LI

ODD STORIES

I WAS one of the original Members and Chairmen of the Parents' National Educational Union, which Huxley wished to join, but was not admitted.

Its chief value to me was that it discovered the value of unconscious education, and that the real worth of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, was not that derived from masters and books, but from the atmosphere the boys breathed, which gave them the required stamp. As this was actually the recognition of the unconscious, I gave it all my support, and after many years was succeeded by the present Lord Lytton as chairman.

As some of my family had joined another movement of "Speaking with Tongues" so rife in America, and I was writing a book on Christian Sanity, with which it seemed so seriously to clash, I determined to investigate it. Its chief exponent in England was Mr. Body, a clergyman of the highest repute, and vicar of the Parish Church in Sunderland for twenty years. I determined to go down there, and the vicar very kindly asked me to stay at his house. I told him that as I might have to write against the movement I would prefer an hotel, but he insisted on my coming to the vicarage, as he was as anxious for the truth as I was. When I arrived his wife welcomed me, and told me her husband had just gone to the prayer-meeting in the Church Room. She herself had just cast out the devil from a young curate of a very fashionable church. He had come to the town to inquire into the movement, but could not get from his hotel to the Church. He said his legs would not act! so that day in desperation he got into

Odd Stories

a cab and was driven to the vicarage, and had now gone on to the prayer-meeting. She had laid her hands on his shoulders, and first of all cast out the evil spirit. She then prayed for the gift of the Holy Spirit, and immediately he had begun to speak with tongues, and had gone to the meeting full of joy. I hastily ate my supper and followed him.

I have never heard such beautiful sounds as met my ears when I opened the door. Some seventy to a hundred people were on their knees and seemed to be crooning up and down the scale, sometimes loud and sometimes soft, and mostly in a plaintive minor key. There were no words, and the sound was that of a number of Æolian harps in a breeze. I was told that this was the "Tongue of Angels" as distinguished from that of men, which I should hear presently. Swayed by some common impulse they all arose suddenly, and took their seats. Five or six then stood up in different parts of the room, and all prayed different prayers simultaneously. I seated myself by the young clergyman, and soon he spoke with "tongues"; seeming suddenly to become unconscious and in a sort of fit, rapidly gabbling a stream of incoherent sounds: I listened to him most attentively, and am convinced it was no language on earth. The rest were calmly singing hymns and took no notice of him. After ten minutes he suddenly regained consciousness and joined in the hymn. A girl behind was also gabbling unconsciously. A tall man near then suddenly rose, and poured out apparently a stream of the same "gibberish".

It seems, however, that here I was wrong; for in another part of the room a little missionary stood up saying he had just returned from a branch in the upper Congo where a small tribe spoke the language they had just heard! The vicar then rose, a most incongruous figure in such a scene, and said that though he could not himself speak with tongues, his two youngest children now spoke fluently in Chinese. This I succeeded in having stopped. To see such a noble figure sanction such scenes filled me with distress. Mrs. Body then rose and declared she had been speaking to herself in tongues all the time, and would now tell us what she had said, and she gave a short discourse. After this there was

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less restraint, the proceedings became more exciting, and sometimes, to me, painfully ludicrous. The whole seemed to be an outbreak of some form of hysteria; I certainly could not regard it as the work of the Holy Spirit, though without doubt this was the view taken by everyone in the room. The movement has now spread practically all over the world.

At this time I met the late Lord Forester, who had the distinction in common with one other nobleman, of keeping his hat on in the King's presence. He showed me the original warrant (granted by Henry VIII) when staying at Willey Park. On fetching me from the station, he first drove me to a Palestine Exhibition in the village hall, where he made a most excellent speech, and then took me over his hospital, remarkable for its large store of radium. His dress was remarkable, not only on account of his very large check trousers, but because of the scarlet worsted gloves which he persisted in wearing, like Hawker, the vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall.

I was present at a most painful scene when staying with my friend Mr. Herbert Tritton at Lyons Hall, near Chelmsford. He was a most devout and upright man, and on this Sunday went very solemnly to the old Saxon Church in his grounds on the occasion of the death of King Edward VII. After the service, we were to have the "Dead March in Saul". Most unfortunately the organist was away, and a young lady took his place; she had evidently never played the solemn piece. When the time came we all stood up very rigidly to hear the funereal strains. What was our horror when the young lady proceeded to play it in dance time as a sort of a jig.

Maud Valerie White, so well known in the musical world, was a most fascinating personality. She constantly had with her an almost equally fascinating nephew, whose ideas of heaven expressed to his aunt when in a lift for the first time were quite original.

In answer to the query of what it was like he replied, "Always going up in a lift and eating sardines' heads," knowing he could not eat them on earth.

Odd Stories

I knew Mr. Bryant, of Bryant and May, who lived at Stoke Park, now a golf club-de-luxe. At lunch there one day I had to sign my name in a birthday book, beneath the lines

“He was not naturally bad,
Nor viciously inclined,
But from his early youth he had
A waggish turn of mind.”

which I thought were not inappropriate.

Lady C., whom I have already immortalised in my notes on Palestine, had a very pretty place in Cumberland, by the River Eden, called Eden Lacy. She had a wonderful chauffeur, who always drove her from Cumberland to her house in Berkeley Square, 320 miles, in one day in a 40 h.p. car. On one occasion he told her he was going to be married, whereupon she bought him a book of the Proverbs of Solomon, and recommended him, if his intended did not come up to the standard there laid down, not to marry her.

LII

ARDROSS, PETT RIDGE, DR. GUTHRIE, SIR F. WILLS

THE husband of the dying lady whom I cured with old brandy and other things was a great friend of mine. Ardross Castle, his place in Scotland, was truly magnificent, and deserves some description. It was built in the ornamental Gothic style, but had an extensive Italian garden in front, descending in broad terraces, ornamented with marble statues. Its peculiar feature was a large swimming bath of fresh running peat-water, kept at the uniform heat of 60°; here the men bathed before breakfast, and on their return from shooting; while the ladies used it in the morning. This bath, together with the lighting, the cooking, the heating of the house, the whole machinery of house and farm, and the electric broughams that brought the guests from Alness Station, were worked by electricity, which cost nothing but its installation; the whole power being produced by a large waterfall. The current was stored in the power house, and brought by cables to the house, farm, and stables. The castle was built by a Mackenzie, of Kintail, who is said to have constructed one hundred miles of road on the estate.

The shooting lodge, a large house, was five miles from the castle. The property included a good salmon river, a large lake for trout, duck, and other shooting, and large grouse moors, while pheasants and partridges abounded nearer the castle. Beyond these were extensive deer forests, which marched on the north with the Duke of Sutherland's and on the west with the Shoolbreds' estates.

Near the castle my friend had erected a fine church in memory of his wife's recovery. His eldest daughter was

Pett Ridge

married the other day, and received a diamond necklace from her mother, of an enormous reputed value.

I met Pett Ridge at dinner at the new Savage Club, where he told a good story about a man who kept interrupting a political meeting, with which he did not agree, by shouting out, "That's all very well, but what did Gladstone say in 1868?" He became such a nuisance that at last two policemen were sent for to turn him out. He was up at the top of the tent where the people were packed like sardines, and the police reached him with great difficulty, and after a lot of struggles at last got him out. One of them, much interested, asked him confidentially, what *was* it Gladstone said in 1868?

"Blest if I know," said the man, "I couldn't move, and was near fainting, and had to do something to get out!"

I knew the present holder of one of our most ancient earldoms when he was Lord B——, a very earnest, Christian man. We were staying with a laird up Deeside who had a small Mission Hall on his property. When it was Lord B——'s turn to speak, he began by a description of his unregenerate state, which included so many unedifying and improper adventures at Brighton, that he had to be stopped.

Dr. Guthrie, a physician at 10, Harley Street, was connected with a most extraordinary illusion. A cousin of mine, a naval officer and former colleague, came to see me after years of absence. After a little chit chat, he said: "I see Dr. Guthrie has moved to Cavendish Square and taken Sir Victor Horsley's old house, and put up his brass plate." I was very much surprised, and when he had gone asked Dr. Guthrie about it; he said he had no idea of moving and had no plate in Cavendish Square; so I walked there to see for myself, and found Sir Victor Horsley's house in the hands of the builders, and no plate on the door at all. Some days afterwards, my grandson looked in; he had just returned from the front, and to pass the time I told him the story of my cousin's illusion.

"It is very strange you should mention that," he said, "for it isn't an illusion at all; for 'a plate', with the name of a Dr. Guthrie, *is* there. I came through the square on my

Behind the Brass Plate

way here, and as I passed Asquith's house, I saw him getting into his carriage, and turned round to look at him. My eye caught a new brass plate on a house opposite with the name of Dr. Guthrie'' (of whom he had never heard). I told him I doubted if it was there, and he said he could swear it before any judge, and offered to take me to see it. So off we went again. He could not find it, but still persisted that he had seen it; so I went across to the Society of Psychical Research, but they could come to no satisfactory conclusion, and suggested it might be a vision of the future. This is still a mystery.

Sir Frederick Wills used often to consult me with regard to his larger charities; and I believe I was instrumental in obtaining a library for Guy's Hospital. One summer he placed his yacht at my disposal, and I looked forward with great pleasure to a cruise, until I discovered it was a large schooner with a crew of twenty-two men, which was a little beyond me.

LIII

HARRIS, Q.C., BADEN-POWELL, WILCOX, SIR H. HOWARTH

READER HARRIS, Q.C., was a well-known Parliamentary barrister at one time, and practically lived in the Committee Rooms of the House of Lords. He was a very brilliant sceptic until he became an equally aggressive Christian. One day at lunch a stranger sitting at his club table, and finding he was a lawyer, asked him if he had met an ass called "Reader Harris", who practised in the House of Lords, but was always asking people about their souls, and all that rot. Receiving no reply, and seeing Harris looking down his nose, he feared he had made a mistake, and said apologetically: "I'm afraid you may know him; perhaps I ought not to have spoken."

"To tell you the truth," said Harris, "his wife is a connection of mine by marriage."

As will have been seen by my readers, I've been engaged, much against my wish, in questions of morality in the youth of both sexes. I saw that Sir Robert Baden-Powell had waved his magician's wand over the Youth of the world and had succeeded in taming the untamable, and especially in raising the moral tone of the boys of this country. To me all this was a miracle, but I saw that one thing more was needed. Sir Robert had considered, as far as was possible in a general movement, the religious question; but there remained the enforcement of personal morality as a part of the Scout's law. I went down to headquarters, and had a long talk with the General. He declared my arrival most opportune; for he was in the act of writing a fresh edition of *The Scout's Manual*, and would incorporate my views. Not only so, but at his request, I addressed some hundreds of scout-masters, in the Caxton Hall, on the subject, and also those of the Midlands at Birmingham.

Behind the Brass Plate

I must say I was thrilled with Sir William Wilcox's address, to a most brilliant audience, on Mesopotamia, at the Royal Geographical Society. He dismissed all views on the first ten chapters of *Genesis* that regarded them as myths or fables as puerile and unscientific; and insisted, on the contrary, on their general historicity. He had found the rivers of Eden as described, and the nations of *Genesis* (Chap. x) there to-day; and above all, his interpretation of Noah's deluge was literal. In the first place, the deluge that submerged the world (*Genesis* i, ver. 2) was ages before Noah's deluge, which was not for the destruction of the earth, but of the Adamic race, and therefore required nothing but the overflow of Mesopotamia, where they all were; for it required a subsequent Tower of Babel to drive them out of it. He said his first enlightenment came from his dragoman, who said they were to encamp that night on those hills, pointing across the plain. Wilcox could see no hills, and when they encamped asked where they were, and then the dragoman explained that anything in Mesopotamia that remained dry during the annual inundation of eighteen inches was a hill in Mesopotamia. These hills were three or four feet high. He found also that high hills might be ten or twelve, and both of these are mentioned in *Genesis* vi, where the depths of the water when all these were covered was said to be over twenty feet. This, of course, is very different from three miles, which is the height of Ararat, in Asia Minor, which is certainly not in Mesopotamia. He found, however, a hill near the village of Ararat, by the Persian Gulf, not far from Ur of the Chaldees. The whole matter was now clear. It must be remembered that through Mesopotamia five times the waters of the Nile flows in ordinary times. On this occasion there is no doubt that a flood of waters fell in the Caucasus, which made an unprecedented deluge in Mesopotamia. This continued, we are told, for so many days, that every living thing in Mesopotamia died. The capacity of the ark for the fauna of the country was thus ample.

Sir Henry Howarth, whose work on the Mammoths has given him European fame, used to live at Castleton Hall, at

Sir H. Howarth

Rochdale. I knew him well, and he always had some good story to tell. One that I recollect was about his sister-in-law, a Spanish lady with imperfect English, at Woking. She made a contract with a builder to decorate her house, but when his bill came in, found it greatly exceeded the estimate; so she summoned the unfortunate man into the drawing-room; and when he stood awkwardly in her majestic presence, she said to him without a blush: "You are very much more dear to me than when we first engaged!"

LIV

*DEAN INGE, BOYD CARPENTER, SIR E. TRITTON,
H. VEZIN*

WHEN on the Birthrate Commission for some years I frequently met the "gloomy" Dean of St. Paul's. I never noticed the gloom, but was much impressed with his transparent and absolute honesty of word and thought. He presided while we were investigating the cause of the lowered birthrate, regarded as an evil. He, however, regarded it as a blessing, and matters became, at times, a little awkward. Now, it seems as if the Dean's view is becoming more acceptable.

When we were not at St. Paul's, we sat under the shadow of the Abbey, under the presidency of that silver-tongued Bishop, Boyd Carpenter. His last book on the Kaiser is most remarkable; as it presents him from long, personal knowledge, and many letters, in an entirely new character.

Sir Ernest Tritton, whom I had known, together with his brother, the banker, since they were twelve years old, was a dear friend of mine. He had an invalid wife, for whom he constructed a tramway up his main staircase, and once I had the painful experience of being taken up by the butler. He was a great rose-grower at Bloomfield, his place at Norwood, a great temperance advocate in the House, and a delightful companion everywhere.

Mrs. Arbuthnot, the President of the Woman's Protestant Union, was the mother of a large and clever family, but her public work took up most of her time, as for years she kept four secretaries going in her house, Plaw Hatch, near East Grinstead.

H. Vezin

Herman Vezin told me a little story once that I can't forget. A well-to-do farmer, who had married a lady, and sent his son to Oxford, was at breakfast with them one morning, and asked his son if he would "'ave a little 'am?"

"You should not say 'am, father," said the Oxonian, "you should say 'am," while the wife at the head of the table bitterly remarked to herself, "They both of them think they are saying 'am"! "

LV

OTHER STORIES

My wife at one time could get no sleep in London, and tried the country. A friend of hers came to me one day, and told me she had found there was only one cure for her sleeplessness.

"Whatever it is, it must be tried," I said, preparing to write a prescription.

"It is an hour's drive in an open motor car, every night before she goes to bed."

"All right," I said, without turning a hair, "I'll send one down." So off I went to Holland & Holland's, in Oxford Street, and made them build me a very light aluminium landaulette body, fitted on to a Renault chassis, and then got rid of my carriage and pair to pay for it. The trouble was my wife never liked it open and did not use it; so I found another cure, which has been effectual ever since.

In these random recollections I now recall a great friend of mine in the north of Scotland, who gravely informed me he could not afford to die. In his room hung six priceless and celebrated Vandykes; and when he died these would be valued at such a sum for death duties that his family would be beggared. So he formed a limited company, consisting of his coachman, butler, and gardener, with himself as managing director, to whom he transferred his Vandykes, and I believe his arrangement has worked satisfactorily.

I had the great privilege for many years of knowing our most graceful poet, Austin Dobson, of whom Henley wrote the following lines :

"The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all."

Other Stories

He was a most charming man, and England is the poorer for his death.

At one time, I almost made a great fortune. Everywhere I found how temperance was hindered by the very unsatisfactory nature of its drinks. This I proposed to remedy, and divulged my scheme to one of our largest soda-water manufacturers, reserving heavy royalties for myself. They took the matter up enthusiastically, seeing its enormous possibilities, and, but for an unforeseen chemical difficulty, I suppose I should now be living in affluence. I will now proceed to give away my secret, and it is quite possible some fortunate purchaser of this book may yet realise a fortune from it. The delicious and invigorating properties of cold tea are insufficiently known. I proposed under some attractive name, with handsome labels, to supply this beverage in three forms, dry, sweet and sparkling. It was the latter form on which the scheme was wrecked; for it was found that the moment the tea was made to sparkle with carbonic acid, down came the tannin in a dirty brown powder in the sealed bottle. This was so unsightly that it has never been put on the market. I learned, however, one thing, that half the tannin in the tea leaf is soluble in boiling water immediately it is poured on. So that the lying adage on our tea cosies should now read:

“For if the kettle boiling be,
Filling the teapot spoils the tea.”

Turning from finance, I recall some genial moments with our great humorist, Barry Pain. When I met him one day in a new suit, I rudely accosted him as Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, who at that time was a member of Parliament who sought to benefit the public by selling suits at moderate prices in the Strand.

Pain immediately retorted:

“I’ll sing thee songs of Mallaby
And tales of cheap cashmere.”

I am not sure whether he has printed the following funny story concerning two irascible city men who lived at Woking,

Behind the Brass Plate

and who constantly travelled up to Town together. One very mild day, when it was quite unnecessary, they fought as usual about the window. No. 1, on entering the carriage, let it down, No. 2 then promptly pulled it up; after a while No. 1, being stifled, asked for it to be lowered, No. 2 declared he was cold, and refused; so after a prolonged interval No. 1 walked across the carriage and let it down. This game continued to Waterloo, by which time both were furious, and in loud voices shouted for the guard, and the two began talking together about window rights.

“I am very sorry, gentlemen,” said the guard, who didn’t quite hear them, “that you have been so annoyed, but the new glass will be put in to-morrow.”

Once, when staying at a large hotel at the seaside, I got a violent attack of influenza and pneumonia, the effects of which have made me more or less of an invalid ever since, and given me time to write these little stories. My temperature for many days was over 103, nevertheless I can distinctly remember two articles of food sent up to me by the doctor’s orders: one was “angels on horseback”, which consists of fried oysters, each wrapped up in bacon (a more appropriate name would be “pigs in clover”); the other was a good rump steak. Needless to say I ate neither. I went to Scotland to convalesce, and found all the country agog with the arrival of some 30,000 Russians from Archangel in the early stages of the war. The evidence of their arrival was absolutely overwhelming. At Aberdeen a well-known J.P., with whom I was staying, had seen train loads of them leave the station. In the Midlands a cousin of mine saw a train full of them at a station, asking for refreshments in a foreign tongue. My brother-in-law was appointed to guard special bridges near London while the Russians passed under. This testimony could be multiplied a hundred fold, and it seems incredible that the whole should prove a myth. Such is the wonderful power of collective hypnotism.

On my return to town I met a fascinating doctor who showed me a beautiful gold Roman coin displaying a ship in full sail with a long inscription round it. He said that at the date of the coin the plague raged at Rome, and no one could find a

Other Stories

cure. Some of the wisest physicians in Rome were sent to the Greek Island of Samothrace where the plague had been wonderfully cured. They returned with a shipload of snakes, for the Greeks had discovered that the plague was entirely carried about by rats, which the snakes followed and destroyed. These were let loose all over Rome and the plague was stopped and every Temple had its snake worship. He then told me he had another coin at home depicting rats or mice eating mussels on the sea shore. Students of the Bible will remember that when the plague raged among the Philistines, they sent back the ark of God with five golden emerods (tumours), and five golden mice (or rats), which shows that the cure of the plague was then understood. But the puzzle was, were they rats or mice? And the doctor went from one seaside town to another, till at Worthing at last he got the answer. Some fishermen there told him that at the west end of the town rats could be seen in numbers going down to eat the mussels on the beach, which the mice never did. The mice in the ark, therefore, were probably rats.

Amongst other results of my illness I was much troubled, and have been ever since, with sleeplessness; and, by long experience, I have found that to lie in the dark and try and sleep is in my case a bad plan. I turn on the light by my bed where I always have some nice food ready, and do a little writing or reading as long as I can. My point is not to try to sleep, but rather to keep awake.

LVI

SOME COMIC STORIES

DURING the War, we hardly knew what we ate, there was so much camouflage, especially with regard to sausages. I believe some were still supplied by the pig, but there were dark rumours about aged cab horses, and I never could eat one with comfort until a friend showed me the infallible test between the two. This was to place the pound of sausages in a row end to end, and take away the first one. If they all moved up one they were horse, if not, they were pork.

The following ghost story was vouched for as true, which makes it extremely doubtful:

A very matter-of-fact man was spending the night with a young squire and his friends in a haunted house, and heard how the ghost generally appeared in his bedroom about 2 o'clock in the morning. So he told them that he should sleep that night with a loaded revolver under his pillow, and would shoot the ghost the moment it appeared. "So you had better play no larks," he added, "for I shall stand no nonsense." They assured him that the ghost was perfectly genuine, and no jokes would be played. When he retired, he locked the door and looked under the four-post bed; he then put the revolver under his pillow and went to sleep. Some hours after he awoke feeling there was someone in the room. Looking towards the window, he dimly saw a black object slowly rising up at the foot of his bed. Stealthily drawing his revolver from his pillow he fired. There was a bang. He had shot off his big toe.

I was greatly cheered when I broke my leg, and lay inactive week after week, to get a beautiful card from a friend in New Zealand, with the following motto—"When you are

Some Comic Stories

down in the mouth, think of Jonah, he came out all right."

I was dining lately with the well-known Chaplain-General, who had recently been laid up. He told me that amongst his many visitors was a serious-looking "Tommy" whom he asked why he thought he had to lie in bed with this illness. The "Tommy" reflected, and then gravely replied, "I suppose it is that you may have time to repent of your sins, sir."

The following story is believed on the L.M.S. Railway to this day:

Some years ago, when Queen Victoria was returning from Balmoral, the pilot engine in front of the Royal train was suddenly pulled up about twenty miles above Carlisle. There was a dense white fog at the time after some days of rain, and the driver had seen a black figure on the line in front in the fog, desperately waving its arms. His whistle stopped the Royal train, and the two drivers walked along the line to investigate. They found, some hundred yards ahead, the torrent under a little wooden bridge, the only one left on the line, had swept it away; and that the Queen's life had probably been saved. Eventually a train arrived from Carlisle by which the Queen continued her journey; but the mystery remained unsolved, for the one who stopped the engine could not be found; and it was not until next morning, at the engine-shed at Carlisle, that the puzzle was explained. The driver of the pilot, cleaning his head lights, found in one of them a large dead moth. This, fluttering in front of the light, had produced on the white fog a black image waving its arms. The moth is now in the Museum at Carlisle.

During the War, outside the War Office, Lord Curzon was talking to his chauffeuse, and the clerk overheard the following:

Lord C.: "I can't come now, will you return in an hour?"

Chauffeuse: "Very well, I'll be up to time."

Lord C.: "When you're addressing me, you should say, 'my lord'."

Chauffeuse: "And when you speak to me, you should say 'my lady'," replied the daughter of a well-known duchess.

Behind the Brass Plate

A reverend friend of mine, cousin of the then editor of *The Times*, caused some audible chuckles in church one night. The parish was large and had a north and south end, with a church in each. The vicar very gravely announced that he had forgotten to say that the baby, whose christening he had announced in the morning, would be baptised at the other end!

When drinking wine at a friend's table, I am often reminded of a story of a timid curate, whose Bishop gave him at dinner some very cheap claret, of which, however, the curate drank two or three glasses rapidly, praising it all the time. The Bishop was touched, and told the curate that, next time he dined with him, he should have something very superior. So not long after the curate again sat drinking glass after glass of a very fine wine, but this time without a word. The Bishop, annoyed at seeing his best wine disappearing so rapidly without appreciation, remarked, "You seem to like my wine, but you haven't got much to say for it."

"Well no, my lord, that other wine required a great deal of praise, but this speaks for itself."

A medical friend of mine, a great authority on tropical diseases, told me of his solution of one in the West Indies that was usually attributed to a mosquito bite. He proved it could not be this because no known mosquito produced the disease which was invariably fatal. Moreover, he took the eggs out of one of the tumours and hatched them. The insect was a gorgeous dragon-fly with a peacock-blue body, three quarters of an inch long. No one, however, had ever seen such an insect in the island—it was absolutely unknown, and the medical man insisted that the bite was that of a mosquito. The puzzle seemed insoluble. Travelling far inland, he penetrated the great swamp country, and there came across the gorgeous unknown dragon-fly, with a body of bright peacock-blue, never seen in the haunts of men. He also discovered a large flower, whose petal was a large deep scarlet cup, always full of water, and it had also a large blue pistil. The water was full of live stock, and he found the larvæ of the small green tree frog, various insects, and the mosquito. Patient watching showed him the following

Some Comic Stories

marvels. The great dragon-fly used to perch on this flower and remain perfectly still for hours, with its blue body stretched over the cup in imitation of the plant. When the young mosquito was hatched, it flew up and perched on the blue body. If it was a male nothing happened; but when the mosquito was a female, the dragon-fly clasped it tightly, and glued upon it some rows of its own eggs. The unconscious mosquito, laden with this burden, stung the first human being it met (only the sting of the female can pierce the human skin), the eggs of the dragon-fly were deposited in the man, and when hatched produced this fatal disease. The doctor returned to the town, and proved that the mortality was caused by a blue dragon-fly never seen in the abodes of men, but whose unerring instinct taught it to kill men by this round-about way.

I will conclude these little stories with two told me by a friend, whose poems are well known to the public. He was lunching one day at a foreign restaurant in Soho, noted for its scanty food, and its enormous and affable proprietor. This gentleman came round as usual and halted before the poet, and asked him after an exchange of compliments, "How he found the beef?"

"It was difficult," replied the poet, "but at last I looked under the potato, and there it was."

The other may be a chestnut, and is about the Guards who received their colours from Queen Victoria on a blazing hot day. As they stood before Her Majesty, the Queen began sniffing, and turning to a lady-in-waiting, asked her if she smelt anything like drains. The lady thought she did, and the Queen turned to the Colonel who was standing by her, and asked him if he noticed it, and what he thought it was? He was, however, equal to the occasion.

"Madam," he replied, "that is the *esprit-de-corps*."

LVII

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

I WILL now give a few personal reminiscences.

This is how I broke my leg. I was standing where there was no thoroughfare, watching the building of the Admiralty Arch, when I was knocked down by a heavy van carrying a load of meat to the "Ship" restaurant, the only vehicle that could pass up that road. The wheel passed over my leg, and I lay on the ground in great pain shouting for brandy. I was intensely interested to find myself wheeled up the Strand in the police ambulance exactly like an ordinary "drunk and disorderly." At Charing Cross Hospital the X-ray man had left, so I was taken on to Harley Street, with the results recorded in another place. However, I was due to preside at a dinner the next night, which, my leg being put up in plaster, I managed to do.

I don't think I am in the least brave, but during the raids, while everyone in the house was in the cellars, I was either sleeping in my bed, or looking out of the window. I have seen two Zeppelins at the same time dropping bombs, one at the front, and the other at the back of the house. A bit of shell indeed came through our skylight. I have since attended several patients who have attributed their nervous breakdown entirely to these raids.

Like many other medical men, I had insured my life in several offices, and found they estimated it to end in March, 1919, when as a matter of fact it nearly did close. I had retired to bed in my usual health at 10 p.m., when about midnight I opened my eyes and found the bedroom and contents were revolving rapidly. I tried to sit up and was thrown violently out of bed on to the floor. I crawled back and

Personal Reminiscences

became very sick. A doctor and a couple of nurses were soon there. The doctor declared it was Spanish influenza, and fought it without success for thirty hours. Long before then I got so weak as to be nearly unconscious. The doctor feared I could not last much longer. To me, of course, it was all right, as I was dying at the appointed time; but, alas, not as I had hoped, quietly on my pillow with my friends and flowers around me, instead of the horrible retching and pain. However, at 8 a.m. the deliverance came, and as we say "a thought struck me", which usually means some other thought than our own, "Bandage your eyes and you'll recover." One of the nurses completely bandaged my eyes, and for two days I was blind, on the third I ventured to lift the top for a little bit, and found the room had ceased to turn. I was never sick again, and after three months regained my usual health.

Encouraged by my recovery, and finding Sir James Mackenzie could not cure my heart, I got leave to try homeopathy, which had great success in cases like mine. I was treated in turn by the dilute poison of the lance-headed viper, the rattle-snake, and the cobra, but all in vain, and when I gave it up my old doctor congratulated me on my return to the fold. Since then I have become a well known figure in the neighbourhood: as I can only walk a short distance, you could often see me sitting in Oxford Street and Cavendish Square on my camp-stool, with my faithful nurse standing by my side. All you would miss is the plate, and I am not blind.

During a severe attack of lumbago, I discovered the therapeutic effects of hot sand. This I found at Ostend, and sat in it till completely cured.

But my readers must be tired of the capital "I", and I will proceed to other subjects of greater interest. I wonder if any of them know a village called Birdlip, in Gloucestershire. To step out on to the lawn of the hotel there is to get a distinct impression of Switzerland.

You are surrounded by pines, and far away below, Gloucester, Cheltenham, the Severn, are spread out like a map, the distance being bounded by the Welsh mountains. Not

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far off is the delightful country-house of some Roman gentleman, where you can trace the whole domestic life of that period, and walk along the Roman Road to their old town of Cirencester.

As a contrast to antiquity I recall the extreme modernity of the Garden City, near St. Albans. It contains nothing so ancient as a public house, nor so coarse as a butcher's shop. I think it is inhabited by long-haired vegetarians, at any rate, when hungry and thirsty, I turned into their house of refreshment, and asked for some bread and cheese and a glass of beer, I was told they had none, so I substituted a glass of milk and some biscuits and butter. They regretted they could not give me the latter, as they had only "triscuits and nutter".

I have already spoken of the "Tongues" movement, and in Harley Street I was consulted by a governess, who was nearly out of her mind by the orgies carried on by some of its leaders in a neighbouring terrace. She used to sit in the schoolroom, and listen to these amazing "Tongues" in the dining-room, interrupted by loud peals of laughter, which to her were perfectly horrible, being a part of their sacred rites. What finally upset her, was a very old lady who used to be brought into the hall in a bath-chair and then carried into the dining-room to have the devil cast out of her. There was a great noise, with continual shouts to the old lady to "let the devil out. To open her mouth wider, wider still, and let it out," all accompanied with groans and laughter.

Some time before this I became associated with the Victoria Institute, a Philosophic Society which is far too little known, containing, as it does, so many distinguished names, and discussing so many papers on religious, scientific, and modern subjects.

London was startled in those days with a real wild Zoo at Olympia, which has been copied in a very modified manner by the Mappin Terraces in Regent's Park. In Olympia a score of lions ranged absolutely free on the canvas mountains, separated from the audience only by a gulf some twenty feet wide, which appeared very easy to jump across. Having carefully arranged for a hasty retreat, I gazed at them with

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fearful joy, and have never seen since anything that gave me such real thrills.

Another exhibition at Olympia had a charm I can never forget. It was the City of Lilliput, where tiny houses and shops, ten or twelve feet high, formed streets where you could buy most delightful articles, if you could stoop. There were some little carriages, a little theatre, and a number of little inhabitants, averaging about three feet in height. How such a collection of dwarfs was got together I know not, but the visitors stalked about the little streets like giants, careful not to overturn any of the tiny inhabitants. The performance of the little people at the open-air theatre was highly appreciated by the gigantic audience, sitting on enormous, full sized chairs, and when the king drove up, with his tiny steeds and coachmen, there was a perfect ovation.

Down in the city I used to frequent the London Tavern, where my glee club met, and always had my private dinners in Queen Elizabeth's room, the platter on which she partook of pork and peas pudding, on her release from the Tower, being on the mantel-piece.

I think few people in England know anything of the peculiar joys of Saundersfoot, a delightful watering place in South Wales, with miles of level sand, where the sport of sand-yacht racing can be enjoyed to the full. A sand yacht is a board about ten feet long on cycle wheels, with a seat, tall mast, and a sail, and away you go. Jaded young men, looking out for a new sport, might do worse than go there.

In my early days I used to be very fond of Scarborough, stretched like a great eagle with its massive castle head, and its two long, curved wings along our Yorkshire coast. North of this is the romantic town of Whitby, and a little farther, on a lofty headland, is Mulgrave Castle, where the Marquis of Normanby did such yeoman's service during the late War, by turning the pile of buildings into an up-to-date hospital. In front of the hall door there is an open lawn to the edge of the cliff, which is called the quarter-deck, and I have never seen Lord Normanby, with a figure not unlike Napoleon's, marching up and down on it, without thinking of the picture of the great captive on board the *Bellerophon*.

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Last time I had to cross to Ireland, during the War, the Marine Superintendent at Euston assured me that the northern route by Larne was the safest. This, however, I found quite sufficiently hazardous, for we were escorted across by an aeroplane, and a destroyer on each side, from Stranraer to Larne, where we found about fifty mine-sweepers.

The Roman town of Verulam, outside St. Albans, has always been of intense interest to me. Its boundaries can still be made out, and its cross streets and principal buildings, part of its eastern wall, with a ditch outside (still containing water) and part of the southern wall, are yet visible.

Alongside the latter lies a very deep trench up which the Britons used to drive their cattle to Boadicea's British camp, which lay in the fields beyond. In this city, the first British martyr, a Roman legionary, suffered, and was subsequently canonised as "St. Alban", the cathedral being built over his grave.

I have alluded to being for some years on the Cinema Commission. It was a time when there was an epidemic of problem plays. One on the artificial control of our families, and called "Where are our Children?" was very powerful, but I am convinced that the production of such films must be watched with great care. Long experience has convinced me that the scathing exposure of sin is heartily enjoyed by the evil doers themselves and, so far from proving a deterrent, advertises the sin and may prove an incentive.

I have spoken of my poet friend. I recall a little gem of his which has greatly pleased me :

" It was a tide of bluebells
Swayed by the light Spring breeze :
Eddying, reflux, rippling, against the trees.
We, in the broken sunlight
Under the bough's green skies :
Lay, like love's vessels, drifting
To Paradise."

My idea that "love's vessels" refers to a mother and her children has not been well received.

After my dreadful illness I recruited at Jersey, and I was horrified to find the island transformed from a floral Paradise

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to a market garden, all since the war. When I went for flowers to the great Jersey growers I was ridiculed, and shown the orchid and other houses all full of tomatoes. Not only so, but over the whole island the trees are cut down to leafless stumps, lest their shade should interfere with the crops. Guernsey still retains some charm.

Anyone who has survived these Reminiscences must feel by now as agile as a grasshopper in his incessant leaps from subject to subject every few lines. I fear this is not a restful book that induces sleep.

LVIII

MOTORING, CYCLING AND YACHTING ABROAD

It will afford some further diversion if I proceed briefly to describe a motor tour in Switzerland.

We were advised by the Automobile Club on no account to take our own cars into Switzerland, as at that time, before the War, they were liable to be purposely punctured and misdirected, the Swiss desiring to promote their own motor industry. We therefore hired two F.I.A.T.'s from an excellent firm at Ouchy, with two first-rate ex-military chauffeurs. We insisted that the charge per mile should be absolutely inclusive of all the chauffeurs' board and wages and garage and petrol expenses. We had a perfect time, without a single break-down or puncture. A brief record of our route, which included every pass then open to motors, may be of some use to readers who wish to enjoy a wonderful fortnight. We were nine in number, four and the luggage in one touring car, and five in the other.

We started from Lausanne, and turned off at Vevey through the lovely back country past the Castle of Gruyère, through Château d'Oex, up to Spiez on Lake Thun. Thence to Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, in the most gorgeous weather. Then up to Brienz and over the Brünig to Lucerne. Thence by Küsnacht and the back of the Righi to Brunnen on the lake, where I regret to say we all turned in at the great factory to see the manufacture of Kirschenwasser, of which we each bought a bottle. Then along the bay of Uri and the Axenstrasse, up to the top of the St. Gothard Pass, and down the long zig-zag into Bellinzona. Thence by the entrancing shores of Lugano to the old town of Como. Here we steamed all over the lake, and after a day or two went

A Cycling Tour

through the plains of Lombardy, which were like a maze. We managed to find our way to Lago Maggiore solely by catching small boys and making them stand on the step and direct us as far as they could go. At the lake we rowed to Isola Bella, where the noble proprietor was very deferential to the high nobility of Harley Street. We proceeded round the lake to Pallanza and the Eden Hotel, and then to the top of the Simplon, where we had a never-to-be-forgotten lunch, with glaciers all around us, the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa on our left, the fearful gorge of the Rhone valley in front, backed by the whole extent of the Bernese Oberland. Then we went down to Zermatt and up to the Gorner-grat, and then on to Martigny over the perilous Tête Noire, then being adapted for motor traffic, down to Chamonix, and thence via Geneva back to Lausanne.

Some time previously a cycling tour in the Ardennes interested us very much. In one of the more remote villages, where nightingales seemed as common as sparrows, we found the chief industry was making wheels for our London buses. I think Godfrey-de-Bouillon's castle interested me most. I lay in the recess of the little round window where he used to watch his enemies coming from France, hour after hour. This was the Crusader who, when made King of Jerusalem, refused to be crowned where his Lord was crucified.

I have been three yachting cruises in Friesland and Holland, and must spend one moment in commending this trip to my jaded London friends. In the first place it is the cheapest I know, there being no hotel expenses whatever. In the second, it is absolutely novel, for you live most comfortably on board all the time, purchasing your provisions in the quaintest villages imaginable. In the third, the waterways and meres are so extensive that compared with the Broads it is as Windermere to the Welsh Harp. On one occasion we had six men on a small steam yacht, and six ladies on the sailing yacht, and by this means one could tow the other when needed. We also on this trip went over fifty miles on the Rhine. At Volendam and Marken we found the artists' paradise. The former is the headquarters of the smelt trade, and the harbour

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is full of the smelt yachts. In winter, when the Zuyder Zee is frozen, these yachts are mounted on long steel runners, hoist their sails and away they fly in an unparalleled sport. The only drawback about Friesland I remember is that there is some doubt about the drinking water in the summer. We, therefore, took sixty dozen with us from Amsterdam of "spit water" (soda water), and other drinks. Crowds of inquisitive natives followed us everywhere, but we carried with us a very clever girl who, while professing not to know any Dutch, had managed to acquire three words which would disperse the largest crowd. These were "*Ist du erhuide?*" which means "Are you engaged to be married?" When the crowd gathered she would go up to the young men and women with her three words, and they fled for their lives. I can see her now in the tram in a small town when the conductor came for her fare looking up at him with a dove-like innocence, and asking him the three fatal words, when he also fled.

Now, alas, the Zee is to be drained, and a great charm of Holland will have vanished.

LIX

A FEW OTHER TRIPS. (STORM IN ZUYDER ZEE)

A FEW other trips and I have done.

At Aberdeen on one occasion I visited the fish market, and saw a sight I think unique. There were near by two miles of fish arranged in groups about three yards deep along the covered quays. Beside the well-known fishmongers' fish, there were rows of monk fish, cat fish, with their slimy skins, large round flat heads, and enormous eyes, and hundreds of another fish without any heads at all. I found that these heads were so horrible that they were all taken off at sea, and never allowed to be seen on shore. This class of fish is principally used at the fried fish shops. The fishing is, I believe, very lucrative. A trawler has been known to bring in £5,000 worth of fish in a single night.

My visits to Aberdeen were principally to see my friends on the Deeside, one of the finest salmon rivers in Scotland. My friend let this fishing in the season at a very high rental, and one year a lady took it. It was some time before she and her numerous retinue of friends were properly installed, then the fun began. She summoned the fishing ghillie, and told him to cut her two hickory rods, twenty feet long. To one of these she tied thirty feet of strong red worsted, and at the end a red bunch of the same. Then to the man's horror she ordered him to accompany her to the river. She marched down, brandishing her outlandish stick, and dexterously cast the worsted far out into the Dee. Then with a mighty flick over her head she landed a loathsome eel on the grass far behind her. Only a Highlander can appreciate the dis-

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gust at such a degradation of sport. Altogether she landed four hundred eels, and cleared that fishing from them.

On one occasion, a very retiring and timid clergyman was staying at Indrmarlo, and the laird must have his joke; he asked me, therefore, after dinner, if I would explain the fourth dimension. As I proceeded with matches and worsted and bits of cardboard to illustrate the obscure problem in language still more obscure, the vicar got paler and paler, and then asked to be allowed to retire. He then wrote to his brother, a well-known admiral, to say he was leaving Deeside, as one of the guests, a London doctor, seemed, unfortunately, deranged. On another occasion, I was staying with Lord Radstock, in Moidart, in the wild west of Scotland, on a tiny island, Eileen Shona, belonging to Sir John Swinburne. I had an appointment to speak at the Town Hall, in Liverpool, and must start very early next morning to catch the steamer for Oban, travel all night, and speak next day. This proved more of an adventure than I expected. The steamer only came up Loch Sunart twice a week. I had a window looking towards the mainland, and, rising at six, saw a number of seals on a bank apparently performing their toilette. I breakfasted at 7 a.m., when the butler told me it was low water, and he feared I could not start as the boat was fast in the mud. Explaining it was a matter of life or death, he and the footman prepared for the worst. Shouldering my portmanteau, they tramped through the mud, and threw it in the boat. Putting their shoulders to the wheel, they pushed it through the mud, which was up to their knees, into the narrow channel. The butler, a large man, then returned, and with a courage worthy of a better cause, carried me on his back down to the boat. We then got across, and the same mud-larking was repeated, and I got well covered. When we reached the road, I jumped into the gig, which had been waiting impatiently for an hour to drive from Eileen Shona to the Loch, sixteen miles over the hills. We did our best, while the mud dried upon me, but when we got to the last hill the boat had just left the pier.

In blank despair, I performed my toilette at the inn, by which time a large steam yacht lay alongside the pier. A very

A Few Other Trips

dim ray of hope sprang up within my breast, and I had my portmanteau carried down to the pier, where I ascertained that no one was on the yacht. I sat on my luggage for nearly two hours, when up drove two carriages and pair, and a very gay party, amongst whom I discerned some friends with whom I had picnicked only two days before, and they were the owners of the yacht. I told them my plight, and the only question they asked was if I had any nails in my boots? if not, I could come on board. Most fortunately, I had not, and such was the speed of the yacht that we passed the steamer in the Sound of Mull, and got into Oban in sufficient time to see the Highland games, then going on; and I duly fulfilled my engagement in Liverpool.

On these Scotch journeys I often travel by the Great Northern, and was told a curious fact by one of the officials. The line running north and south, the trains were always pressed against the left rail which consequently wore out first, owing to the rotation of the earth.

On another occasion, I visited a picturesque house near Glasgow, called Auchinbothie, with a clergyman friend, who had a terrific bout with my host in Scotch theology till the small hours. This so exhilarated him, that, returning from my bath in the morning, I found a small article of clothing missing, upon which much "depended." After a vain search, I hurriedly dressed, but during prayers, when standing up to sing, there was nearly a catastrophe. On our way to Church my host begged me closely to observe, with a medical eye, the lady in the second pew to the right, and decide whether she had murdered her baby, which she was strongly suspected of doing.

I found to my surprise that the chief seats in this synagogue were in the gallery, the common folk being down below. Under these trying circumstances I cannot remember as much of the sermon as I do of the lady.

LX

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, HARRY FURNISS, DAN CRAWFORD

LEAVING for awhile my Scotch journeys, I was at this time somewhat troubled with Christian Science. The first head of it in England, Mrs. Ingraham, kindly wrote to say she was treating me when I was ill in bed with lumbago. I could not do less than thank her, and soon got better. My daughter was very ill at the time, and I thought, perhaps, she would like to treat her. It must be understood that treating means praying. She said she would do so, and though, I believe, below the usual price, would pray for her at 5s. a time. After consideration I declined, and soon after the lady herself left Mrs. Eddy's cult on the discovery of the reality of sin. She was succeeded by the wife of a well-known Q.C., who, hearing of my interest in Christian Science, offered to give me complete instruction in that faith, but at the end of it I was obliged to confess that to me the Science was Theistic rather than Christian, and quite incompatible with the Christian faith.

Some time after this there was a remarkable discussion on this so-called Science in the Strand, attended by judges, barristers, M.P.'s and others, from which the press was excluded. A well-known clergyman was to represent the theological view of the cult, while I was to take its medical aspect. The Divine never turned up, so I had to do the whole. I said I hoped I was competent, as I had been fully instructed by the wife of the Q.C. who was in the chair, and then, while giving every possible credit for purity of motive, I was obliged to tell them the conclusions I had arrived at. The Q.C. rose

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and said he regretted to say that he feared I was the worst pupil his wife had ever had.

The influence of Christian Science goes very far beyond its professed disciples. I had a remarkable instance of this in the City Temple one Sunday. In the morning the Pastor told a Scientist, who visited him in the Vestry, that he could find no subject to preach on that night.

"Keep your mind a blank," said the Scientist, "and I will treat you and you will preach a magnificent sermon to-night."

I was present in the evening, and at the close said to a friend, "That ought to be written in letters of gold."

This and other incidents convince me that the influence of Christian Science is far reaching.

One of my literary friends was Harry Furniss, the well-known *Punch* artist, who drew a series of the most startling pictures of our own interiors, for a book of mine, that I think have ever been executed. He is the only artist that sketched the House of Commons when in session from the vicinity of the Speaker's Chair. As a matter of fact, he got inside the table from below, and through the grating had an unrivalled view on either side of the boots and legs of H.M. Government, and the Opposition. He is justly proud of never having made capital out of the fact that W.E.G. had only three fingers on one hand, contenting himself with enlarging his collar.

I shall never forget, in the infancy of motoring, being lent a car for an hour's spin. The machine went very well on the flat, but would climb no hills; I had to call for H. Furniss for a run near Hampstead, but the car refused to go up the hill. Leaving the chauffeur on his back underneath it, I fetched Furniss down, and we went quite nicely as far as the Finchley Road. Here we all had to get out and push; just then Dr. Gilbert Smith drove past in a carriage and pair full of ladies, who gazed at us with intense interest, while various cabbies made much fun at our expense. Furniss, mildly furious, could only think of repartees when they were too far off to hear him. Since then he has firmly refused my motor invitations.

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A friend of mine meeting him in the Strand, looking very serious, asked him what was the matter, and Furniss told him the following gruesome story.

He had arrived from Scotland the day before the race for the Doncaster Cup, and at York changed his carriage for a smoker. There was one other occupant who kept groaning. He was an old gentleman very much muffled up, and Furniss remarked that he seemed to be in very low spirits.

"Low spirits!" said the man, "so would you be if you had lost all your money. When I left Edinburgh, I wired my son, who was a trainer at Doncaster, to lay £20,000 on the horse which has won. When I got to Doncaster Station, the boys were already calling the news that my horse came in first. My son was there too, looking as pale as death.

"'Cheer up, Sam,' I said, 'we've done the trick this time.'

"'I'm afraid not, father,' said my son, 'I got your wire all right to lay the money against the horse. And now I guess we've lost all the money we had, and more too.'

"I called him every name I could think of. Tell me, what would you do under the circumstances?"

"I should cut my throat," said Furniss promptly.

"Why, that's just what I've done," said the man, "look here," and he unwound his muffler showing several blood-stained handkerchiefs beneath.

"I am going to London now to have it sewn up."

Furniss declared he had never recovered from the shock.

He was, I believe, the only artist who has seen the Cabinet when sitting. Many years ago, when he didn't know better, he was calling to see a collection of pictures the Office Porter had, when suddenly the bell rang.

"That's the Cabinet," said the porter, "they want some more coals."

"All right," said Furniss, "I'll take them."

Being an old friend he changed coats, and carried the coals up, and while stoking the fire, obtained a very useful view of what is never seen. If Mr. Furniss be taken as representing "the outside world" the statement "that when the Cabinet

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windows were overlooked at Inverness it was undoubtedly the first time it had been seen by the outside world" is not correct.

One of my best friends was Dan Crawford, the remarkable genius who had spent over thirty years at the upper waters of the Congo with his beloved cannibals. It must be understood that this magnificent race do not eat men from necessity but simply the bravest of their enemies, that they may get their qualities. They have an average brain-power far exceeding the European. Their grammar is appallingly complex. They have nineteen genders to their nouns, and ten moods and tenses to their verbs, their numerals are not limited to their ten fingers, but can express solar distances. They have never worshipped any idol, and know but one supreme Being; neither Mohammedanism nor Christianity had ever reached them before Crawford came. He has seen two boys spending hours discussing whether height was the same as depth. One of them, who had actually been to London, and was a great chief, admired most the butchers' shops, but was not dazed by the great wealth he saw, wisely remarking "to be better off is not to be better". Crawford himself was worsted by an old woman, to whom he was trying to explain the ocean, which she had never seen. He said it was the great deep; the old lady said "No". But he said, "I tell you it is; it goes miles down and all know it is the great deep." The woman said "No". "What do you mean by 'No?',", said Crawford irritably.

"May I ask you one question?" said the woman.

"Certainly."

"What is underneath the ocean?"

"The earth," said Crawford.

"Well," she replied, "that is the great deep."

Their subtlety is beautifully illustrated by the story of the muskrat. Crawford had to attend a great palaver between the Belgian officials and the great African chiefs. The former wished to substitute new names for all the villages and towns, instead of those which had been used from time immemorial. There was a deadlock; when at last an old chief stepped forward and said:

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“Amongst wise men we are accustomed to speak in parables, I will therefore tell you the parable of the Muskrat. There was once a muskrat who travelled a long way till he came to the banks of one of our great rivers. He ran along to find a place where he could cross, but there was none; so at last, worn out and starved, he died. Then the king of the country came along with many soldiers and wise men, and a big band of music, and when he saw the river he said to the wise men:

“‘What is the name of this river?’

“And they said, ‘It has no name, O King.’

“And the king looked down at the little dead muskrat and said: ‘What is this?’

“They answered ‘A dead muskrat.’

“‘Then,’ said the king, ‘call it the river where the muskrat died.’”

“And such became its name in one long word.

“Years afterwards a herd of elephants came along to the river, and the biggest one asked:

“‘What is the name of this river?’

“The answer was, ‘The river where the muskrat died.’

“The elephant flew into a mighty rage, and declared that such a grand river should not be called after one of the meanest and smallest of animals. He walked up and down its banks and wondered what could be done, and at last he determined to die, so he rolled over on his broad back, and stuck his legs like four great pillars up to Heaven and died. Then the king came along again, with his soldiers and wise men and a great band of music, and said to his wise men:

“‘I’ve forgotten the name of this river.’

“‘This,’ said they, ‘is the river where the muskrat died.’

“‘And what is that mass on the sands with all the birds flying round it?’

“‘Oh,’ said the wise men with contempt, ‘that is only a dead elephant.’ I have spoken.”

And the old chief retired and sat down.

After many years Crawford married a very clever hospital lady nurse who went out to him all by herself. Her first

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patient was a small boy of twelve. He had been captured with his brother by a tribe of cannibals. They were cooking his brother, who was a great warrior, in a large pot, and offered him his liberty if he would eat a piece of his arm, but the boy refused, and seizing a moment when they were all busy, ran for his life towards the forest. One of the chiefs perceived him, and seizing his small light axe, threw it with unerring aim at the boy's head where it stuck, fixed in his skull. The boy reached the forest, and at the foot of a huge tree, fell down some ten feet, axe and all, into the cave of an ant-lion. The owner was not at home, and when the boy recovered a bit, with great joy and difficulty he pulled the axe out of his skull. He was now the proud possessor of a chief's axe. He was never found, and eventually got to his village, where they knew the missionary, and took him to be Mrs. Crawford's first patient. She sewed his head up, and he became one of her best scholars, as well as the proud possessor of the little axe. He always held his hands fast to his head when he studied, to keep his brains in, and he refused to do hard lessons for fear they should come out.

Her second patient was possibly more wonderful still. He was a fisherman at work with his boat on the lake infested with crocodiles. These animals are ever after human beings, not to eat them but to drown them. All round the banks they have their larder in large holes, when they have drowned a man or woman, they force him into one of those holes where he is kept till he begins to decompose and is fit for food. The fisherman, reaching down to free his line, had his left hand and half an arm seized by a crocodile, who pulled him out of the boat to which, however, he clung for his life with his right hand. He would not let go and eventually the crocodile bit off his arm above the elbow. The man waded to the shore to his friends, who had as much as they could do to keep the crocodile from snapping off his legs. When he got to shore these benighted heathen first of all held a praise-meeting to the great God. They all lifted up their right hands, and thanked the Almighty that their friend's life was saved. They then took him home, and under the care of the village doctor and flies the arm soon became a festering mass. He then went

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to the Crawfords, who fortunately had a kitchen saw and some chloroform, and with these they performed a most successful operation.

Turning from *homo sapiens* to the *fauna* of the district, I give the following selection from Dan Crawford's many stories.

He was a great zoologist. When two scarlet flamingoes escaped from the royal gardens at Berlin, he shot one of them by the side of his lake with a lead label round its leg. This he forwarded to the Berlin officials who were rejoiced to have found the habitat of the bird.

He has seen his boy bringing a roast fowl across the yard from the kitchen, when out of a blue sky, without a speck, a vulture swooped down, and carried off his dinner.

The African forest is perfectly orderly, and all the animals have their fixed trails. That of the larger animals, however, is so rank and poisonous that a little animal dies if it crosses it, and you can see them running beside it for miles, trying to get the other side.

Crawford tells me that he has often seen a mother monkey teaching her children to steal. She would sit on the edge of his corn patch and send the young ones into the corn, when they returned she opened their hands, and if there was not a good supply of corn would spank them well. I may add that a roast young monkey was the Crawfords' Sunday dinner.

There is in that district a horrible animal the size of a large dog, it is very fond of honey, but is a confirmed drunkard. It robs all the bees' nests, and stores the comb in a hole until it is well fermented. It then eats it all, and becomes blind drunk, in which state it will attack a man, an elephant, or a lion. It is called a ratel.

Mrs. Crawford had a fearful adventure coming out alone to be married. She was quite new to Africa and had to travel two days escorted by a chief through the grass country. This grass is ten to twelve feet high, and narrow paths one foot wide run through it. At daybreak each morning, naked boys are sent ahead of the party to shake the drenching dew off the grass. On account of the heat Mrs. Crawford was travelling by night, walking immediately behind the chief who went first

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with a lantern, a long line of bearers behind her. Soon after midnight, she heard a rustling in the grass at one side of her and then on the other, then she heard it in front and behind, and occasionally she could feel some large animal pressing against her. The chief told her there were six lions walking with them, three on either side. In this incredible fashion they proceeded for hours. When it got near the dawn, the chief said the lions would soon attack them, as this was their usual hour. Mrs. Crawford had been praying for a long time for deliverance, and not long after the rustling seemed to pass on ahead. When daylight came, a turn in the path showed them a dreadful scene. A large patch was trampled down, with blood all over the place, and there lay half a dead buffalo, off which the lions had breakfasted, and were probably sleeping near. Mrs. Crawford with a thankful heart urged the men to hurry on. Not a bit of it, the men sat down, and breakfasted off what the lions had left, and not till then would they move.

Some time after, Mrs. Crawford, journeying to meet her husband, went through another adventure.

Travelling light with a few porters and a chief, they were to get their food at the villages. After a long day's march the first village came in sight, but to their horror they found the place deserted, as there was an outbreak of smallpox. Next morning, pulling their belts tight, they started without food to another village. Here again all the inhabitants had fled to the mountains from the smallpox, and there was no food to be had or game to be seen. The chief, who had been in the mission school, then told Mrs. Crawford that her God was not a good Father, and did not care for His children. Mrs. Crawford could do nothing but pray, and started off in a starving and most dejected state, expecting to drop every moment. Just then they passed under a large tree, and with her eyes lifted up to Heaven in prayer, she saw a most extraordinary sight. There high up on a branch of the tree was a dead antelope. She showed it to the chief saying:

“My God is a good Father.”

Greatly excited, his men brought it down, and found it was untouched and newly killed. He then explained that

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the hunting leopard constantly takes its prey up into a tree, returning to eat it later.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Crawford, “but it was only I who saw it, because I was praying.”

And thus their lives were saved.

Once again the same intrepid lady had to travel some days to join her husband, and on the way was attacked with fever and turned against the ordinary coarse food. She tried to live on gruel made from the mixed Indian corn, but her stomach soon turned against it. The chief was in despair, and taking off his loin cloth, and boiling a little water in a tin with some rice, he strained it through the cloth, and offered her the gruel. This, however, was really impossible, and Mrs. Crawford shook her head. The chief full of rage and grief dashed it on the ground, and again began his remarks about God. Once more in her great distress Mrs. Crawford looked up to Heaven for help, and there in the blue sky she saw a small black speck. The chief, with his field-glass vision, told her it was a large fisher eagle, and that it had a big fish in its mouth, which it was taking home to the mountains from a distant lake. Close by them was a broad river, and the chief took a far shot at the bird. This made it swoop downwards over the river when another shot made it drop the fish into the water, and it seemed lost. The men howled with rage, and running to the banks saw a wonderful sight. There in the middle of the stream, on a small rock no bigger than a round table, lay the large fish, which they brought ashore, and once more Mrs. Crawford's life was saved.

Dan Crawford's own stories are too often unprintable, but I hear that a description of the work he has done, and an expurgated collection of his stories, has been published. The following one is rather gruesome :

His famous “lion-rifle” was known all over the district, and a neighbouring king sent for him and his rifle to kill a lion who had eaten a royal princess, having evidently a taste for royalty. Crawford arrived at the foot of the throne and asked if there was any of the princess left, as he must have some for bait. He was told her head and shoulders were left, but had been buried with great pomp in their consecrated

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ground and on no account could be touched. Crawford grumbled, and returned to his tent, but in the dead of the night he stole off to the king's cemetery, and dug up the royal bust, which he placed on a little mound just outside the village, while he lay behind a bank close by. There was a bright moon shining, and he had to lie to windward. He told me he had passed the most terrible night in his life. The horrible effluvium of royalty, combined with the glassy stare from the Princess's eyes and damaged face, nearly finished him. Early in the morning he shot the lion, and was eventually forgiven for his sacrilege.

Crawford had innumerable adventures with lions. It was rather comic when one night he and his wife were asleep in their tent to find a huge lion's head calmly surveying them. Crawford in his pyjamas dashed out after him with his rifle, while Mrs. Crawford, thinking of snake bites and his bare feet, tore after him in her nightdress with his slippers. He shot the lion, put on his slippers, and returned safely home.

LXI

SIR H. BELFIELD, KESWICK, SPURGEON

LATELY, when dining with the late Governor of East Africa, he told me the following story which he vouched for in the strongest terms.

He was travelling inland, where a very small breed of donkeys is used instead of bearers. He had fifty of them, and every night at the gate of the camp, as they entered one by one, their loads were thrown off their backs on to a heap, from which each morning they were reloaded, as they passed out. One night there was a terrible scare in the camp. It appears a lion had broken in, and eaten one of the donkeys. Soon, however, all was quiet again, and once more, in the dim morning light, the donkeys were reloaded, and when they had all passed out were found to be still fifty in number. The Governor felt sure there was some mistake, and followed the long line, each with its pack on its back. When he came to the last one, however, he found the ass was a lion, walking along with its load just as sedately as the others.

Of course there are always sceptics who will doubt any story. Perhaps they will believe his description of how snakes are kept from eating the fowls.

Their run is, of course, boarded round, but soon small holes appear near the ground where the board has rotted, just large enough to admit a snake. Outside such a hole a small dead chicken is placed, and just inside, another, dead two or three days. The snake bolts the first down as far as it will go, and then attracted by the smell, glides halfway through the hole, and bolts the second. It can now neither go backwards nor forwards, and its teeth being recurved, no pulling

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can get the second chicken out of its mouth. In the morning its career is ended.

I am now going to tell some stories of revivals, which those who are not interested in such matters had better skip, while those who are will find them extremely interesting. Pearsall Smith, a well-known New York merchant, came to Manchester on business without any thought of revival. The Mayor of Manchester persuaded him to give a Bible talk one Sunday afternoon in his parlour, where I was present. He spoke on the fall of the walls of Jericho, and insisted that God had not ceased to work wonders. He then went to Brighton, and soon found himself famous, as one after another of our Leading Divines embraced his teaching of the higher life. He was the real founder of that great modern revival known as the Keswick Movement, which has spread over all the Christian world and increases every year. Many years afterwards I was dining at the Psychical Research Society, and was placed next the treasurer, whose name I saw was H. P. Smith.

Seeing these were the initials of the famous revivalist, I thought he must be some connection, and asked if he had ever heard of him.

"I am the man," was the reply.

"Impossible," I said, "why, he started the Keswick Movement."

"Yes," he said, slowly nodding his head, "that was myself, but I never knew how it was done. I am a plain business man and the whole thing is a mystery to me."

"I was present," I said, "at your first meeting at Manchester, and it seemed to me that you made your audience believe that if they would only trust God they would find Him as good as His word and they would see wonders."

"I suppose that must be it," he said with a puzzled look, and so the conversation dropped. Mrs. H. P. Smith was just as perplexing. I knew her well, and she told me she had left the old Christianity for a wider faith, and was amazed to see her books on every religious table, although in them she had entirely left out the foundations of the Christian faith.

At Spetchley Park, near Worcester, the seat of the

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Berkeleys, there was a small church in the grounds full of their tombs and monuments, and an old clergyman preached there once a fortnight. When I was staying there I went up to hear him. There was a tallow candle in each pew, and a few mouldy hymn books, and I was just dropping off to sleep when I was galvanised into life by a sentence that has been a motto for me ever since. In a sleepy voice the old parson was reading these words :

“The mind casts a shadow just like the body, for good or for evil, upon everyone that passes by.” That’s wonderful, I said to myself, and it gets more wonderful every day.

When staying at Deeside upon one occasion I was taken to Aberdeen by my host, who was the chairman, to address a great religious gathering. Before we began he informed me these were great Bible scholars, and would require something very special. When I rose, and looked at their long dull faces, I could not help saying, “Your chairman has just told me that you are all on your way to Heaven. I should never have known it if he hadn’t said so. You are too much like your Highland shops. You put an orange, a bit of worsted, and a dried haddock, in the window, while inside you’ve a grand display. You may be very happy inside, but you don’t look so.” I was never asked to speak there again. Talking about faces, the transfiguration of which I have spoken in retreats is also seen at Conventions. It is well worth while for anyone to go to Keswick, and never attend a single meeting, but just walk about the streets and look at four thousand of the happiest faces in the world ; and remember that these mostly belong to poor people, who have spent over £5 a piece for one purpose only—to learn better how to do God’s Will.

John MacNeil is the only evangelist I know who can fill the Agricultural and Albert Halls for a simple gospel address. He was a railway porter, when Lord Overton, discovering his genius, sent him to college. His one fault is his irrepressible humour. At a great address in Glasgow he said questions could be asked, so up jumped a young man in the hall, and said :

“Please, sir, can you tell me who was Cain’s wife?”

Spurgeon

With delightful irrelevance, MacNeil solemnly shook his forefinger at him, and said with dramatic fervour in broad Scotch :

“Young man! Young man! don’t you imperil your immortal soul by running after other men’s wives.”

This reminds me of De Witt Talmage, who pointed out to his congregation that there was no real economy in splitting a two dollar glove by holding on too fast to the dime for the collection. Spurgeon was full of wit. Returning from Aberdeen with a friend, one day, who was looking for seats in a third class carriage, and the latter said, “You know we must consider the Lord’s money.”

“Yes,” said Spurgeon, jumping into a first class, “but I have to consider the Lord’s servant.”

I knew both the Kensits, and well remember Mr. John Kensit who was murdered outside Birkenhead Station by an infuriated Roman Catholic mob. It was a very cruel act. The man who killed him was a brawny blacksmith who flung a heavy iron file at his head with fatal effects. His object was to resist the efforts of the Anglo-Catholics to approach to the Roman faith. Kensit’s son looks rather like a calm and self-possessed lawyer. He uses much quieter methods than his father, and in his lectures proves his case point by point by documents and photographs, which are thrown on the sheet. Father Ignatius was a great friend of mine in spite of his fantastic creed. He read the Church Service as if for the first time, and made it a living cry to God. On Sundays our drawing-rooms were always full of gunners from Shoeburyness, and they were quite ready to go and hear “Pappie”, as they called the Rev. Father.

One Easter I was staying with a friendly Canon, but on going to get ready for Church found my boots missing. So I had to put on another pair and went to the Service, sitting just in front of the pulpit. The Canon and I disagreed on many points, but this morning his sermon exactly represented my views. I could not make it out, until my nurse saw through the open front of the pulpit he was wearing my boots.

At the Holborn Town Hall, I heard Dowie, that great American impostor, who was building a new Jerusalem in

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the Western States. The Hall was full of young men and their girls who were constantly giggling.

“You may laugh now,” said Dowie, “but I’ve not done with you, for after you are dead I shall come and preach to you in Hell.” Arrayed in his gorgeous robes he then made an earnest appeal for the collection.

“Copper is of little value,” he remarked.

“Silver is fair and beautiful, but it is gold that I love with all my heart.

“Do you know why I love it? Because it paves the streets of the Heavenly City!” And yet this man carried away tens of thousands in the States.

LXII

REVIVALS, AURA, SECOND SIGHT

BEFORE turning from the false to the true, I would like to say one word more on revivals. These remarkable phenomena cannot be produced by concerted effort, however great, nor by concentrated will power, however strong, nor even, it is well to know, by united prayer. Neither collective hypnotism nor hysteria can account for them, although there are often manifestations of both. Much of this I learned at Keswick during the Welsh revival. The most determined efforts I have ever seen were then made to extend the Welsh revival into England, by the united prayer of many thousands, and by every other possible means: but it never crossed the border. The ancient record of the Spirit's movement holds good to-day: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof: but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth."

I will conclude this subject with the Albert Hall revival. When these meetings were held, under Dr. Torrey and Alexander, we arranged for two constables to keep order till the doors were opened. Before the meetings closed, we had an inspector and a hundred constables, arranging the waiting thousands into solid squares, where they had to stand often in torrents of rain. They were not even allowed to sing, for fear of disturbing the inhabitants of the Albert Hall Mansions. I have seen at that mission a sight I never expect to see again on earth.

The hall from the floor to the back of the gallery was packed with nothing but men. At the close of the service, thirteen rows of seats had to be cleared right across the floor, the men standing where they could, while hundreds of anxious

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inquirers found their way along the tortuous passages from every part of the hall, and rapidly filled them. The first man at these meetings to accept Christ as his Saviour was a well-known Colonel in the Guards.

I was a superintendent in the after meetings, and have seen six bishops at work on the same night. The scenes were indescribable, though singularly void of excitement or emotion. Of course all through we had plenty of scoffers, who said it was merely a flash in the pan; but the flash appeared pretty permanent when twelve months afterwards the Kensington Town Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity (between one and two thousand) exclusively with converts from the Albert Hall Mission, and it was found that all except six were now active members of some Christian Church. My own personal experience was rather trying—sitting on the platform between a nurse and a clergyman. I tried to pull out my purse for the collection, and found it gone and the stout chain attached to it cut in half. I looked at the immaculate nurse on one side and the austere clergyman on the other, but felt they were beyond suspicion. I can only suppose that on entering, in some wonderful way, beneath two coats, the chain had been cut and the purse with over £10 abstracted.

Those who have skipped the mystery of revivals will find themselves now studying other mysteries of the Spirit world. Most people have heard of "Auras", but few know what they are. With the help of Dr. Kilner, the well-known authority, I have seen and studied them. They are a sort of mist which in health streams out all over the body to a distance of five inches. I have seen it increased by will power to over a foot; when my two hands were ten inches apart their auras touched. The aura does not ascend as vapour would, but in health stands straight out, while in ill-health it droops more or less like sea-weed out of water. The aura of men and women is not the same. Sensitives, or people with second sight, can see this aura naturally, and not unfrequently in its natural colours, of which there are about twenty-three. Two of my near friends have this gift. One is a physician in Harley Street, and the other a dean's wife

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in the Midlands. She got it from her mother, and to her grief her boy of twelve has strongly developed it.

These people associate their visitors with the colours that surround them. To the boy indeed, this is their leading characteristic. He is constantly saying:

“I don’t like that yellow lady,” or, “I love that blue man,” referring to their auras. His mother always sees me as bright yellow, and when I was carried away one day in speaking on Palestine a brilliant flash seemed to come out of the aura. She was much interested in the aura of her first baby, seeing its crystal mist gradually suffused with pink as it learned to love its mother. The aura itself seems to be the emanation of some force, nervous or otherwise, while the colours, which correspond in a remarkable way in Russia, England, and America, appear to give the characteristic emotion of each person at the time.

Dr. Stenson Hooker, of Harley Street, has given many lectures on these colours which he sees, not only round each patient, but around their letters. The bulk of us, however, including myself, see none of these things, but any of us can now see, as I have done, the aura, though not the colours. All that one has to do is first to look at the sky through a blue solution of dicyanin between two glass slides for about ten minutes and then lay it down.

One has now to turn one’s back to the light, and look at the person standing in front of a black velvet curtain. At first he will see nothing, but by degrees he will perceive the aura coming out from all parts of the body. If he then holds his two hands apart in front of the black curtain he will see the aura streaming from his finger tips.

Dr. Hooker also is a skilled psychometrist. I was in his drawing-room with a friend one day and handed him a gold pencil case from off my chain. He pressed it to his forehead (his lost central eye?), told me it was bought in Piccadilly, and well described the lady who gave it me. He then left the room and my friend told me he had been simply reading my brain all the time as all psychometrists do.

At Harley Street I gave a talented young psychometrist a stone to hold, and asked its history. “Ah,” she said, “this

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is a very, very old stone," and then, with a look of horror, "it is full of wickedness, I hear savage shouts and yells, oh, it is horrible," and she put it down on the table. It was a stone thrown from the walls of Joshua's Jericho. To soothe her I took a cross from the chain of a young clergyman who was there, and gave it her as an antidote. To my surprise she seemed still more frightened. "This is worse still," she said, "what dreadful screaming and laughing and shouting. Why do you give me such horrible things?" I then found he had been for some years chaplain in a lunatic asylum.

A well-known clergyman's wife in Dover, who had what the Highlanders call "Taish" or second sight into the future, wrote to me as follows:

"Can you tell me, Dr. Schofield, why God let's me see into the future, but prevents me from doing any good? I will tell you exactly what I mean." She then gave several illustrations of which I can only remember two. In the first a motor car was rushing down a steep Dover hill, full of ladies, who, however, were all looking away from her. The motor was smashed against a coal cart at the bottom and there was a dreadful accident. A fortnight afterwards it occurred as she had seen it, and she found they were friends of hers.

"Now," she said, "if their faces had been turned my way I could have stopped the accident.

"The other case I saw was a lady driving in a victoria, but she had her parasol on my side. A little farther on a hansom cab dashed into her, she was thrown out and severely injured. No account appeared in the papers for a fortnight and I went down to Westgate-on-Sea, and three weeks after my vision saw in *The Daily Mail* that my dear friend, Mrs. Campbell, the wife of the Pastor of the City Temple, had had her arm broken in a dreadful accident. Can you tell me why God did not let me see her face?" Alas! I cannot, but perhaps some of my readers can.

Lady C——, the heroine of my last Palestine tour, has wonderful second sight, but I have only room for a solitary instance. I was staying at Eden Lacy, when one day she

Revivals, Aura, Second Sight

motored me over to a show house where the Speaker of the House of Commons was staying. While sitting in the hall waiting for the hostess, Lady C—— started up and said:

“Oh, doctor, do stop those men fighting in that corner!” but there was no one in the hall I could see beside ourselves.

“Which corner?” I asked.

“There! there!” said Lady C——. “Don’t you see them, they’ll kill each other!” Just then the hostess came in, and I told her what Lady C—— saw.

“Oh, yes,” she said, “many people see that, they are a father and son who fought there about two hundred years ago. Come along upstairs.” So we went into the large sunny library, with a view all over the Cumberland Hills, and Lady C—— sat down in the Speaker’s chair.

“Who is that man?” she said pointing towards the door.

“What is he like?” I said.

“He is a young man in a long brown dress, and he keeps reaching out towards the wall, as if he were taking books from it.”

“That,” said the hostess, “is a young monk, the librarian, who lived here long ago, his portrait hangs in the drawing-room.” How are we to account for these apparitions?

One of the curates of St. Mary Abbott’s, Kensington, was a great friend of mine, and was also gifted with second sight. He took a nice little house in Victoria Road, that was newly done up. When he went upstairs the first night, he knelt down by his bed to pray and soon felt there was a presence in the room. He looked up and found his portmanteau and new wall paper had disappeared. The old dirty paper was on the wall, and in a large arm chair sat a very old lady, shaking her stick at him, and evidently cursing him with all her might, though he could not hear a sound. He looked at her steadily, and she slowly disappeared, and his portmanteau and the new wall paper returned. Next morning he determined to solve the mystery. He went to the house agent and asked him if anything remarkable had happened where he lived. The agent then told him that a baby had once been murdered in the bathroom.

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“That’s no good to me,” said the curate mysteriously, and marched off home.

On his way he met another curate who asked him where he had settled, and when he told him, said :

“I can tell you a tale about that house, for that used to be my beat. There was an old lady lived there in her bedroom; she was nearly a hundred years old, and I used to visit her on my rounds. She did not mind my talking to her and even reading the Bible, but if I attempted to pray she used to curse, and shake her stick at me, and declared she would not be prayed at.” The only solution I have had given me of these apparitions is that they are fixed impressions on the ether of the room; which to me is quite absurd, considering the rate at which the room is rushing through space.

Some years ago in St. John’s Wood, I saw some hundreds of small pictures which both in their inspiration and execution were unaccountable. The general subject seemed to be the history of a human soul, and the concepts were marvellous. The execution was still more so, for not only were they painted with perfect taste and harmony, but the hundreds of tiny faces and other *minutiæ* seemed beyond human power; especially that of the painter, a little old lady who had previously never used a brush, and whose hands were completely crippled with rheumatism. She looks on the work as inspired, and done to the glory of God, and has now built for them a little Chapel at Wembley, where they can all be seen. They have been most exquisitely re-produced in colours.

A friend of mine, a well-known doctor near Harley Street, gave me the following account of a patient of his. He was a young Baptist Minister, and driving home one day was stunned by a fall from his gig, and was got to bed by his two servants.

Next morning the housemaid came with his hot water, and called him, but there was no response. Rather alarmed, she opened the door, and there he was wide awake, making strange noises, and smiling like a seraph. She rushed off for the cook, who was a married woman.

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“Come at once, Jane, master’s took awful queer.”

“Bless his little heart,” said the cook in a rapture when she saw the minister smiling at her.

“Why, look there, Mary, if the pretty dear isn’t dribbling out of his mouth. Run quickly and bring me some milk and a spoon.” The minister took the nourishment and began to gurgle a little more, but after a while his whole face puckered up and he began to cry.

“Run, Mary, quick,” said the cook, “to the chemist and get a feeding bottle with a tit to it,” and meanwhile the cook stopped his tears with appropriate baby language, and soon the minister was enjoying his bottle. To dress him properly was a real puzzle, and the result was most grotesque, and until matters were explained, the deacons, who had to be sent for, were naturally very indignant to see their minister dressed in a horrible imitation of long clothes and holding a rattle. They felt, however, that he would probably remember he was a minister if he could be taken to the chapel, having already had the discouraging medical opinion that nothing could be done by medicine. So a cab was sent for, into which he was carried by the two deacons, who, together with the faithful servants, all went into the chapel, where he was carried, crowing loudly apparently with joy.

This looked hopeful, and the deacons carried him up into the pulpit and held him, with his two hands out on the open Bible. The cook, enraptured, sat in the front pew, and asked him to preach a nice sermon “to poor Jane, like a dear”. But alas! he began to dribble over the sacred pages.

“He wants some music, pretty dear,” said the cook indignantly to the deacons, “give him a tune.” So one of them rushed down to the harmonium, but the result was disastrous. The minister’s face puckered all over, and he burst into a dismal howl.

“Now you’ve done it,” said the cook in a rage, “give him to me,” and he was got home again with great difficulty. The end, however, came after some weeks, for one day when Mary was out, he tumbled all down the stairs, and when he got to the bottom he was a most indignant Baptist minister

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at finding himself so grotesquely dressed in a skirt and petticoat, and a curious small toy in his hand.

I am afraid he even used bad language, as he wanted to know who had been playing the fool in his house, but he could get no sense out of the stupefied maids, and the following Sunday preached an excellent sermon. I am told, however, that after some years he has had another relapse.

LXIII

SPIRITISM, FANCY RELIGIONS

I DO NOT wish in this book to speak on spiritism, but having known Mr. Stead, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Conan Doyle, Sir William Barrett, and other leaders, more or less intimately, I have been mixed up in it for many years, and my settled judgment, rightly or wrongly, is that the small proportion of it which is not fraudulent is now, and has been from the earliest ages, unmistakably evil. As a doctor, it is enough for me that it has most pernicious effect on the nerves, and in too many cases leads to possession by an evil spirit. As an ordinary man its frauds and lies disgust me, while as a Christian it disgusts me that many of our best hymns are mutilated in order to blot out the name of Jesus Christ, which is rigidly excluded from their hymn books.

I will give an account of a seance which Mr. Stead declared was the most wonderful ever held in London, when I and three other Harley Street physicians were present officially. The object of it was to prove the truth of materialisation. Two Americans had the week before produced Mr. Stead's dead son in his own drawing-room, so he was lent a house in Regent's Park, and secured the four doctors from Harley Street to see there was no fraud. When the man and his wife came each was seized by two doctors and taken to different rooms, and by their own request stripped to the skin and carefully searched. The man was then dressed in the footman's clothes, and the woman in a blouse, a skirt, stockings and slippers. Two screens were put across the corner of the drawing-room, a curtain draped over the front and a kitchen chair inside. Two doctors led the woman inside this cabinet, while two placed the man in the middle of the audience, which was

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most distinguished, including Professors from Oxford and Cambridge, leaders of spiritism, of society, and of learning, and some of the leading clergy, making about seventy in all.

I sat next a well-known Duchess, and we all had to remove our gloves, and clasp each other's hands for over two hours. The gas was lowered, and several hymns were sung more or less discordantly; it was a treat to see the Oxford Professors and some of my learned friends doing their best. The first bomb-shell was then dropped into our midst by the new "footman", who, evidently moved by the spirit of truth, stood up and declared that neither he nor his wife were spiritists but were society entertainers, and that he then offered £100 to any hospital in London if anyone could produce the phenomena that he would show them that afternoon.

No one moved, for the spell of collective hypnotism was already working, Mr. Stead, however, rose on my left, and told us not to mind the man, for they *were spiritists*, though they didn't know it, and that he had a message from Mr. F. W. H. Myers on the other side that the seance would be a wonderful one.

The gas was lowered still more, and then the man declared there was no power in the room.

So Mr. Stead suggested that the audience in couples should hold each other's hands, and, to see there was no fraud, should enter into the cabinet. The lady and I went in, and I told the woman to give us a good show, and she said, "that will be all right." The man then shouted out:

"Are you there, Colonel?"

And a very hoarse voice replied from the cabinet, "All right."

I then saw in front of the curtain a little pool of quick-silver coming out. In a short time I saw it was a luminous foot, and soon a silver leg appeared. Before long the woman herself, clad very simply and scantily in a gauze wrap, stood before me shining all over (with phosphorus paint).

Mr. Stead looked at her very steadily, and at last seemed to recognise his aunt. He explained that this was her materialised figure from the other side, and that the medium was sitting in the cabinet all the time. And then the second bomb-shell fell. In a clear voice the luminous figure said;

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“No, I ain’t, I’m here.” But it fell on deaf ears. The spell had now worked, and no one spoke or moved. She came out three times and then the audience were allowed to go one by one, and look at her luminous face, through a gap in the curtain, which she contorted into various expressions, and so they were greatly puzzled as to whether it was Aunt Emma with the toothache, or cousin Jane with the neuralgia. Soon after, out rushed the medium, in her blouse, skirt and stockings, almost into my arms, and I said “Bravo!”

It was quite evident that some luminous paint and a small roll of gauze had been carried into the cabinet. Mr. Stead, however, was very furious when I suggested this, and said I must have done it myself, while Mr. Myers from the other side said he had read about it in *The Daily Chronicle*, and it was a wonderful manifestation of spirit power.

The predictions of Spiritism are mostly very false. Mr. Stead has told me that he could never be drowned, as the Spirits had told him he would be trampled to death by runaway horses in some crowded city. When drowning in the Atlantic I am told he refused to put on a life belt for this reason.

I was staying at Prestonfield, near Edinburgh, when one day my hostess invited the son of a distinguished Edinburgh savant to lunch, as he was a well-known Spiritist. I took an early opportunity of asking him how the departed were materialised, and I told him that in the only case I had come across the garment was made in Bradford. He then gave us a very interesting account of the process. He told us “the body” (“and bones” I said), “and bones” he added, “of the materialised spirit were formed partly from the medium who became much lighter, and partly from the stouter members of the audience, the particles floating through the air to form the body.” “That accounts,” said my hostess who was very stout, in great agitation, “for my feeling so poorly at seances, I shall never go again.” By this time the butler and footmen had retired giggling behind a screen. “What about the clothes?” I said. “I suppose they wear clothes?”

“Most certainly,” was the reply. “These are made in the same way. Particles float through the air, round the body, and form a sort of felt.”

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“I presume the clothing is that usually worn by the spirit when on earth?”

“In most cases it is,” he said.

“Your audiences are often only ladies,” I continued.

“Yes,” he said, “frequently.”

“If the spirit were that of a fox-hunting squire, how are the top boots, breeches, and scarlet coat reproduced from the ladies dresses?”

“In that case,” was the reply, “I am afraid they would be rather thin.”

“Then,” said my hostess’s daughter, Lady B——, “I should at once leave the room.”

“Quite right,” I said.

All laughed but our guest. Later on I told my hostess that I would see if he possessed any sense of humour. “If not,” I said, “I fear for his future, for humour is our sanest quality.” At tea, I remarked I had completely forgotten the name of King James’s sister (the first of England and sixth of Scotland) and I asked our guest if he remembered it.

“Let me see,” he said, “of course I know. Was it Mary or Margaret? I am so sorry I can’t just recall it, but will look it up when I get home and send it you.” (King James had no sister). “Thank you,” I said politely, “I should like to know, for in England she is generally called, “Charlie’s Aunt.”

“Most interesting,” he said with great gravity.

“I fear the worst,” I remarked to my hostess.

And now in closing these random reminiscences, I am going to disclose some of the more serious thoughts of my life, which may prove of interest to some of my readers. I notice in myself, all through the years, an increasing desire, almost amounting to a passion, to see things as they are, without colour or prejudice. To me this is one of the charms of the Bible, which records in the same passionless tones the foolish words and misdeeds of men, and the sublimest sayings and deeds of Christ. I have always been opposed to what I may call fancy religions, and have stuck to the faith of my puritan forefathers. In the present day, when so many eminent and thoughtful men are practically pagans wholly or in part, one

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cannot at times help wondering if one is a fool to be a Christian.

I have often been told by wise friends that I was, but an inward certainty that Christianity was true has kept me from any surrender. I have always had an intense desire for the truth, and thought perhaps it might be well more closely to examine the faiths, or unfaiths, around me of which I knew nothing.

I, therefore, invited to Harley Street, on Sunday afternoons, from 3 to 5, for one month, representatives of every fancy religion I could find in London. Between thirty and forty came, one being a Hindu. I said I had called them together as I was an old-fashioned Christian, which now-a-days was quite out of date, and I heard Christianity was now entirely superseded by many new religions. I wanted to have the best, and I would ask each one kindly to state the leading points in their faith. To help matters, might I suggest that our first discussion be generally on "God"; the next on "Sin"; the third on the "Holy Spirit"; and the last on "Jesus Christ". There was only one other Christian, late head of Calcutta University and learned in Theosophy, who took part. The four afternoons were most interesting, and there was perfect freedom of discussion. At the conclusion I thanked them that I was now in a position to judge. As far as I could see there was not a single religion that even offered me the advantages that Christianity promised. As to which of the two would perform their promises time would show. I thought therefore that this was solid ground for sticking to Christianity.

LXIV

PRIVATE THOUGHTS

NEVERTHELESS I confess it must be a matter of faith, and not of mathematical proof. As the Dean of Norwich used to say, "If Christianity were as plain as that two and two make four, it would do you no more good than the knowledge of the fact; its real value is that it requires faith, or trust in God." We can never comprehend God; at most we can but apprehend some small part of His ways, for, as Mrs. Tait, the Archbishop's wife, used to point out, our two-foot rule of logic only measures earthly things. In higher matters contradictions are often both true, such as God's sovereignty and human responsibility, or, in Christ being both finite and infinite.

I got an insight into the real meaning of Christ's emphatic words, "Ye must be born again," in a pond near my house on Chobham Ridges, which was inhabited by stickle-backs and very young frogs. They didn't know the pond dried up every summer, but I did. Compared to that dirty pond, the heath and the pure air were like heaven; and yet I knew that if I took one of the little sticklebacks out of the pond, and put it on the heath in my heaven, it would soon die in agonies of the very air which was my life, but which it could not breathe. If any men or women want to know if they are born again, this is a rough and ready test. Put them in the air of heaven now, surrounded by Christians, studying the Bible, with hymns and prayer, and see if they enjoy it, and can breathe easily. A man who isn't born again will be suffocated; and no greater torture could be devised by God than to take a man to Heaven without the new birth. You remember Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee could not breathe on the ship that was going to Palestine,

Private Thoughts

because everybody was reading his Bible. They were like my sticklebacks; but when I took a little frog out of the pond, what a difference! There it sat on the heath by my side filling its little lungs with the pure air of heaven. It was practically born again, being of a higher animal order than the stickleback, and like a Christian could live in both worlds though it really belonged to the higher. It seems to me one can learn a good deal, even from a pond.

I have another idea, and that is that every man and woman passing through this life has had at some time his Heavenly vision. "Whereupon O King Agrippa," said St. Paul, "I was not disobedient unto the Heavenly vision." I believe that some time, it may be at Church, by a death bed, on a walk, or holiday, at business, in a ballroom, or in the night watches, that God speaks to man. The veil drops, all else disappears, the Soul and its Maker are brought together, and the whole future for eternity probably depends upon obedience to that Heavenly vision.

It will be remembered that I myself in early years obeyed this vision, and that is probably the reason I am writing these pages. Another matter I have discovered, and that is how unconscious we are of the limitation of the brain. It is quite a common thing to bring up God before the bar of our own intellect, or to dismiss the gospels as fiction because we don't understand how the water was made into wine. Most disputations in religious matters would be settled if my favourite maxim in such things were followed,

"Affirm, but deny not," for the opposite may also be true. Next, "don't push your truths too far, preserve the balance of truth, and remember the maxim, to the ultra-pure all things are impure." The Christian as depicted in stories is a strange being, speaking principally through his nose, fettered by countless strange prejudices, and of a gloomy and often hypocritical countenance. In the Puritan days there was some excuse for this; now it is entirely fictitious, and this is due to no small extent to the Keswick Movement, which has taught us that liberty and not bondage is the Christian's watchword. He lives by the law of love, and the ten commandments are no longer external fetters, but the delight of his

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heart. Moreover, joy, *not* gloom, is the note of Heaven, and the Christian who has learned to breathe its air is radiant with happiness, in fact, "the joy of the Lord is his strength". Lastly, the better Christian a man is the less he talks, and the more he acts. I soon found this when in practice, for I followed a very amiable and upright man who made no profession of faith, and I discovered that before I could open my lips I must show my faith by my deeds, and these must spring from the heart, for what a man *says* may be much, what he *does* is more, but what he *is*, is most of all.

THE END

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